This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

808
rr96

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR LITERARY WORKERS

VOLUME XIV

JANUARY-DECEMBER, 1901

BOSTON:
THE WRITER PUBLISHING COMPANY
282 WASHINGTON STREET
1901

[COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY WILLIAM H. HILLS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED]

INDEX.

Adams, Oscar Fay, A Dictionary of American Authors, 62
Agricultural Journalist, The, and His Field, Wing, 129
Alcott, Louisa M., 157
Anderson, Ada Woodruff, 168
Appeal to Novelists, An, Lampton, 177
Author and Printer, 157
Authors, Blunders of, 171 — Topics for, Dwight, 115 — Troubles of, Benton, 69
Authors as Publishers, Gunter, 145
Ayres, Alfred, Some Ill-used Words, 61
Bacheller, Irving, 43, 56
Bacon, Mary Applewhite, 120
Balch, William Lincoln, 59.
Ballagh, Harold, 120
Bambrick, Mary E., 106
Barrett, Charles Raymond, Short Story Writing, 174
Beede, Vincent Van Marten, Facts for the Bibliophile, 161
Beginning a Story, 69
Benton, Joel, The Troubles of Authors, 69
Besant, Sir Walter, 122
—— Rules for Writing, 150
Bibliophile, Facts for the, Beede, 161
Bingham, Stillman H., Misrepresenting Newspapers in Fiction, 36
Bird, Mary Page, Two Tommies — An Impression, 40
Black, William, 74
Bocock, John Paul, 7
Book-mark, Envelope, 142
Book Reviews, 13, 30, 61, 78, 94, 110, 124, 142, 158, 172
Botany, Authors Should Study, 108
Boyce, Minnie Thomas, 139
Boyer, Harriet, 7
Braddon, Miss, 122
Bray, Frank Chapin, Editorial Talk, 34
Britton, Jessie L., 89
Broderick, Edward, Discourse at the Dreamery, 104
Brooks, Florence, 185
Brooks, Hildegard, 61
Brown, C. Clayton, A Fool's Advice, 56
Brown, Katharine Holland, 139
Browne, Lewis A., A Plea for the Literary Hack, 35
Browning, Robert, 75
Bryant, Lilian True, 7
Bullwinkle, Christine Wood, 121
Burnham, Clara Louise, The Literary Value of Enthusiasm, 180
Burton, Frederick R., Literary Work as Art, or Trade, 113
Burton, Richard, The Henry James Myth, 5
Censorship by Magazine Editors, 58
Change of Position When Writing, 171
Cheerful Literature, The Demand for, 93
Cheney, Anne Cleveland, 169
Children's Magazines, Scarcity of, 68, 102, 119
Cleary, Kate M., 154
Clemens, S. L., 140
Coll, Aloysius, 25
Collaboration, 141
Comfort, Will Levington, 72
Comfort's Prize Story Offer, 87
Comstock, Harriet T., 121
Connor, Ralph, 108
Copyright Decision, Important, 109
Copyright, Who Should Own, 167
Crawford, Marion, 92
Crissey, Forrest, 106
Current Literary Topics, 12, 30, 45, 57, 77, 93, 108, 141, 157, 170
Currier, Mary M., Affectation in Tennyson's Poetry, 53
Dana, Marvin, 40
Dialect, 5, 23
Dialogue, How Printed, 39
Dialogue in Fiction, 141
Dialogue in Fiction, Hall, 81
Dictation, The Art of, 55
Dix, William Frederick, 154
Discourse at the Dreamery, Broderick, 104
Dobson, Austin, 122
Doolittle, Clara Sterling, Misuse of Powerful Words, 23
Douglas, Alice May, 139
Douglas, Alice May, The Manuscript Market, 137, 152
Drake, Jeanie, 154
Duke, R. T. W., Jr., 25
Durham, Constance Mackenzie, 72
Dwight, C. A. S., Topics for Authors, 115
Eckert-Lawrence, Ida, 155
Editor and Contributor, 87, 89, 102, 137, 166
Editorial, 4, 22, 38, 54, 68, 86, 102, 118, 136, 150, 166, 184
Editorial Talks with Contributors, 20, 34, 82, 182
Ejaculations, Old-Time, 103
Elliot, Emilia, 89
Ellis, Leonora Beck, 73
Enclosing Return Envelopes, 102, 109
Erskine, John, 169
Fauley, Wilbur Finley, 140
Fawcett, Waldon, 41
Fiction Founded on Fact, 151
Fields, James T., Yesterdays with Authors, 30
Findlay, Ellen Boyd, 26
Fine Writing, Stanton, 17
Fisk, Mary Isabel, 41
Fiske, John, 122
Fletcher, W. I., The Annual Literary Index — 1900, 124, 174
Flower, Elliott, 7
Fool's Advice, A, Brown, 56
Forrester, Izola L., 169
Fosdick, Arthur, Extending One's Vocabulary, 135 — The Use of Long Words, 2
Fuller, J. E., The Touch Writer, 13
Galt, George McFarlane, 139
Gaston, Edward Page, 73
Gerson, Felix N., 169
Girl in the Newspaper Office, The, 30
Girl Who Writes, The, 12
Green, Guy W., 170
Griswold, Latta, 41
Guild, Marion Pelton, 8
Guiterman, Arthur, 155
Gunter, Archibald C., Authors as Publishers, 145
Habberton, John, 108
Hale, Edward Everett, Rules for Writing, 103
Hall, Ruth, Again the Speech of Fiction, 81
Hall, Sharlot M., 106
Harte, Bret, 44
Hatch, Mary R. P., Some Recent Novels, 84
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 11
Hay, Helen, 75
Helpful Hints and Suggestions, 109, 142, 171
Henry James Myth, The, Burton, 5, 23
Hewlett, Maurice, 123
Hills, Mary Margaret, 186
Hills, William H., Publishing a Book, 65
Hinton, Mary Boole, 155
Historical Novels, Popularity of, 167
How "Eben Holden" Was Written, 56
How "Ramona" Was Written, 12
How the Material for "Calumet K" Was Gathered, 108
How to Get on a Newspaper, Sullivan, 49
Howard, A. N., Making Editors Pay, 72
Howell, Doris Lee, 8
Huck, Olive, 59
Huxley, T. H., 11
Ibsen, Henrik, 92
Illustration, Woodward, 83
Illustrations, How Provided, 23 — That Do Not Illustrate, 54
Ingham, John Hall, 41
Inglis, William O., 59
Ingraham, Colonel Prentiss, 75
Jacobs, W. W., 28
Jackson, Helen Hunt, 12
Kelley, Ellsworth, 59
Kelley, Ethel M., 121
Kellogg, Rev. Elijah, 61
Kerr, Alvah Milton, 26
King, Basil, 41
Kipling, Rudyard, 157
Kiser, S. E., The Special Column, 178
Knapp, Margaret L., 42
Knowles, Frederic Lawrence, 8
La Mance, Lora S., 121
Lampman, Archibald (sonnet), Mitchell, 104

297044

Lampton, W. J., An Appeal to Novelists, 177
Lanigan, Edith, 26
Lasting Literary Qualities, 77
Latimer, Ralph R., 27
Lewis, Cora Amanda, 60
Literary Articles in Periodicals, 14, 31, 47, 63, 79, 95, 111, 126, 143, 159, 175, 187
Literary Experience, One Writer's, Whitton, 164
Literary Hack, A Plea for the, Browne, 35
Literary Success, The Touchstone of, 78
Literary Sympathy, Absence of Brotherly, Mowry, 33
Literary Value of Enthusiasm, The, Clara Louise Burnham, 180
Literary Work, An Appeal for Better, Whitcomb, 146
Literary Work as Art, or Trade, Burton, 113
Literature, The Joys of, 45
Long, Lily A., 42
Long Words, The Use of, Fosdick, 2
Mackay, Robert, 106
Major, Charles, 44
Making Editors Pay, Howard, 72, 89
Manuscript, The Meaning of, 170 — Preparing a Book, 65
Manuscript Market, The, Douglas, 138, 152
Manuscript Reader, The Work of the, 158
Manuscripts, Average Price for, 167 — Form of, 167 — How Distinguished, 166 — How to Mail, 166 — Postage on, 5 — Sending Simultaneously to Editors, 39, 54
Mapes, Victor, 107
Matson-Dobson, Cora A., 154
McDermott, W. B., The Typographic Style-book, 63
Meade, Mrs. L. T., 28
Merritt, Anna Lea, 60
Merwin, Samuel, 108
Misrepresenting Newspapers in Fiction, Bingham, 36
Mitchell, Lulu W., 60
——Archibald Lampman (sonnet), 104
Mixed Metaphor, 118
Monroe, Lucy, 27
Montfort, Thomas P., 74
Moore, George, 123
Morgan, Alice, 140
Morgan, Elizabeth, 121
Morris, Harrison S., Editorial Talk, 82
Moses, Belle, 27
Mowry, Duane, The Absence of Brotherly Sympathy, 33
Müller, Max, 76
Murphy, Charles Perez, 8
Murray, Ada Foster, 27
Necrology, 16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176, 188
New Writers, The Quest for, 141
News and Notes, 15, 31, 47, 63, 80, 96, 111, 126, 144, 160, 176, 188
Newspaper English, 38, 40
"Newspaper English" Edited, 5, 23, 69, 104, 139, 152, 167
Newspaper, How to Get on a, Sullivan, 49
Newspaper Proof-reading, Yates, 99
Newspapers, Usefulness of, to Writers, Stanton, 101
Norys, Myra V., Over-nice Distinctions in Words, 1
Novelist, A Disappointed, 109
Novelists, An Appeal to, Lampton, 177
Novels, Swoons Dying Out In, 45
Ouida, 170
Page, Mary Bowdoin, 9
Parsons, Eugene, Typographical Errors, 116
Personal Gossip About Authors, 11, 28, 43, 61, 74, 92, 108, 122, 140, 157, 170, 186
Phillips, Henry Wallace, 9
Picard, George H., 10
Pitman, Benn, The Phonographic Dictionary, 174
Playwriting, The Profits of, 46
Poetry, The Market for, 119 — The Small Sale of Volumes of, 57
Poet-Touch, The, Urmy, 185
Pollock, Frank Lillie, 42
Postage on Manuscripts, 5
Prescott, William H., 186
Price, Lida S., 155
Proof-reading, Newpaper, Yates, 99
Pseudonyms, 31, 60, 89, 96, 108, 111, 119, 120, 123, 127, 136, 137, 156, 160, 166, 176
Publishing a Book, Hills, 65
Purpose Novel, Permanency of, 119
Queries, 23, 39, 87, 119, 167
Rabb, Kate Milner, 90
Reeve, James Knapp, Practical Authorship, 172
Riley, James Whitcomb, 44
Risley, R. V., 170
Rita, 123
Roberts, Ina Brevoort, 121
Roosevelt, Theodore, 187
Rules for Writing, Edward Everett Hale's, 103 — Sir Walter Besant's, 150
Sampter, Jessie E., 90
Sanderson, James Gardner, 27
Scott, Leroy Martin, 90
Scott, Sir Walter, 157
Scott's Old-time Ejaculations, 103
Scrap Basket, The, 5, 23, 40, 119, 137
Sedgwick, Ellery, Editorial Talk, 182
Shall and Will, 170
Shivell, Paul, 170
Shorthand, Usefulness of, to Authors, 184
Short Story of To-day, The, Whitcomb, 149
Sienkiewicz, Henryk, 76
Skipping, The Gentle Art of, 93
Some Recent Novels, Hatch, 84
Somerville, Guy, 60
Song-writing, 30
Special Column, The, S. E. Kiser, 178
Spencer, Herbert, 44, 93
Stanton, H. P., Fine Writing, 17 — The Usefulness of Newspapers to Writers, 101
Stedman, E. C., An American Anthology, 13
Sterling, Ada, 156
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 77
Stiles, George Kean, 90
Stoddard, Richard Henry, 123
Sullivan, Mark, How to Get on a Newspaper, 49
Talmage, David H., 28
Tennyson's Poetry, Affectation in, Currier, 52
That and Which, 151
Thomas, Henry Wilton, 90
Titles, 103
Titles, Book, Ownership In, 46
Tolman, William Howe, 10
Topics for Authors, Dwight, 115
To Separate Words in Copy, 172
Tower, James E., Editorial Talk, 20
Towne, Charles Hanson, 91
Two Tommies — An Impression, Bird, 40
Typewriting, Correcting Errors in, 142
Typewritten Signatures, 22
Typographical Errors, Parsons, 116, 137
Urmy, Clarence, Some Ethics of Verse-writing, 97, 119 — The Poet-Touch, 185
Van der Eike, Paul, Writing Without Knowledge, 37
Van Pelt, Madeline K., 91
Verse-writing, Some Ethics of, Urmy, 97, 119
Viajero, L., Writing for Trade, Professional, and Class Journals, 51
Vocabulary, Five Ways to Enlarge Your, 46 — Extending One's, Fosdick, 135
Wade, Blanche Elizabeth, 74
Walcott, Earle Ashley, 42
Wallace, Lew, 93
Walton, Eleanor G., 61
Wasson, George S., 122
Watrous, Edward F., 42
Watts, Harvey Maitland, 122
Whitcomb, Evelyn, The Short Story of To-day, 149
Whitcomb, Jane, An Appeal for Better Literary Work, 146
Whitcomb, Merrick, 61
Whitman, Walt, 45
Whitton, Grace, One Writer's Literary Experience, 164
Wilkinson, Florence, 43
Williams, Francis Churchill, 43
Wilson, Frances, 156
Wing, De Witt C., The Agricultural Journalist and His Field, 129
Wood, C. E. S., 43
Woods, Bertha Gerneaux, 28
Woods, William Hervey, 11
Woodward, George H., The Pencil Mightier Than the Pen, 83
Words, Misuse of Powerful, Doolittle, 23 — Once New, Now Old, 93 — Over-nice Distinctions in, Norys, 1 — Overworked, 166 — The Use of Long, Fosdick, 2
Writers of the Day, 7, 25, 40, 59, 72, 89, 106, 120, 139, 154, 168, 185
Writing for Trade, Professional, and Class Journals, Viajero, 51
Writing Without Knowledge, Paul Van der Eike, 37
Yates, Edgar, Newspaper Proof-reading, 99
Yellow Journalism, 58
Yonge, Charlotte M., 123
Young, R. E., 28
Zola, Emile, 45

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1901. No. 1.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

OVER-NICE DISTINCTIONS IN WORDS. *Myra V. Norys.* 1
THE USE OF LONG WORDS. *Arthur Fosdick.* . . . 2
EDITORIAL. 4
Photographic Illustrations for Fiction, 4 — The Rate of Postage on Manuscripts. 5
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 5
THE SCRAP BASKET. 5
THE HENRY JAMES MYTH. *Richard Burton.* . . . 5
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 7
John Paul Bocock, 7 — Harriet Boyer, 7 — Lillan True Bryant, 7 — Elliott Flower, 7 — Marion Pelton Guild, 8 — Doris Lee Howell, 8 — Frederic Lawrence Knowles, 8 — Charles Perez Murphy, 8 — Mary Bowdoin Page, 9 — Henry Wallace Phillips, 9 — George H. Picard, 10 — William Howe Tolman, 10 — William Hervey Woods. 11
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 11
Nathaniel Hawthorne, 11 — Thomas Henry Huxley. 11
CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS. 12
The Girl Who Writes, 12 — How "Ramona" Was Written. 13
BOOK REVIEWS. 13
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 14
NEWS AND NOTES 15

OVER-NICE DISTINCTIONS IN WORDS.

Do not many of us have favorite words to which we burn almost daily incense, all-eit in an unconscious way? Few, indeed, are those whose work is not marred in greater or less degree by mannerisms — by the too frequent use of favorite words or favorite turns of expression. The fact is an admitted one.

An instance might be noted in the work of the late E. P. Roe. "Superb" was a word which evidently fitted his temperament, and he used it upon all occasions. A beautiful sunset, a handsome young woman, a new and improved grape or strawberry — all were "superb." Should the authorship of any of his works become a question with future ages, no doubt some higher critic could supply the necessary proof of authorship by following this oft-recurring word through the mazes of descriptive sentence-making encompassing it.

On the other hand, there are many inoffensive words in common use, especially among American writers, which professional idol-breakers take great apparent delight in attacking. The word "quite," as used among us, may be named as one of these, though with fear and trembling. Not long ago, I noticed a *quite* rabid attack upon the use of this word with a meaning less than absolute, but the modified degree which we express by it cannot be exactly given by another word as simple ("To a great extent; very; considerably," is the definition given by Webster); hence, I see no reason why we may not be allowed peaceable possession of it, other than the fact that in this meaning it is "disengaged from its etymology" — unless, indeed, Anglomania be adduced as a sufficient reason.

Professor Hill, of Harvard, calls these nice distinctions, which so often engage the attention of ultra grammarians, "schoolmasters' English — the dialect of men and women who are apt to attribute undue importance to petty matters, to insist upon rules in cases where the best usage leaves freedom of choice." Better, far better than this "dialect" is the clear, concise style which, without being fastidious, conveys easily and fully to the mind of the reader the thought which the writer aims to transmit.

The professional iconoclast who has doubtless gained most fame in this special field, and who has been the target for criticism almost as often as he has played the critic, is Richard Grant White. Would he feel flattered to be mentioned in the same connection with a far-off follower of his own who lately contributed to a popular periodical an article entitled "Speak Correctly"? The first deliverance of

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

this astonishing teacher is as follows: "It is truly remarkable the number of highly educated people who mispronounce their words, and use others improperly." A few lines farther down the column appears a mention of a young lady "who really had a perfect accent and beautiful English." After giving several instances of supposed blunders in the use of English, this wise teacher adds this comment: "There must be some *reason* for these unhappy tricks of speech; what are *they?*" [The italics are mine.] That many people are "too unobserving"; that "In their early years is the time to train children to speak correctly"; that children "should be taught to notice when others speak differently from themselves," are additional assertions which lead one to wish that this would-be critic had been blessed with more of the desired training in earlier years!

Does it not appear that criticism as a profession has suffered a decline since the palmiest days of Mr. White? And may we not, in the future, use the least infuriating of our favorites without fear of inciting the professional iconoclasts to run amuck among our idols? *Myra V. Norys.*

WESTFIELD, N. J.

THE USE OF LONG WORDS.

Language was not given to the ordinary writer to enable him to conceal his thoughts. The best stylist, after all, is the one who expresses what he has to say in such direct, well-chosen words that the one who reads thinks not of the style at all, but gets the thought of the writer easily, without considering the medium.

As a rule, short words are better than long words to express a writer's thoughts. Compare Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address, for instance, with one of the Johnsonian promulgations of the honorable Grover Cleveland. The Gettysburg address, a model of pith and brevity that every American citizen should know by heart, is made up almost wholly of short, simple, common, Saxon words. Ex-President Cleveland's written utterances are big with polysyllables, Latin derivatives, with an "-ation" at least in every other line. Lincoln's address will live when Cleveland's name has almost been forgotten.

The tendency of scientific men to use long words has always been particularly noticeable. In an article in an English magazine some time ago, T. A. Vance gave some amusing examples of scientific verbosity. Herbert Spencer, in his "First Principles," the first volume of his Synthetic Philosophy, says that "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indifferent, incoherent, homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." The late George John Romanes in his "Examination of Weismannism," in speaking of plant life, says: "All the multicellular organisms propagate themselves not exclusively by fission or gemmation, but by sexual fertilization." This, Mr. Vance says, translated into common English, means that the higher plants multiply not only by division and buds, but by seeds. A little further on, Mr. Romanes speaks of the "undifferentiated idioplasm of the first ontogenetic stage." "Such words are simply staggering," Mr. Vance goes on. "The other day I met with the word 'idiodactylæ.' The Standard Dictionary defines it thus: 'A phalanx of colio-morpic oscine birds.' Of course, the meaning of the word is at once made clear. In reading on entomological subjects I met with the word 'planipennia,' which the Standard says is a name given to 'a sub-order of neuropterous in-

sects with multinervate wings and multiarticulate antennæ.' The definitions of scientific words in the Standard Dictionary, as may be inferred by the examples cited, are not characterized by extreme simplicity of language. The reader is informed that the 'acanthocephala' is the name given to an order of 'nematelminth worms, without a mouth or intestinal canal, but with a retractile proboscis covered with hooks, comprising echinorhynchidæ.' The 'arcturidæ' are a 'family of isopods, with inferior operculiform uropods, and with the anterior (four) pairs of legs ciliated, and the posterior (three) ambulatory.' Taking up the study of shellfish, one finds that the 'rhopalodinidæ' are a 'family of diplostomidean holothurians, having a flask-shaped body.' Most people know at least what a flask is like."

Professor Hyatt, in an article on the nautilus in the *American Naturalist*, tells us that "the leading characteristic of parallelism in all genetic series of nautiloids is a tendency towards closer coiling and greater involution in the more specialized forms of each separate series, and a correlative increase in the profundity of the impressed zone."

Professor Cope, in his "Primary Factors of Organic Evolution," tells his reader that "in the first case, that of the human elbow, the cubitus was luxated posteriorly, so that the humeral condyles articulate with the ulna, anterior to the coronoid process." The translator of Ribot's "Psychology of Attention" tries to say that when we are happy we forget our surroundings. He puts it in this way: "Intense enjoyment produces a momentary unity of consciousness." "Time was," concludes Mr. Vance, "when a word to the wise was sufficient. Nowadays, it must be a mighty long word or it will not do. Time was when the schoolboy could recite with satisfaction both to himself and the teacher: —

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

"Nowadays, to meet the full requirements of polysyllabic science, he must paraphrase it thus: —

Infinitesimal particles of saline humective fluidity,
Minute corpuscles of non-adhering inorganic matter,
Conjointly cause to exist the unmeasurable expanse of aqueous section,
And the resplendent superficial area of dry solidity."

Science certainly has produced some memorable verbal monstrosities. "Nitrophenylenediamine" (twenty-one letters) is the chemical name of a red dye-stuff, and "Methylbenzoinethoxyethyltetrahydropyridinecarboxylate" (fifty-three letters) is chemical English for cocaine. Surgery contributes to the list of long scientific words the lovely compound "dynamorphosteopalinklaster (twenty-six letters) — the name of an instrument for breaking a falsely-united fracture. Compared with these scientific marvels "incomprehensibleness" and "incomprehensibility" seem plain, and short, and simple.

Space writers, who are paid by the line, can make more money, of course, if the editor will allow them to use long words where short ones would be more effective. Such writers may be interested to know that the longest word in the English language is "disestablishmentarianism," which was coined by William E. Gladstone. It contains twenty-four letters. The longest word which has yet appeared in the Oxford Dictionary is "incircumscriptibleness" (twenty-two letters), which is in the part just issued. The famous Ekklesiazousai compound of Aristophanes — "Lepadotemachoselachogaleokranioleipsanodrimupotrimmatosilphioparaomelitokatakeclummenokichlepikossuphophattoperisteralektruonoptegkephalokigklopeleiolagoosiraiobaletraganopterugon" — with its 169 Greek letters and its seventy-eight syllables, is undoubtedly the longest word extant. Like Shakespeare's "honorificabilitudinitatibus," it is not available for frequent use by space writers. A more useful word to the penny-a-liner is "disproportionableness" (twenty-one letters), which has long had the reputation of being the longest honest word in the English language. Editors as a rule, however, do not take kindly to writers with a polysyllabic style. They incline rather to writers whose style is terse and simple, like that of the author of the commercial distich which Thomas Bailey Aldrich has immortalized as "the perfection of pith and poetry": —

"Root Beer
Sold Here."

BOSTON, Mass. Arthur Fosdick.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9–14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9–14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. JANUARY, 1901. NO. 1.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The published statement that Mary Johnston has made $40,000 out of "To Have and to Hold" explains in part why the demand for manuscript paper is so brisk.

* * *

A law suit brought by Paul R. Reynolds, a literary agent, of New York, against L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, has disclosed the fact that $675 was agreed upon as a satisfactory price for the book rights in the manuscript of Clark Russell's story, "The Ship's Adventure."

* * *

Writers who are ambitious to become as great as Zola, and who are zealously studying the secrets of his skill, will, of course, be keenly interested in the following valuable paragraph, which is being printed in the "literary departments" of the newspapers: —

> Zola cannot sit down to work unless he has counted the stairs on the way up to his study, and certain ornaments on his bureau. Even then, he is always haunted by the fear that he will not be able to turn out his regulation amount of work. He cannot work unless he sleeps well, and cannot sleep unless he has touched the same pieces of furniture a certain number of times. Out of doors, too, he always counts gas jets, doors, and cabs. He has a curious mania for numbers.

Such paragraphs form a fitting accompaniment to the weird press-agent stories that the "literary editors" of the newspapers are printing about that lurid lady, Hallie Erminie Rives.

* * *

The *Photographic Times* for January announces the result of the competition for the prizes offered for the best set of photographic illustrations for three new novels. A great many sets of pictures were sent in, it says, but with one exception they were of little value for illustrative purposes. The presence of the camera was apparent in nearly every one, resulting in stiff and unnatural poses. The one exception was the set of pictures to illustrate "The Gentleman from Indiana," made by E. R. Jackson, of Oakland, Calif. The *Photographic Times* reproduces them in its January number. They deserve the very highest praise, and they are well worth studying by any one who wants to see what can be done with the camera in the way of illustrating fiction.

* * *

Bound volumes of THE WRITER for 1900 are now ready for delivery. Subscribers who wish to exchange their unbound numbers for the corresponding bound volume can do so by sending seventy-five cents with the unbound numbers to The Writer Publishing Company. The complete set of bound volumes of THE WRITER now includes thirteen volumes. With the three bound volumes of THE AUTHOR,

they form a cyclopedia of journalism and the methods of literary work, containing information about authors and authorship that can be found nowhere else. The number of complete sets available is limited, and they are sure to increase in value. The present price of the thirteen bound volumes of THE WRITER is $18.50; the price of the three bound volumes of THE AUTHOR is $5.00.

* * *

The Library of Congress is doing a good work in issuing a series of lists of books (with references to periodicals) on important public questions. The latest of these bibliographical pamphlets is devoted to mercantile marine subsidies.

* * *

The bill providing that authors' manuscripts may be sent through the mails at merchandise rates will be pressed for passage in the next Congress. An effective way of helping it through is to write letters to congressmen, pointing out the justice of the measure. Editorials and letters published in newspapers, also, will do a great deal of good. The thing to lay stress upon, of course, is that manuscripts are merchandise, and ought to be admitted to the mails at merchandise rates.

W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

An authoress. — *New York World.*	An author.
Every one knew exactly what they wanted. — *Frances Willing Wharton, in January Cosmopolitan.*	They all knew exactly what they wanted.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Referring to the article entitled "Hints about Writing Dialect" in the October WRITER, I want to say that uniformity in dialect does not exist any more than uniformity in taxes or weather. The same man who says: "I'll swap my caouw for *yeour* caouw" is liable to say, short and snappy-like, when his dander is up: "Shut yer mouth." To use a patent diagram in writing dialect is about like pouring out grief in tabulated doses — weep a thimbleful for a dead creditor, a pint for a mother-in-law, a gallon for a pet pug, etc., etc. I confess that critics and novelists have educated public appetite so that it will digest nothing but machine-made dialect. Perhaps it is a blessing, because the dialect story will soon be driven from the market, for a lack of vital germs. A spoonful of dialect ought to be enough seasoning for a barrel of legitimate manuscript.

B. S. Rude.

SODUS, N. Y.

This is from the *Boston Herald*, except the italics, which are mine: —

> Edward Everett Hale's three rules of life are well put: — First, live as much as possible in the open air; second, touch elbows with the rank and file; third, talk every day with a man *whom* you know *is* your superior.

What I wish to ask is, Did Dr. Hale say "whom is"?

The *Herald* speaks elsewhere of a French gentleman "*whom* it will be recalled *paid* a fabulous price for Millet's 'Angelus'. . .".

Unconsciousness of the existence of a difference between "who" and "whom" seems to be a regular obsession with some newspaper writers, and the *Herald* seems to have rather more than its fair share of them on its staff. Young writers should not be confused or misled by the bad example, whether of Dr. Hale or of the reporters.

H. L. R.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE HENRY JAMES MYTH.

Many strictures are passed from time to time upon the fiction written by Henry James. That author's subtlety, his tendency to excessive analysis, his neglect of story incident, and his habit of portraying that in Life which appeals to the taste of the cultured few, rather than to the deep-lying, general emotions, are pointed out with sufficient boldness. But almost always such criticism makes a sharp face-about when it comes to the matter of style, and ends up with the remark: "Nevertheless, James is a great 'stylist.'"

This appears to be a pious tradition, to have attained the dignity of a cult. Originating with some one who really believed that James wrote well, the view is spread by others, who

take their notions at second-hand, or else are too timid to affirm (what they secretly think) that the accomplished essayist and novel-maker, so far from writing admirably, is, at present, one of the most faulty users of English known to the public which patronizes literature. Go to; why should we not be honest and say it! Henry James's English — looked at in the piece and not merely in spots, which is not the genuine test for him or anybody else — is simply abominable. It is so bad that it would amuse (and so be worth while) if it did not also, and to a greater degree, irritate; since often the author's meaning is so suggestive and profound that his oblique, crabbed way of communicating it is all the more inexcusable. One bumps along the path of his prose as if the vehicle of conveyance were an Irish jaunting car.

Writing to be good must be clear, elegant, and forcible. This is not so because the rhetorics say so, rather the rhetorics say it because it is so. Of these qualities, certainly clearness is important for any writer, and particularly for a maker of fiction. James is as unclear as the drinking water in Cincinnati. A recent reading of the two stories in the book called "The Two Magics" has emphasized the fact in my mind, although I had long felt it, and those fictions furnish no unique illustrations. They are just fair examples of his current work. Sentence after sentence in them is of a sort to make the verbal vagaries of a Carlyle seem as smooth as a copy-book motto; they surpass the back-handed expressions of George Meredith at that Great Man's worst. And the deuce of it is, that at least one of these tales (the first) is a very powerful and successful specimen of his peculiar gift, while both of them are too representatively attractive to be so vilely languaged. And yet folk prate, forsooth, in the very face of such maddening abuse of an opportunity as this, about the beauty of James's literary manner! Perhaps some James lover calls for proof. Nothing is easier; the only trouble is the limitation of space.

Take first the little sentence [p. 96]: "I can say now neither what determined nor what guided me." How gnarled, this, instead of the natural order: "I cannot now say what determined or guided me." Why put a quite unnecessary stone in the road to break one's shins on? Here is the perfection of the Style Jerky [p. 108]: "They moved slowly, in unison, below us, over the lawn, the boy, as they went, reading aloud from a story book and passing his arm round his sister to keep her quite in touch." On the next page occurs this typical sentence, which would arouse the ire of the patient Griselda: "This had become thoroughly her attitude by the time that, in my recital of the events of the night, I reached the point of what Miles had said to me when, after seeing him, at such a monstrous hour, almost on the very spot where he happened now to be, I had gone down to bring him in; choosing then at the window, with the concentrated need of not alarming the house, rather that method than a signal more resonant." Read to the crack of doom, this will never convey a firm idea. And here is another sentence that goes bumpety-bump, and in which the meaning is attenuated after the true Jamesian formula [p. 123]: "These were exactly states of the air, conditions, of sound and stillness, unspeakable impressions of the kind of ministering moment, that brought back to me, long enough to catch it, the feeling of the medium in which, that June evening out-of-doors, I had my first sight of Quint, and in which, too, at those other instants, I had, after seeing him through the window, looked for him in vain in the circle of shrubbery." A finer object lesson in the dislocation of related parts could not be furnished! As a simple illustration of his willful disarrangement of the normal order of words take this [p. 176]: "And then I took, back to the house, my dreary and difficult course." I suppose it would be too commonplace to write: "And then I took my dreary and difficult course back to the house." Here is a bit of pure occultism [p. 222]: "To admit Mr. Podmore was anywhere and at any time, as you would immediately have recognized, an immense admission." For one more example of distorted clauses, take the following [p. 219]: "This is the central hall, high and square, brown and gray, flagged beneath and timbered above, of an old English country house." What could be more like a schoolboy's translation from the Latin?

These are a few, where hundreds of illustrations could be supplied; they are symptomatic of James's latest writings. He is more obscure than Hardy's Jude. The fault is also ubiquitous in his maturest critical writings. Shortly after Du Maurier's death a memorial estimate by James appeared in *Harper's*. I settled down to a half-hour's illumination, and got instead "not light, but darkness visible." I re-read the paragraphs with knit brows. The paper was an astonishing example of word jugglery which carried meaning to the vanishing point.

It has not been always so with Mr. James; there's the pity o' it. In the time of "The Passionate Pilgrim Tales" and "Roderick Hudson" and "The American," he was a master of lucid, high-bred, cogent English. He is now fallen on evil days — that's the brutal truth. Like other myths, the Henry James Myth must go — giving way to the facts as superstition ever should and shall.

Richard Burton.

The Philosopher.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

John Paul Bocock, who wrote the verses, "In the Library," in the *Critic* for November, and the summary of telephone history under the name, "The Romance of the Telephone," in *Munsey's* for the same month, will have an essay on "Dining in Bohemia" in an early number of the *North American Review*, with the editorial part of which he is connected. Mr. Bocock's literary work lies along two contrasting lines — the bibliography and criticism of Horace and the history of small arms. He is engaged upon a book upon each, and has published several critical studies on pistols, of which he has a valuable collection dating back two hundred years. Mr. Bocock's collection of texts and translations of Horace includes a number of rare editions, a first edition Milman, the Earl of Roscommon's (1701), Doering, Rammler, Gladstone, Lytton, etc. His original work in Horace is attracting the attention of Latin scholars.

Harriet Boyer, who wrote the lines, "A Far Cry," in the November *Century*, is the author of another poem, published three or four years ago in the same magazine, and called "The Morn's Morn." She has written, besides, other poems, short stories, sketches of foreign travel, several papers for an Encyclopedia of Literature, and part of a work on the Philippines. Miss Boyer lives in New York, and is the author of a little book called "North of Market Street, being the Adventures of a New York Woman in Philadelphia." The *Philadelphia Ledger* says of this: "Everybody will be sure to read this book and to praise it for its gaiety and cleverness, and for the skill with which the author polishes her envenomed shafts and hits folly as it flies."

Lilian True Bryant, whose story, "The Love That Glorifies," appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for November, is the wife of Dr. Bertram Bryant, a physician and bacteriologist, of Bangor, Me. Her father, Dr. Nathaniel True, was famous as a teacher and geologist. Her eldest sister is an authority upon the teaching of the deaf, and her second sister is well known in musical circles. Her brother, John Preston True, is known as a writer of books and stories for young people. Mrs. Bryant was fitted for teaching, having received a thorough musical education in Boston, and in Germany, under Oscar Raif of Berlin. Since her marriage she has taken up writing as a new interest and source of enjoyment. Her article on "The Musical Renaissance of Northern New England" appeared in the October number of the *National Magazine*, and various other articles of the same nature have been published in the musical journals, but "The Love That Glorifies" is her first story. The characters and incidents of the story are wholly fictitious. The scene was taken from a New England hillside — Dr. Bryant's birthplace.

Elliott Flower, author of the sketch, "Patrolman Flynn's Predicament," in the November *Century*, is an editorial writer on the *Chicago Evening Post*. He was born at Madison, Wis., August 2, 1863. At one time he studied law, and at another time he was an editor of the *Rambler* (1886 7), the librettist, Harry B. Smith, being the other editor. "I don't know

whether to blame its demise on him or myself," says Mr. Flower, "but at any rate it died. It was an illustrated paper while it had life, and was published once a week. We tried to be humorous, but we took in a business manager, and we could n't laugh after that — at least, I could n't." Before taking his present position, Mr. Flower was night city editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. Before that he was a telegraph editor, a special writer, a copy reader, a reporter, and various other things on the same paper. Incidentally, he has contributed to various periodicals, including the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Lippincott's*, *Life*, *Puck*, and *Judge*. "Patrolman Flynn's Predicament" is the first of a series of sketches of the same character that will appear in the *Century*, arrangements already having been made for their continuance.

Marion Pelton Guild, the author of the Browning sonnets in the September *Atlantic*, and the lines "To a Live-Oak," in the November *Chautauquan*, is not a new writer, though her contributions to various periodicals have been infrequent. She is a Boston woman, and a graduate and ex trustee of Wellesley College, but is now making her home in the South. Mrs. Guild acknowledges a special debt of gratitude to Charles G. Whiting, of the *Springfield Republican*, for kind encouragement and wise criticism when she first began writing for the press. She and her college friend, now Professor Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley, made their début at about the same time in that hospitable journal, which still maintains its long-standing traditions of exceptional courtesy to literary aspirants.

Doris Lee Howell, author of the story, "The Missing Page," in St. Nicholas for December, is a Connecticut girl, whose school-days only recently have ended. From childhood she has had an earnest ambition to become an author, and in spite of many difficulties and discouragements, she is beginning to attain success.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles, the author of "On Life's Stairway," just published by L. C. Page & Co., was born September 8, 1869, in Lawrence, Mass., where his father, Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D., was pastor of the Haverhill-street M. E. church. His elementary education was received at the Oliver grammar school of Lawrence, the Plymouth (N. H.) high school, and the well-known seminary at Tilton, N. H. He entered Wesleyan University in the autumn of 1890, and graduated in 1894. He was the editor of the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*, and a member of the Mystical Seven, Psi Upsilon, and Phi Beta Kappa fraternities. In 1894-5 Mr. Knowles was assistant secretary of the faculty and a member of the University Club of Middletown. The same year he received the prize offered by the New England Society of Orange, N. J., for the best poem on the subject, "New England." The poem was read at the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of that society. In the fall of 1895 Mr. Knowles entered to advanced standing in Harvard University, graduating (A. B.) with the class of 1896. The following year he taught at Tilton Seminary, leaving in 1898 to accept a position as manuscript reader with Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. In the mean time, Mr. Knowles had published: "Practical Hints for Young Readers, Writers, and Bookbuyers," L. C. Page, 1897; "Cap and Gown: Second Series," Page, 1897; and "Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics," Page, 1897. In 1898 and 1899 he published under pseudonyms three compilations that achieved a very wide sale. In 1899 Mr. Knowles held the position of literary adviser to L. C. Page & Co., leaving to accept a similar position the present year with Dana Estes & Co. Last spring he published "A Kipling Primer" (Brown & Co., Boston, republished in London by Chatto & Windus). His latest book is a volume of original verse, of which John Burroughs has said in a letter to the publishers: "It is the most fresh and original book of verse that has come to my hand in many a year." Two of Mr. Knowles's poems will be found in Stedman's "American Anthology." Mr. Knowles will be remembered by readers of THE WRITER as the author of an article in the number for October, 1888. entitled: "Whittier's Advice to a Boy."

Charles Perez Murphy, who wrote the poem, "Instructions to Santa Claus," in *St. Nicholas*

for December, is a clerk and stenographer in the office of a Chicago architect. He was born in East Bloomfield, N. Y., in 1868. He received an excellent education, and about six years ago went to Chicago to fill a position on the staff of the L. A. W. Bulletin. Before going to Chicago, Mr Murphy had been a reporter on the staff of one of the Rochester, N. Y., dailies, and had also written a number of articles and poems for various papers. He was connected with the *Bulletin* for about a year, and subsequently was well known for several years as a writer for the leading cycling journals, East and West. He was Western representative of the *American Wheelman* of New York, and for nearly two years was in the Chicago office of the *Bicycling World* of Boston. During this time he also contributed a large number of poems to the Sunday *Times-Herald* of Chicago. In December, 1899, the *National Magazine* of Boston published Mr. Murphy's paraphrase of forty-nine of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam from the literal version of Mrs. Jessie E. Cadell. He had spent his leisure for about a year upon this paraphrase, which attracted much attention. The poem in *St. Nicholas* has the merit of being almost literally true. The "Mildred" of the story is the little daughter of S. N. Crowen, a prominent Chicago architect, and the "Mr. Vanderkloot" of the story is one of the great local firm of Vanderkloot & Son, proprietors of the South-Halsted-street Iron Works.

Mary Bowdoin Page, whose sonnet, "The Unattainable," appeared in *Lippincott's* for November, is a young writer of whom a distinguished editor predicted that she "could strike a new note if she would." It is a fact worthy of note that she cordially disliked everything in the shape of poetry until she was sixteen. To be obliged, as a child, to commit a poem to memory was nothing short of punishment. The sonnet form was the first that appealed to her; the taste was carefully encouraged by one whose wise and loving criticism led the way to a study of classical verse. Early in her twenties she completed her hundredth sonnet, and for the first time the outline of a novel sketched itself upon her mental vision. The novel in question was written in her Virginia home several years before her marriage to a young Scotchman, one of the Birds of Berwickshire. The year following, Mr. and Mrs. Bird went to England to live, and by the merest accident the manuscript of the novel was submitted to the old conservative house of Richard Bentley & Son. It was promptly accepted, and was published in August, 1894, under the pen name of "Niel Christison," and with the title "Wedded to a Genius," its original title, "The House of Bondage," having been used some thirty years before. Unfortunately, Mrs. Bird was compelled to return to America at this crisis in her literary career. Her book was widely noticed by the English press, the most favorable review being that of the *Spectator*. Just a year later Mrs. Bird developed acute lameness, and has been on crutches ever since. It is only recently that she has been well enough to take up her work. She has at present two novels well under way. Besides the *Lippincott* sonnet, Mrs. Bird has had sonnets published in *Temple Bar* and in *Chambers's Journal*. She leads an outdoor life in the mountains of western North Carolina, where at a comparatively high altitude she fights a good fight against frail health and its consequent exile.

Henry Wallace Phillips, who wrote the verses, "The Ballad of the Kind Dragon," in *St. Nicholas* for November, is a Western man, "by choice and adoption," as he says. He came East ten years ago, and began work as a draughtsman for various papers — principally *Life*. Since then he has taken up writing, and has done nearly every kind of literary work, from joke-writing to editing. His "Fables of the Times," published first in *Life*, were afterward brought out in book form. He has had short stories in *St. Nicholas*, *Lippincott's*, the *Black Cat*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Munsey's*, the *Illustrated American*, *McClure's*, and many other periodicals, and he has scattered verses broadcast. He is also the author of a serial mining story, called "The Yellow Path," which appeared recently in a number of leading newspapers. Mr. Phillips looks back with

calm joy on one of his achievements. He once wrote all the prize winners in an open riddle contest that a certain magazine offered to its readers — "and I got only five dollars for the batch," he says, "although the prizes shone finely in the advertisement." His account of how he came to adopt literature is interesting. "I arrived at my passion for writing," he says, "by a process of elimination. I was educated to be a chemist, but found chemistry too smelly. Punching cows in the Northwest bred a loathing in me for the close confines of an office which the language lacks terms to elucidate. Hod-carrying is healthful, but affords little leisure. Should I do any of these things? As Euclid wittily remarks: 'That would be absurd.' Hence these tares which I have sewed on the typewriting machine. I have tried editing," Mr. Phillips adds, "but I don't like it. I never had any taste for fancy work, and making up a magazine is more like the construction of a crazy-quilt than it is like a good many other things. In the office where I was we had a piece of filler called 'God's Little Bird.' It was n't bad stuff, but it would never fit anywhere. If there was a small hole in the make up, we would pull all the feathers off that little bird and try to jam him in. Useless. He was a size too large. And when the gap was more extended, we would inflate the little bird — add whole stanzas — make an epic of it. Again, useless. He was a size too small. And it finally reached the point that a sight of 'God's Little Bird' would roil the depths of all the bad language I ever knew. Long-forgotten epithets that had once reverberated among the bluffs of the Missouri; lurid objurgations that had startled the arid cañons of the Bad lands, or landed on the backs of steers in the heavy branding season came to light in a respectable New York office. I could n't stand it. I quit."

George H. Picard, whose "Madame Noel" was "the complete novel" for the November *Lippincott's*, lives in eastern New York. In answer to a request for information, he writes: "In 1884-86 I wrote three little novels, about which the professional 'makers or breakers' of books said so many pretty things that the public, suspecting collusion, possibly, refused to join the company. One of them, 'A Mission Flower,' must have had an enormous circulation. It passed into a Eureka edition, and its philanthropic promoter offered it at a figure merely nominal. I had the felicity of seeing a pushcart laden with it proceeding slowly through Park row. I stood hard by and awaited the outcome. Presently the weary-eyed vendor drew up against the curb and ranged his vehicle in line with those of his confrères in sundry vocations more remunerative, perhaps, but less literary. It was late on Saturday afternoon, and the newspaper folks were hastening to their nocturnal habitats. Suddenly, inspired by a great longing for home and fireside, the fakir began to cry out lustily: 'Here y' are! Git yer "Mission Flowers" now! Don't fergit yer little ones! Only three cents! A rattlin' Injun story, chock full o' fightin' an' b'ar huntin'!' Worse was to come — much worse! I had scarcely reached my desk in the altitude wherein my *alter ego* soars — at a stipulated recompense, be it known — when I heard footsteps — many of them. It was a well-organized procession of my fellow-craftsmen, which defiled singly across my premises. Each man, as he passed me without a word or look of recognition, deposited a copy of the 'rattlin' Injun' tale on my desk! It worked like a charm; I was covered with confusion, and my desk was covered with the best that the 'Eureka' product could do for me. It did not console me greatly to remember that only a few short months previous the *Literary World* of your appreciative city, in its annual résumé of American fiction, concluded thus: 'But a higher mark than has been reached by these writers of repute has been touched by the new Mr. Picard with his "A Mission Flower."' I constructed no more 'rattlin' tales,' nor tales of any description, for a dozen years. Two summers ago, however, I lived for a few months in such a delightfully resourceless Maine village that I was driven by my distaste for my own society to write 'Madame Noel.'"

William Howe Tolman, author of the paper, "What More Than Wages?" in the December

Century, is secretary of the League for Social Service and director of the Museum of Social Economy in New York. He is well known as a lecturer on social economy, and as a writer for magazines and newspapers, and has been active in promoting the object of social and industrial betterment, having been general agent for the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, secretary of the Mayor's Committee on Public Baths, New York, secretary of the Improved Housing Council, New York, and organizing secretary of the Get Together Club of New York and Brooklyn. His published works include "History of Higher Education in Rhode Island," "Municipal Reform Movements in the United States," "Handbook of Sociological References for New York City" (prepared in collaboration with Dr. W. I. Hull, Swarthmore College), "Report on Public Baths and Public Comfort Stations," and "Industrial Betterment."

William Hervey Woods, whose poem, "Voyagers," was printed in the *Atlantic* for November, is now, and for some years past has been, a Southern Presbyterian pastor in Baltimore. He was born in Kentucky, and wrote little of consequence before he had reached middle life. His first story was accepted by the *Youth's Companion*, in 1890; and since that time his work, either in prose or verse, has appeared in the *Companion* (oftenest), *Scribner's*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Independent*. *Harper's Round Table*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in various religious publications. Mr. Woods's prose work has been written principally for young people. Latterly he has given his attention chiefly to verse, and oftenest verse of a religious cast, his poem, "Apollo's Song," in the *Atlantic* for June, being really an excerpt from a long religious poem. His literary work, of whatever kind, has been only the avocation of a regular pastor.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Hawthorne. — The story of the first reading of the "Scarlet Letter" has been told in T. W. Higginson's book of essays, "Contemporaries." The reading was given to the author's dearest critic, his wife. During the entire winter, when he was at work upon the book, he seemed oppressed by some secret anxiety.

"There was a knot in his forehead all the time," said Mrs. Hawthorne.

Finally, one evening, he went to her and said that he had written something which he would like to read aloud. The work amounted to very little, but still he would like to read it. All that evening he read, but as the romance was unfinished at bedtime, his wife made no comments, knowing that he disliked criticism until one had heard the whole.

The next night he read again, and now her suspense grew so unendurable that, in the midst of a moving scene, she sank from her low stool to the floor, pressed her hands to her ears, and declared that she could not bear to hear it.

Hawthorne put down the manuscript and looked at her in amazement.

"Do you really feel it so much?" he asked. "Then there must be something in it."

The next day the manuscript was delivered to the publisher, and on the following morning Mr. Fields appeared at the author's door. When he was admitted, he caught the little boy of the family in his arms and asked: "You splendid little fellow, do you know what a father you have?"

He had sat up all night to read the manuscript, and had posted out to Salem in the early morning. After his interview with the publisher, Hawthorne came downstairs with a firm step, and walked about, his face illumined by new hope and vigor. The world had found him out. Recognition was at the door.

Huxley. — Speaking of his father's style, Leonard Huxley says in his "Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley": "His lecture 'On a Piece of Chalk,' together with two others delivered this year (1868), seem to mark the maturing of his style into that mastery of clear expression for which he deliberately labored, the saying exactly what he meant, neither too much nor too little, without confusion and without obscurity. Have something to say, and say it, was the Duke of Wellington's theory of style; Huxley's was to say that which

has to be said in such language that you can stand cross-examination on each word. Be clear, though you may be convicted of error. If you are clearly wrong, you will run up against a fact some time and get set right. If you shuffle with your subject and study chiefly to use language which will give a loop-hole of escape either way, there is no hope for you. This was the secret of his lucidity."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Girl Who Writes. — There is one other thing that the girl who writes ought to consider, and that is this: Has life been real enough, rich enough, deep enough for her, in her fifteen, or sixteen, or even twenty years, to have found in it something to give the world? Experience, after all, is what counts. And generally speaking, if the girl who writes has lived the safe, and guarded, and normal life which she ought to have lived, she has had no experiences, and she has not gone down very deep into life. Her hopes, and fears, and happiness have been all on the surface, and it is well that they should be. And there is still another great danger about early expression — the stream gives out. — *Margaret Deland, in Harper's Bazar.*

How "Ramona" was Written. — A letter from Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, quoted in the Contributors' Club in the November *Atlantic*, portrays vividly the mental conditions under which she was led to write "Ramona." She had nearly broken herself down with hard work in libraries, preparing "The Century of Dishonor," of which she had sent a copy, at her own expense, to every member of Congress; and she had been guided at the most important points by the counsel of regular army officers of wide Indian experience, her late husband's friends; yet in spite of all this care in preparation, she had seen its plain statements set aside by mere civilian critics, such as Theodore Roosevelt, as being merely feminine sentimentalism. Finding her laborious historical work thus jauntily classed with fiction, she seemed to have been tempted into writing fiction that should illuminate history, and the immediate result was "Ramona." The letter which explains the origin of "Ramona" is as follows: —

THE BERKELEY, February 5, 1884.

. . . I am glad you say you are rejoiced that I am writing a story. But about the not hurrying it — I want to tell you something. You know I have for three or four years longed to write a story that should "tell" on the Indian question. But I knew I could not do it; knew I had no background — no local color for it.

Last spring, in Southern California, I began to feel that I had; that the scene laid there — and the old Mexican life mixed in with just enough Indian to enable me to tell what had happened to them — would be the very perfection of coloring. You know that I have lived six months in Southern California.

Still I did not see my way clear; got no plot; till one morning late last October, before I was wide awake, the whole plot flashed into my mind — not a vague one — the whole story, just as it stands to-day — in less than five minutes, as if some one spoke it. I sprang up, went to my husband's room, and told him; I was half frightened. From that time till I came here it haunted me, becoming more and more vivid. I was impatient to get at it. I wrote the first word of it December 1. As soon as I began, it seemed impossible to write fast enough. In spite of myself, I write faster than I would write a letter. I write two thousand to three thousand words in a morning, and I *cannot* help it. It racks me like a struggle with an outside power. I cannot help being superstitious about it. I have never done *half* the amount of work in the same time. Ordinarily it would be a simple impossibility. Twice, since beginning it, I have broken down utterly for a week — with a cold ostensibly, but with great nervous prostration added. What I have to endure in holding myself away from it, afternoons, on days I am compelled to be in the house, no words can tell.

It is like keeping away from a lover, whose hand I can reach.

Now you will ask what sort of English it is I write at this lightning speed. So far as I can tell, the best I ever wrote! I have read it aloud as I have gone on, to one friend, of keen liter-

ary perceptions and judgment, the most purely intellectual woman I know — Mrs. Trimble. She says it is smooth — strong — clear. "Tremendous" is her frequent epithet.

. . . The success of it — if it succeeds — will be that I do not even suggest any Indian history, — till the interest is so aroused in the heroine — and hero — that people will not lay the book down. There is but one Indian in the story.

Every now and then I force myself to stop, and write a short story or a bit of verse; I can't bear the strain; but the instant I open the pages of the other, I write as fast as I am writing now — as fast as I could copy! What do you think? Am I possessed of a demon? Is it a freak of mental disturbance? or what?

I have the feeling that if I could only read it to you, you would know. If it is as good as Mrs. Trimble, Mr. Jackson, and Miss Woolsey think, I shall be indeed rewarded, for it will "tell." But I can't believe it is. I am uneasy about it; but try as I may — all I can — I cannot write slowly for more than a few moments. I sit down at 9.30 or ten, and it is one before I know it. In good weather I then go out, after lunching, and keep out, religiously, till five, — but there have not been more than three out of eight good days all winter,— and the days when I am shut up in my room from two till five alone — with my Ramona and Alessandro — and cannot go along with them on their journey are maddening.

BOOK REVIEWS.

AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY, 1787-1899. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. 878 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1900.

The publication of Mr. Stedman's "American Anthology," which has been so long awaited, must be regarded as a notable literary event. No work of this kind can be above criticism, or exactly satisfactory to any reader, since human taste is fortunately variable, and no two persons will ever agree in the selection of poems to be immortalized as "representative." Mr. Stedman, however, is peculiarly well fitted to make a collection of poetry of high literary value, and the new anthology will be generally accepted as representing the standard of American poetry of the century just closed. The compiler disclaims in his introduction any attempt to make a treasury of imperishable American poems. The "American Anthology" illustrates his "Poets of America," just as his "Victorian Poets" was illustrated by the "Victorian Anthology." This being so, it is only natural, perhaps, that many well-known poems that one would naturally expect to find in a standard collection of American poetry — for instance, Lucy Larcom's "Hannah Binding Shoes" — have been omitted, and that many poems are included that cannot be compared in value with those left out. The standard of Mr. Stedman's taste, moreover, is so high that his anthology as a whole cannot be regarded as a "popular" collection, as Dana's "Household Book of Poetry" was. There is relatively little humor in it, and many famous "heart poems," that appeal to the people by their genuine feeling rather than by their literary finish, are omitted. Such poems may not delight the carver of cherry stones, but when their expression, though not of the highest grade, is still poetic, they would not be out of place in an American anthology. Mr. Stedman's introduction to his work is a discriminating critical survey of the progress of American poetry, such as few besides himself would be competent to write. Following the poems are brief biographies of the 600 poets represented, and there are indexes of first lines, titles, and authors' names. Both the author and the publishers are to be congratulated on the completion of what will certainly be regarded as a monumental work.

THE TOUCH WRITER. By J. E. Fuller. 25 pp. Stiff Paper. 50 cents. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1900.

"The Touch Writer" is a text-book for self and class instruction in the art of operating the typewriter without looking at the keyboard. This is the shift-key edition, designed for machines having a shift-key and the "universal" keyboard. Study of it will help any writer to use the typewriter to the best advantage.

THE CIRCULAR STUDY. By Anna Katharine Green. 289 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: McClure, Phillips, & Co. 1900.

"The Circular Study" is one of the exciting mystery stories that have won for Mrs. Rholfs such wide-spread reputation. It presents once more the astute Mr. Gryce and the keen-eyed Miss Amelia Butterfield, working together on a murder case characterized by many sensational incidents. The reader will do well not to begin the story until he has time to finish it, for he will want to read it at a sitting.

SONGS OF ALL THE COLLEGES. Compiled and arranged by David B. Chamberlain (Harvard) and Karl P. Harrington (Wesleyan). 218 pp. Cloth, $1 50. New York: Hinds & Noble. 1900.

College songs are always delightful, and this new collection is full of life and jollity. It includes the best of the old songs, such as "Ching-

a-ling," "Jingle Bells," "Nut-Brown Maiden," "Lizette," "Rosalie," "Hüttelein." "Johnny Harvard," "The Bull-dog," "The Two Roses," "Bingo," "The Quilting Party," "The Pope," "The Three Glasses," "Dear Old Yale," and many others that are perennially popular, besides many new ones that are sure to become popular as soon as they are known. The book is handsomely printed, with broad pages and good binding. It is sure to have a very extensive sale.

NORTHERN GEORGIA SKETCHES. By Will N. Harben. 305 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1900.

Ten conspicuously good short stories make up Mr. Harben's book. Humor and pathos are happily combined in them, and the characters are interesting and clearly drawn. The stories are all worth telling, and they are admirably told. Taken together, they give the reader an excellent idea of back-country life in Georgia, the very atmosphere of which pervades the book.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE. By Booth Tarkington. Illustrated. 128 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: McClure, Phillips, & Co. 1900.

"Monsieur Beaucaire" is a remarkably strong and interesting story, admirably planned and worked out with artistic skill. It hardly exceeds in length the limits of a magazine short story, but Mr. Tarkington has put into it the essence of a complete novel. Every sentence is essential, and every sentence adds something to the interest of the narrative. The publishers issue the book in most attractive form.

ON LIFE'S STAIRWAY. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles. 126 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1900.

Many of the poems in this attractive book are worthy of more than passing notice. Mr. Knowles has a pleasing poetic fancy, and his word pictures are often very clear and vivid.

BENEATH HAWAIIAN PALMS AND STARS. By E. S. Goodhue. Illustrated. 248 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Cincinnati: Editor Publishing Company. 1900.

Dr. Goodhue writes of Hawaii with the knowledge of one who has lived long in the islands, and his book contains much interesting information gathered at first hand. He has ideas of his own, which he expresses freely, and his style is, to say the least, peculiar.

ASTRONOMY: THE SUN AND HIS FAMILY. By Julia MacNair Wright. 203 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

The main principles of astronomy are presented in this little book in a style designed to make them attractive to young readers and easily understood.

A CHAMBERMAID'S DIARY. By Octave Mirbeau. Translated by Benjamin R. Tucker. 457 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Benjamin R. Tucker. 1900.

"A Chambermaid's Diary" has been described by a French critic as "an attempt to show that nearly all the employers of servants are low-lived wretches, and that nearly all servants are as near like them as they know how to be." It is a vicious book, without a single redeeming quality to justify the author or the translator.

LEÇONS D'ANTHROPOLOGIE PHILOSOPHIQUE. Les applications à la morale positive. Par Daniel Folkmar. 336 pp. Paper, 7.50 fr. Paris: Schleicher Frères. 1900.

Dr. Folkmar was formerly lecturer on Sociology at the University of Chicago, and the present book is a development of courses given there and at the Université Nouvelle de Bruxelles. It proposes a new system of morals and attempts a synthesis of all the anthropological and social sciences as its basis. Carrying to their logical conclusions the philosophical and scientific tendencies of the times, it attempts to show that positivism, determinism, and even materialism, furnish a sufficient basis for an adequate system of morals.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS. By James T. Fields. Illustrated. 419 pp. Cloth, $3.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1900.

MOUNTAIN PLAYMATES. By Helen R. Albee. 271 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1900.

SQUIRRELS AND OTHER FUR BEARERS. By John Burroughs. Illustrated. 149 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1900.

THE RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY. By Charles Ferguson. 170 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1900.

YAWPS AND OTHER THINGS. By William J. Lampton. 192 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1900.

THE JOYS OF SPORT. By W. Y. Stevenson. Illustrated by G. R. Brill. 226 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1900.

TEACHER'S MANUAL TO ACCOMPANY INDUCTIVE LESSONS IN RHETORIC. 97 pp. Stiff paper, 25 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1900.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. No. 378.—Prometheus Unbound, Shelley. No 379.—Paradise Regained, Milton. No 380.—Earlier Poems, Pope. No. 381.—Crito and Phædo, Plato. No. 382.—Lives of the Poets, Johnson. No. 383.—The Advancement of Learning, Bacon. No 384. Measure for Measure, Shakespeare. No. 385.—The Discovery of Muscovy, Richard Hakluyt. Paper, 10 cents each. New York: Cassell & Co. 1900.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ROWLAND ROBINSON. Julia C. R. Dorr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

CANT IN CRITICISM. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Topics of the Times, *Century* (38 c.) for January.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS. With portrait. Edmund Gosse. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

WINCHESTER, RYE, AND "DENIS DUVAL." Henry James. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

THE FIGHT AGAINST ADVERTISING DISFIGUREMENT. Arthur Reed Kimball. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

DEMOCRACY IN LITERATURE. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

A CENTURY OF AMERICAN POETRY. Oscar Lovell Triggs. *Forum* (38 c.) for January.

MAX MÜLLER AND HIS WORK. A. V. W. Jackson. *Forum* (38 c.) for January.

REMINISCENCES OF HENRY VILLARD. Illustrated. Murat Halstead. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for January.

A SKETCH OF MARK TWAIN. Illustrated. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for January.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S FIFTY YEARS ON PUNCH. Illustrated. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for January.

LITERARY STROLLS ABOUT MANHATTAN. Illustrated. *Ledger Monthly* (13 c.) for January.

FUN IN CARICATURE. Reo Bennett. *Success* (13 c.) for January.

J. K. BANGS, THE LATE NYE. Robert Mackay. *Success* (13 c.) for January.

ROMANCES OF JOURNALISM. Cyrus Patterson Jones. *Success* (13 c.) for January.

WRITING FOR PERIODICALS. John Gilmer Speed. *Literary Era* (13 c.) for January.

THE REVIVAL OF POLEMIC FICTION. W. S. Walsh. *Literary Era* (13 c.) for January.

ROMANCE AGAINST ROMANTICISM. Brander Matthews. *Bookman* (23 c.) for January.

THE DEGENERATION OF THE HISTORICAL NOVEL. Frederick Taber Cooper. *Bookman* (23 c.) for January.

THE LITERARY PORTRAITS OF G. F. WATTS, R.A. Gilbert Chesterton and J. E. Hodder-Williams. *Bookman* (23 c.) for January.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Lewis M. Isaacs. *Bookman* (23 c.) for January.

IN THE EARLY FORTIES. A publisher's recollections. Sir George M. Smith. *Critic* (23 c.) for January.

AMERICANISMS ONCE MORE. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for January.

THE PARIS PRESS. Illustrated. Emil Friend. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for January.

WORDSWORTH'S HOME. Illustrated. E. M. Lovejoy. *Donahoe's Magazine*, (28 c.) for January.

THE NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCES. W. D. Howell's. *North American Review* (53 c.) for December.

MEMORIES OF MAX MÜLLER. Moncure D. Conway. *North American Review* (53 c.) for December.

NEW YORK AND ITS HISTORIANS.—II. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. *North American Review* (53 c.) for December.

JUBILEE OF THE PRINTING PRESS. Charles Whipley. *North American Review* (53 c.) for December.

SOURCES AND USES OF POETRY. William Cranston Lawton. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for December.

AN APPRECIATION OF MARK TWAIN. Joaquin Miller. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for December.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY. Susan L. Emery. *Donahoe's Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

"THE LAND O' THE LEAL" AND ITS AUTHOR (Baroness Nairne). *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for December.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Thomas Nelson Page and Mrs. Page have closed their home in Washington and sailed for Egypt, where they will spend the winter in Cairo and on the Nile.

Mark Twain says that he is in doubt about the age at which an author should lay aside his pen. He used to think it was sixty, but he is now sixty-five, and has changed his mind.

Music, Song, and Story is the title of a new magazine, published from 74 Fifth avenue, New York.

Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D., for so many years proprietor and editor of the *Evangelist*, has withdrawn from all active connection with the paper.

The new editor of the London *Athenæum* will be Vernon Rendall, who has acted as sub-editor for the last four years. Mr. Rendall was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge. For about ten years he was connected with Cambridge University journalism. He has been literary adviser to a well-known firm of publishers. Mr. Maccoll, who will retire at the new year, has been editor for thirty-one years.

The present editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* is Ellery Sedgwick, who was for several years associated with the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion*.

Sir John Tenniel, the caricaturist, is to retire from the staff of *Punch*. Sir John was born in 1820, and joined the staff of *Punch* in 1851.

The *People's Monthly* (Philadelphia) has stopped publication.

The *Home Monthly* (Pittsburg) has been merged in *Good Housekeeping* (Springfield, Mass.)

The *Indiana Weekly* is enlarged with the January number, and its name is changed to the *Mid-Continent*.

Beginning with the January number, the *International Monthly*, edited by F. G. Richardson, of Burlington, Vt., will no longer be published by the Macmillan Company.

The *Literary Era* (Philadelphia) with the January number appears in an entirely new dress, doubled in size and greatly improved in many ways. It includes a paper by John Gilmer Speed, supplementing, and for the first time formally avowing, his authorship of the "Confessions of a Literary Hack," which made something of a sensation when published in the *Forum* several years ago.

The *Northwestern Congregationalist* has been consolidated with the *Advance* (Chicago).

The *Coming Age* has been merged in the *Arena* (New York), which is now under the joint editorial management of Charles Brodie Patterson, B. O. Flower, and John Emery McLean. Mr. Patterson is the editor of *Mind*, and the author of a number of works bearing upon the New Thought philosophy. Mr. Flower was the founder and for seven years the sole editor of the *Arena*. Mr. McLean was for two years the editor of *Mind*, and during the last year has been associate editor of the *Arena*.

With the January number the *Photographic Times* (New York) changes its form to the ordinary magazine size. It is an exceedingly attractive periodical. The publishers offer silver medals for a new cover design and for the best article on some photographic subject.

Chickering & Son, Boston, offer $500 for the best design for a Chickering Hall program received by January 15, 1901. The design is to be a line drawing, such as, when reproduced, can be printed in one color, on unglazed paper. The size of the final printed cover will be five and one-half by eight inches, upright. The size of the drawing is not limited, but must be of the proportions indicated by the dimensions given. The only words to appear on the cover are "Chickering Hall Program."

The editor of *Farm and Home* (Springfield, Mass.) will give five dollars for the best short paragraph about any practical method employed in farming that appears in each issue of the paper during 1901.

The *Ladies' World* (New York) offers $100 in prizes for the eighteen most attractive photographs of residences occupied by any of its subscribers.

Home and Flowers (Springfield, O.) awards each month cash prizes of three dollars and two dollars for the best articles giving the experience of the writers in cultivating certain flowers.

The *Modern Priscilla* (Boston) will give prizes of ten dollars, seven and one-half dollars, five dollars, and two and one-half dollars for the four best articles describing an evening entertainment, and accompanied by a photograph showing its distinctive features, received by February 1.

A first prize of twenty-five dollars in cash is offered by *Good Housekeeping* (Springfield, Mass) for photographs or sketches, with accompanying text, showing a kitchen which has proved a model of convenience. Additional cash prizes of generous amount will be awarded if the entries warrant.

Success (New York) will divide $450 among the authors of the six best stories which have appeared, and will appear, in its issues from October to March, inclusive. The readers of *Success* are to be the judges in this contest by votes to be invited in the March issue. Prizes of ten dollars and five dollars are offered in the January number for the best outline plans of study for one who wishes to improve his education late in life.

Henry James has in *Scribner's* for January a paper describing the association of Thackeray's "Denis Duval" with Rye and Winchelsea. Mr. James now lives at Rye.

The *Critic* celebrates its twentieth birthday in the January number, which is printed in double columns from new type, with excellent effect.

Sir Arthur Sullivan died in London November 22, aged fifty-eight.

Dr. B. A. Hinsdale died in Atlanta November 30, aged sixty-three.

Henry Russell died in London December 6, aged eighty-seven.

Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson died in Rome December 8, aged sixty-three.

Michael G. Mulhall died in Dublin December 13, aged sixty-four.

Moses Coit Tyler died at Ithaca, N. Y., December 28, aged sixty-five.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1901. No. 2.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
FINE WRITING. *H. P. Stanton.*	17
EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS. XXII. — By the Managing Editor of *Good Housekeeping. James E. Tower.*	20
EDITORIAL.	22
Typewritten Signatures to Letters, 22 — Henry James's English.	23
QUERIES.	23
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.	23
THE SCRAP BASKET.	23
MISUSE OF POWERFUL WORDS. *Clara Sterling Doolittle.*	23
WRITERS OF THE DAY.	25
Aloysius Coll, 25 — R. T. W. Duke, Jr., 25 — Ellen Boyd Findlay, 26 — Alvah Milton Kerr, 26 — Edith Lanigan, 26 — Ralph R. Latimer, 27 — Lucy Monroe, 27 — Belle Moses, 27 — Ada Foster Murray, 27 — James Gardner Sanderson, 27 — David H. Talmage, 28 — Bertha Gerneaux Woods, 28 — R. E. Young.	28
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.	28
W. W. Jacobs, 28 — Mrs. L. T. Meade.	28
CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.	30
The Girl in the Newspaper Office, 30 — Song-Writing.	30
BOOK REVIEWS.	30
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.	31
NEWS AND NOTES.	32

FINE WRITING.

Fine writing is the use of language for its own sake, often to such an extent that it conceals the writer's thought. Arlo Bates gives a good example of it in his "Talks on Writing English." He quotes this passage from Marie Corelli's "Barabbas":—

> Slowly lowering his hands he dipped them in the shining bowl, rinsing them over and over again in the clear, cold element, which sparkled in its polished receptacle like an opal against the fire.

The Bible, comments Mr. Bates, finds it possible to say all of this that is necessary in the words: "Pilate took water, and washed his hands."

Professor Genung in his "Outlines of Rhetoric" says: "The most frequent sin against good taste in writing is trying to dress up a common subject or idea in unusual and high-sounding words. Different names are given to this fault: in slang it is called 'high-falutin'; printers call it 'flub.' It is the kind of dialect which cannot bear so homely a word as 'spade,' but is more likely to say 'agricultural utensil frequently employed for purposes of excavation'; which, instead of saying 'a great fire,' says 'a disastrous conflagration'; and rather than say plainly 'a man fell,' tries to make the assertion less common by saying 'an individual was precipitated.' In this manner of writing, all the common things of life take on artificial forms. Such use of terms beyond the call of the occasion is peculiarly the fault of those who, with little experience in writing, think that the distinction of a subject lies in words about it, rather than in its own inherent character."

W. W. Story in his "Conversations in a Studio" (vol. ii., p. 386) thus shows the difference between common speech and fine writing: "Mr. Jones says boldly to Smith at supper: 'If you say that again, I'll knock you down!' But the newspapers report that he 'intimated an intention to prostrate his opponent.' Jones also adds that Smith is a blackguard and a rascal. Smith's friends say that 'Jones alluded to him as not being honorable in his conduct.'"

A special kind of fine writing is the misuse in prose of words that are generally allowable only in poetry; for instance: Oft, morn, marge (for margin), list, 'neath, e'er, o'er, ne'er, 'mid, e'en, 'gan, 'twixt. Genung says: "Such words as 'dole,' for sorrow, 'lore,' for learning, 'bale,' for grief, 'dire,' for dreadful, 'gory,' for bloody, 'natheless,' for nevertheless, are sure to sound affected in ordinary prose, both because they are from the poetic

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

vocabulary and because they are antiquated." "Babe," and "anent" are also words that one should avoid in prose writing.

Coleridge in his "Table-Talk" says: "The words in prose ought to express the intended meaning and no more; if they attract attention to themselves, it is, in general, a fault. In the very best styles, as Southey's, you read page after page, understanding the author perfectly, without once taking notice of the medium of communication — it is as if he had been speaking to you all the while."

In Herrick and Damon's "Composition and Rhetoric" these examples of fine writing are given: —

The water pipes refused to yield their accustomed donation to the household activities.

What mean these mutterings and thunderings of war? Are the civilized nations of the earth to extract the metalliferous deposits of the globe for the sake of manufacturing instruments for the destruction of mankind?

"Such bombast," the authors say, "is always irritating, but perhaps it is less reprehensible than the form of fine writing which comes from a vulgar horror of naming, freely and openly, the ordinary facts of life. False delicacy is worse than no delicacy, and the man who says he cannot go to the opera 'because of financial considerations,' who 'performs ablutions' instead of washing, who 'retires' instead of going to bed, and who shuns the word 'sweat' as he would a pestilence, is insincere and vulgar. Refinement may be lost by grossness, but just as often it is lost by false modesty in the choice of words."

The same writers call attention to the fact that triteness is often a form of fine writing. "With the trite writer 'elements' are always being 'eliminated'; 'all influences are 'factors'; all houses are 'residences'; all waltzes are 'slow and dreamy'; all moonlight scenes are 'fairy-like'; boys and girls are 'gay youths and happy maidens'; and all rivers 'go dancing along with many a ripple.' Men do not marry pretty girls; they 'wed damsels whose teeth are like sets of pearls, whose waists are beautifully slender, who have raven tresses and swan-like necks.'"

Some excellent examples of fine writing were given in the numbers of THE WRITER for April, May, and June, 1899. One was a description by a Chicago reporter of a pleasant day, as follows: "Yesterday was inspiring here in Chicago. Fleecy clouds floated athwart a sky of amethyst. The lake was glorious in green, blue, purple, and deep violet tints. The sweep of the gulls was majestic. The wind that blew across the velvety lawns in the parks was exhilarating, and one standing at the edge of the clear, cool water at evening saw, as he looked toward the roseate west, a sky line that was magnificently broken, and a color scheme that surpassed the most extravagant dream of the artist." This is perhaps surpassed by the following story of a sunset, which appeared first in the *New York Tribune* in 1849: "On Saturday evening, at 17 minutes past 11 o'clock, the sun rode calmly and mildly over the autumnal equinox and cast his golden anchor on the wintry coast of autumn. But as yet the vast ocean of air through which he sails is glowing and transparent with the memory of the long summer days that have passed over it, darting their rich beams to its very depths. Even as we write, however, the remembrance fades, like the sky's blanching souvenirs of sunset; and in the distance the cold ghosts of winter glare and wave their frozen wings, which creak on icy hinges — while in the silence of midnight a prophetic voice of wailing and desolation moans fitfully at the casement."

Fine writing may often be used to advantage to produce a humorous effect. Dickens was fond of this kind of humor, and his books are full of it. Mr. Micawber, especially, furnishes innumerable examples, as, for instance, when he says: "Under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities, contracted with a view to their immediate liquidation, but remaining unliquidated through a combination of circumstances, I have been under the necessity of assuming a garb from which my natural instincts recoil — I allude to spectacles — and possessing myself of a cognomen to which I can establish no legitimate pretensions." The effect of the humor is often heightened by an unexpected drop to ordinary language, as in "It is not an avocation of a remunerative description — in other words, it does *not* pay"; and in the cases where Micaw-

ber gets himself entangled in his own verbosity, as when he says: "This is indeed a meeting which is calculated to impress the mind with a sense of the instability and uncertainty of all human — in short, it is a most extraordinary meeting."

James Russell Lowell, in his introduction to the second series of "The Biglow Papers," attributes the blame for the prevalence of fine writing chiefly to the newspapers. "While the schoolmaster has been busy starching our language," he says, "and smoothing it flat with the mangle of a supposed classical authority, the newspaper reporter has been doing even more harm by stretching and swelling it to suit his occasions. A dozen years ago I began a list, which I have added to from time to time, of some of the changes which may be fairly laid at his door. I give a few of them as showing their tendency, all the more dangerous that their effect, like that of some poisons, is insensibly cumulative, and that they are sure at last of effect among a people whose chief reading is the daily paper. I give in two columns the old style and its modern equivalent: —

OLD STYLE.	NEW STYLE.
Was hanged.	Was launched into eternity.
When the halter was put round his neck.	When the fatal noose was adjusted about the neck of the unfortunate victim of his own unbridled passions.
A great crowd came to see.	A vast concourse was assembled to witness.
Great fire.	Disastrous conflagration.
The fire spread.	The conflagration extended its devastating career.
House burned.	Edifice consumed.
The fire was got under.	The progress of the devouring element was arrested.
Man fell.	Individual was precipitated.
A horse and wagon ran against.	A valuable horse attached to a vehicle driven by J. S., in the employment of J. B., collided with.
The frightened horse.	The infuriated animal.
Sent for the doctor.	Called into requisition the services of the family physician.
The mayor of the city in a short speech welcomed.	The chief magistrate of the metropolis, in well-chosen and eloquent language, frequently interrupted by the plaudits of the surging multitude, officially tendered the hospitalities.
I shall say a few words.	I shall, with your permission, beg leave to offer some brief observations.
Began his answer.	Commenced his rejoinder.
A bystander advised.	One of those omnipresent characters who, as if in pursuance of some previous arrangement, are certain to be found in the vicinity when an accident occurs, ventured the suggestion.
He died.	He deceased, he passed out of existence, his spirit quitted its earthly habitation, winged its way to eternity, shook off its burden, etc.

"In one sense this is nothing new. The school of Pope in verse ended by wire drawing its phrase to such thinness that it could bear no weight of meaning whatever. Nor is fine writing by any means confined to America. All writers without imagination fall into it of necessity whenever they attempt the figurative. I take two examples from Mr. Merivale's 'History of the Romans under the Empire,' which, indeed, is full of such: —

> The last years of the age familiarly styled the Augustan were singularly barren of the literary glories from which its celebrity was chiefly derived. One by one the stars in the firmament had been lost to the world, — Virgil and Horace, etc., had long since died; the charm which the imagination of Livy had thrown over the earlier annals of Rome had ceased to shine on the details of almost contemporary history; and if the flood of his eloquence still continued flowing, we can hardly suppose that the stream was as rapid, as fresh, and as clear as ever.

"I will not waste time in criticising the bad English or the mixture of metaphor in these sentences, but will simply cite another from the same author which is even worse: —

> The shadowy phantom of the Republic continued to flit before the eyes of the Cæsar. There was still, he apprehended, a germ of sentiment existing, on which a scion of his own house, or even a stranger, might boldly throw himself, and raise the standard of patrician independence.

"Now, a ghost may haunt a murderer, but hardly, I should think, to scare him with the threat of taking a new lease of its old tenement. And fancy the *scion* of a *house* in the act of *throwing itself* upon a *germ of sentiment* to *raise a standard!* I am glad, since we have so much in the same kind to answer for, that this bit of horticultural rhetoric is from beyond the sea."

"Horticultural rhetoric," as Mr. Lowell calls

it, is one thing. Truly imaginative prose is quite another. Loftiness of style is often a thing to be desired, but there must always be, to use Mr. Lowell's phrase, meaning of the mind behind the meaning of the words.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. *H. P. Stanton.*

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

XXII. — BY THE MANAGING EDITOR OF *Good Housekeeping.*

Read *Good Housekeeping;* read it regularly, and put yourself in sympathy, if possible, with its purpose and its spirit. This is the counsel which comes first to the editor's mind when he is fortunate enough to have a company of his contributors and possible contributors corraled for him. A periodical has an individuality, as truly as a person; we should hardly think of catering to the intimate needs of a discriminating man or woman without a personal acquaintance.

The shrewd caterer, who understands human nature, and knows his patron, will venture once in awhile to offer terrapin to the lover of baked beans and salt pork. While there are contributors to whom an editor looks for his staple things, valued friends who are always at his call, he is searching continually for the writer and the artist who can see, or rather feel, his larger need, and are confident of appreciation and justice when they offer something entirely new.

The magazine expresses its purpose much better than this article can. "Good housekeeping" means more than it did a few years ago, a great deal more. It ought no longer to mean drudgery, for anybody. The *Good Housekeeping* magazine is knocking at the door of a million homes, as a strong, bright, cheery friend, giving the newest and best of "tried and true" cooking recipes, suggesting a hundred means, always from experience, of lightening labor in every department of the house, and lifting the work as a whole out of the old routine by making it new, and interesting, and inspiring,—this through illustrated articles, poems, and the fresh, bright thought which emancipates. As the ring of Phillips Brooks's voice, for example, and his irrepressible enthusiasm made religion new and beautiful to people who had known it as something dry and theological, so *Good Housekeeping* would like to glorify the sacred round of home duties.

We have a department entitled "Our Experiment Station." Every article, and every paragraph under the head of "Discoveries by Our Observers and Experimenters," must come straight from experience, and be in narrative form. Though the department is new, people

*This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued. The articles that have been published so far are as follows: September, 1895, by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent;* October, 1895, by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger;* November, 1895, by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook;* December, 1895, by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly;* January, 1896, by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin M. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine;* February, 1896, by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer;* March, 1896, by Nella I. Daggett, editor of the *Home;* June, 1896, by Amos R. Wells, managing editor of the *Golden Rule*, now the *Christian Endeavor World;* September, 1896, by Rosa Sonneschein, editor of the *American Jewess;* October, 1896, by the editors of the *Youth's Companion;* May, 1897, by A. R. Doyle, editor of the *Catholic World Magazine;* June, 1897, by Arthur T. Vance, editor of the *Home Magazine;* March, 1898, by Arthur W. Tarbell, editor of the *National Magazine;* October, 1899, by Howard A. Bridgman, managing editor of the *Congregationalist;* December, 1900, by William W. Hudson, editor of *Modern Culture.*

The numbers of THE WRITER containing these articles may be had separately or together. Numbers published before January, 1900, will be sent postpaid for fifteen cents each; numbers beginning with January, 1900, will be sent for ten cents each.

from all over the United States are contributing to it. Thus the housewives of the nation are laughing over one another's blunders, seeing the better ways, learning technical points while feeling the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." An inexperienced bride's pitiful blunders in her first attempts at keeping house, and how they were remedied, were narrated in the December number. "Three Baking Days" are described and illustrated in the February number, a comedy with its touch of pathos, and rich in instruction. Articles and paragraphs in the "Experiment Station" department may profitably deal with the elementary work of the home, as well as offer new "wrinkles" for decoration, entertainment, etc.

Good Housekeeping warms toward them that abide in flats and go up to their dwelling place in elevators. Of such housekeepers there are now many thousands, presenting an essentially new phase of home-life, a step in the evolution through which society is now passing, along with industry. There is much yet to be written, photographed, and drawn for apartment dwellers and about them; matters of building, furnishing, decoration, and keeping house; and beyond these, the moral and spiritual relations of these people, in sketch and verse.

The motto of the magazine is "Conducted in the Interests of the Higher Life of the Household." A field like this gives scope for endless special articles dealing with the larger and more subtle problems of home-life; with institutions which are helping on the higher and broader life of the household, with people, and places, and customs, and what-not.

The vexed problem of domestic service, in particular, has been assailed by *Good Housekeeping* in battle royal. An inquiry has been instituted on an international plan, with awards of five hundred dollars for women's organizations and individual women making the most valuable contributions for the work. We are paying for reports from any and all parts of the continent and the world describing the conditions which exist in the domestic help market. This investigation is in the hands of Mr. Myrick, the head of all our publications, who has a national reputation as an organizer and investigator.

A bright, sympathetic story or sketch in our line, full of human interest and feeling, in length from 1,200 to 3,000 words, meets with an ovation here. For such stories and sketches the demand exceeds the supply. Then as to poetry: There is a woman who reads much of the manuscript offered to *Good Housekeeping* and the allied publications, a conscientious body, and too sympathetic by far for her own peace of mind, who never will be able to look at a heap of the familiar fat envelopes on her desk without seeing the assembled authors behind them and feeling their anxious, eager eyes fixed upon her. Lest a page or a stanza of real merit go unrecognized, or her employers lose a scrap of valuable material, she reads and reads and watches through dreary reams; and she is rewarded — sometimes. When the editor announces, as he does now and then, his intention of taking the public into his confidence as to certain unsupplied demands in the way of copy, the conscientious Reader gives him a look: "For goodness' sake! Have you no feeling for *me?*" But a public announcement of copy wanted does sometimes fetch authors of proved capacity, and bring out new writers for whose presence the world is richer, and the editor, too. How to coax forth the "live matter" and discourage the poor, brave, mistaken efforts which are wasting time by wholesale, is a problem. We beseech "the rhyme-smith, forging his rhyme," to read *Good Housekeeping* regularly and in spirit. There is a shortage of good, interesting verse. The prices paid for poetry, to judge from the experience of our publications, have doubled within the past six or seven years. There is verse in abundance, musical and correct in form, but it is devoid, the most of it, of the spirit, and feeling, and individuality wherein is art. The big New York magazines are overworking the capable poets, and taking, moreover, some verse which sells merely by virtue of its skillful adaptation to current needs.

Save that bright sketch or poem for us; likewise a hundred matters of everyday experience and observation, whether in city or country, cottage, apartment, or mansion. And above all, read *Good Housekeeping*.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. *James E. Tower.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. FEBRUARY, 1901. NO. 2.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Why is it that so many writers who have typewriters at command, and send their manuscripts to editors and publishers in typewritten form, still think it necessary, when forwarding manuscript, to write the accompanying letter with a pen, or if it is typewritten, to append an autograph signature? It is the rule, rather than the exception, now for business letters to be written with the typewriter, and pen signatures are necessary only when the letter is in the nature of a contract, or the autograph is required to identify the writer. These conditions do not apply to letters offering manuscripts to editors, or to ordinary letters of inquiry addressed to editors and publishers. In all such cases the letter may best be written on the typewriter, signature and all. If the writer thinks the autograph is necessary, all he needs to do, as a recent writer in the *New York Times* suggests, is to typewrite, or have typewritten, the signature in the proper place, and then to make under it for purposes of authentication the blind maze of lawless lines which suggests a name — if the reader knows what the name is. The objection to pen-written letters is, of course, that they are frequently illegible, and signatures especially are often read only with the greatest difficulty, while sometimes they cannot be read at all.

***

Writers who use the typewriter in correspondence should be careful that their letters are not sent out unsigned. If the signature is made with the machine, as has been suggested, there is little danger of this. If the writer intends to follow "Yours truly" with his autograph, he should make sure that he does so. Frequently typewritten letters are received at the WRITER office — sometimes containing money — that the writers have forgotten to sign. Not long ago one came from a missionary in Sendai, Japan, asking a question and enclosing a five-cent stamp for reply, but with no signature to indicate who the writer was. Probably the writer is wondering why the answer does not come. If he had made it his rule to sign his letters on the typewriter, — writing the signature also with the pen if he thought it necessary, — he would have had his question answered long ago.

***

"Even since" and "ever since" are often mistaken for each other by compositors unless the last letter of the first word is written with especial care.

***

A prominent author who was asked by an ardent worshipper for the pen with which he

wrote his latest novel promptly answered: "I have n't any pens. I always use a typewriter." Ardent worshippers are often so cheeky that the author must have trembled then for fear that this one would ask him for the typewriter.

* * *

Those who read with pleasure Dr. Burton's article, "The Henry James Myth," in the January WRITER will be interested in this burlesque of Henry James's style which is taken from the *Baltimore American*:—

THE THINK OF THOUGHT.

BY HENRY JAMES.

* * * Having, then, perfectly made his plea, if, perhaps, it might not, more fittingly, be called a declaration, to her, who, indeed, was not averse, nor could she be, evidently, to listening, but, nevertheless, she, perfectly firm as ever, gave him, gently, to understand, that, even the pealing, which they heard, of the Christmas bells, upon the frosty, and, doubtless, biting, air, would not, even though he wished it, influence her; he, sadly, as who would not, left her, and walked out to the night, which was, as usual, all about, at that hour.

* * *

Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, says that when he first taught himself how to write plays it was his custom to witness the same piece six nights a week in order to learn the technique. Successful plays, like successful books, are never accidents.

* * *

Another newspaper experiment has failed. The *Pekin Gazette* has stopped publication after a brief career of something like a thousand years. In spite of such warnings, however, there will always be rash people ready to start a paper to fill a long-felt want.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Do contributors to magazines usually provide their own illustrations to short stories or articles? And if so, should they be mounted or unmounted? C. M.

[As a rule illustrations for stories are provided by magazine publishers, and not by authors. Illustrations for special articles are furnished sometimes by the author, sometimes by the publisher. The sale of an article is often helped if the author can send some good pictures with it. If the pictures are photographs, they need not be mounted.— W. H. H.]

I notice that in the January WRITER you say that Sir Arthur Sullivan died *in* London, and Michael G. Mulhall *in* Dublin, but that Moses Coit Tyler died *at* Ithaca. Why not say "at" London or "in" Ithaca? M. P. S.

["In" is generally used in connection with the name of a large city, and "at" in connection with the name of a small place.—W. H. H.]

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

This morning at three A. M. — *Boston Journal.*	This morning at three o'clock.
The post-prandial exercises. — *Boston Transcript.*	The after-dinner exercises.
Less pardons than for thirty years. — *Boston Globe headline.*	Fewer pardons than for thirty years.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

A paragraph under the heading, "The Scrap Basket," in the January number of THE WRITER must voice the opinion of every sensible reader in the world. To wade through a four-hundred-page novel with every other page covered with doubtful dialect, that is, dialect spelled in various ways, most of it not spelled at all, but with a single letter to represent a whole word, is a dismal waste of labor. To my notion, it is not necessary to write dialect in order to put the person who uses it in a proper light before the reader. When I pick up a book and find it half dialect, I drop it.

PLEASANT RIDGE, O. L. B. F.

MISUSE OF POWERFUL WORDS.

We talk sometimes with people whose conversation, as Emerson says, would lead us to suppose that they had lived in a museum where all the objects were monsters and extremes. This characteristic of exaggeration in speech is caused not by richness of emotion or expression, but actually by poverty. Many persons have a small vocabulary or do not distinguish among their sensations, and consequently lack the word that in the positive degree expresses their impression. Hence they

lazily take some other word and hope to make up for its not being the right one by putting it in the superlative degree.

The frequent use of the superlative, besides being slovenly, is fatiguing. We become weary of any unvaried extreme. How tiresome the prima donna would be if she never came down from high C! How futile the efforts to impress us of the speaker who always uses his most powerful tones! How monotonous and weak the "most perfects," "most awfuls," "simply perfects," and "perfectly terribles" that we hear on all sides! We must have lights, and shades, and variety — some approach to the sequence and calm of ordinary life — or we grow weary.

In being unnatural, the frequent superlative involves its user in another fault — untruthfulness — that is none the less real because it is unintentional. He does not "hold the mirror up to nature." If he did, he would find few superlatives. It is well-nigh impossible, for example, that each of the parties attended by a young girl between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years should be more delightful than the preceding one. But she implies this when she says after each of them that she has had "the best time she ever had in her life." Would it not be equally emphatic, and much more in accordance with fact, to call the "time" good, pleasant, charming, or delightful?

Closely akin to the fate of the too-popular superlative is the misfortune that is befalling certain strong words which depend for their power not on degree, but on original significance. These words are being used more often than they should be, and consequently are being cheapened — a fact to be deplored, for they are worth preserving in their original senses and power. That they seem fast to be losing these the following examples will indicate: —

"Horrid," to take a striking instance, means originally "bristling," from the Latin "horridus." In Virgil it is used literally of the porcupine, and figuratively of the battle front. By association it came to characterize not the thing that bristled literally or figuratively, but the thing so terrible that it made one bristle. Its correct use is still limited to these three senses. How few things bristle in fact or fancy, and how few really make us bristle! How rarely, then, should we hear the words "horrid" and "horror"! If the sun is under a cloud, however, we call the day "horrid." If we have an unpleasant time, it is "horrid." If our hair comes out of curl, we look like a "horror," and generally, by the way, like a "perfect horror," whatever that monster may be. And then when the genuine hair-raising, awe-inspiring event or thing makes its appearance, how are we to describe it, if we wish to describe it? It is true that we have the words, but they have been used every day and are worn out and useless. They have taken the places of smaller words so often that they can no longer fill their own. Holiday raiment sported daily is not festive enough for a feast, and the strong word too often made the equal of little ones loses its flavor of superiority and aloofness.

A college professor once went so far as to advise the members of her theme class never to use the word "grand" in their writing. It was once a powerful and dignified word, conveying the notion of grandeur in thought, style, man, or view, but it has been degraded, until now it calls up a host of common and petty associations. Who is safe in using it to voice his impression of a great man or mountain or other high thing of nature, when it has so often been used to describe a box of candy, a dancing party, a new way of dressing the hair, the fit of a gown, and so forth?

"Horrid" and "grand," then, are practically useless, and will be so probably for years to come, if they are not permanently weakened.

Another linguistic disaster that seems to threaten is the breaking down of the bars among a number of words of widely varied significance — gorgeous, elegant, beautiful, exquisite, magnificent, fine, and lovely. These words, it appears, each of which has a distinct individuality of its own, are coming to be used interchangeably for anything that is attractive or agreeable.

We know that "gorgeous" means brilliant with color, and that it applies rightly to a rainbow or a sunset, or a garden bright with flow-

ers, but on the street cars we overhear it used with "simply" before it to describe the fried oysters at a popular restaurant.

"Elegant" means literally something that is picked out or selected — something that the taste of man has pronounced good. An elegant thing can be made, and a thing can be made elegant. There is the idea of polish, cultivation, artificial excellence in the word. It cannot be used of things of nature. It is properly used of manners, dress, or furniture. Yet in our careless speech we call these "grand" or "lovely," and apply "elegant" to soda water and scenery.

"Beautiful" is misused principally in being too much used. It is both a broader and a deeper word than "pretty." Closely related to it, with still a difference, are "exquisite" and "magnificent." That which is small and dainty, tasteful and attractive, and perfect in detail is exquisite. That which is large and impressive — made on a grand scale — using "grand" in its original sense — is magnificent. One cannot go far wrong in the use of the last-named word if he remembers Byron's famous line in "Childe Harold":

> "Battle's magnificently stern array."

Here we have suggested in one word size, richness, impressiveness, and beauty, so like the wand of a magician to call up what he wills is a word well chosen. Almost diametrically opposed to "magnificent," yet often used for it, is "fine," which originally meant small, delicate, or refined. It might well be restricted to those meanings, instead of being thrust, as it so often is, into the place of larger words.

The last of the group is "lovely" — one of the most fragrant words in the language if we would but cherish it. It means that which is capable of inspiring affection, that which is worthy of love. A face, a character, a maiden, a flower — to such the Germans restrict the use of their "lieblich," which corresponds to it. But with us even this flower-like word has been tossed about commonly. The monarch may hide for his own use and handling the precious gems which he loves, but the language-lover cannot put away even the most beautiful of word-treasures from the touch of the spoiler. What the words "lovely" and "loveliness," when rightly used, can suggest of tenderness, and sweetness, and reverence the poets know. Tennyson, the great artist and language-painter, has set the second of them like a pearl in Arthur's speech over the body of Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat:

> "On our dull side of death,
> What should be best, if not so pure a love
> Clothed in so pure a loveliness?"

Clara Sterling Doolittle.

The Chicago Record.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Aloysius Coll, whose paper, "Illustrated Feature Articles," was published in the December WRITER, is one of the new writers who is winning success. He came out in a large number of Christmas numbers this year. *Leslie's Weekly* gave his poem, "Santa Claus Up to Date," the honor place of a full page, with a fine drawing by Frank C. Schell. He had a clever story, "Modern Kris Kringle," in the Christmas number of the *National Magazine*, to which he has often contributed. He was represented in both the November and December numbers of the *Smart Set*, and one December number of the New York *Clipper*. In one December issue of the *New York Sunday Herald* he had a full page, with illustrations, and this publication frequently prints his poems. His poems and short stories have appeared in *Truth*, *Collier's Weekly*, the *New England Magazine*, *Success*, *Judge*, the *Metropolitan Magazine*, *Everybody's Magazine*, *Outing*, and during the new year he will appear in several of the magazines of the highest class in this country. Mr. Coll lives at Connellsville, the heart of the coke region, perhaps the most un-literary spot on the face of the United States. He has a "den" on the main street of the town, and works when he feels like it. He was formerly a newspaper writer, but gave up his staff position to devote all his attention to the higher work which he had chosen for his field. He has published one volume of poems, "The Dust of Dreams."

R. T. W. Duke, Jr., whose story, "Jack Jouett's Ride," is the leading feature in *St. Nicholas* for January, is a native of Charlottes-

ville, Va., and has been for the last twelve years judge of the corporation court of that city. His first literary work appeared in the old *Scribner's Monthly*, and has been followed by poems in the *Century*, *Lippincott's*, and other magazines, and by short stories in the *New York Sunday Herald*, the *Illustrated American*, and other periodicals. Judge Duke writes very little, his time being very much occupied with his professional business.

Ellen Boyd Findlay, who had a poem, "The Day of the Child," in the December *Atlantic*, and another poem, "The Apple-Butter Boilin'," in the December *Century*, was born in Baltimore, where her maternal ancestors had lived for three generations, having been well-known citizens in colonial days. She has English, Scotch, and French Huguenot blood in her veins. Her father was born in Washington, but from his fourth to his thirtieth year he lived on the Western frontier, being closely associated with many Indian tribes and with many well known chiefs. From him his daughter inherited her love for life outdoors, and for books as well. She has lived all her life in Baltimore, or its vicinity, spending her summers for the past nine years in that part of the Blue Ridge which, though in Pennsylvania, skirts western Maryland. She has been writing for publication in an intermittent way for about ten years, doing some descriptive work for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore papers, and some verse, stories, etc , for magazines. "I was told," she says, "that I must expect to do, at first, some gratuitous writing, but I believe that anything worth printing is worth some compensation, and I have never, except for a paper one issue of which was for a charity, had any copy published that was not paid for." Miss Findlay has had some short stories published by the *Outlook*, others by *Leslie's Weekly* and other weekly papers, and she has done some juvenile stories for Sunday school magazines. She has had verse published in the *Cosmopolitan*, *Munsey's*, and other magazines, and will have verse in the *Century* during the coming year.

Alvah Milton Kerr, whose story, "Little Hallelujah's Convert," appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for December, is the editor of *Boyce's Monthly*. He was born in Ohio, about forty years ago. When he was three months old, his father and mother emigrated to Wisconsin by wagon and team, going through Chicago when it was little more than a hamlet. Shortly after their arrival in Wisconsin, the father died, and the mother bought seven hundred acres of Wisconsin woods, and there brought up her family. While the son was yet in his teens he left the farm, and learned telegraphy. For twelve years he had a varied experience in Iowa as night operator, day operator, station agent, train despatcher, train agent, and so on. During this time he began writing, his first efforts being poetry. After a time he tried short stories. He has never written anything for publication that has not found a publisher. Going out of railroad work finally, Mr. Kerr went to Salt Lake City and wrote a Mormon serial for a newspaper syndicate. This was afterward published in book form. From Salt Lake City, Mr. Kerr went to the Pacific coast, where he spent two years. Returning, he settled in Chicago, where he became assistant editor of *Belford's Magazine*. Afterward he became editor of a humorous paper, *Up To Date*, and then went on the *Chicago Ledger*. At present his editorial work is confined to *Boyce's Monthly*. Mr. Kerr's chief work is the novel, "An Honest Lawyer," which attained notable success. He has had short stories and poems in all the leading magazines, and has probably sold more stories to Eastern periodicals in the year just closed than any other Western writer. Recently he has written a series of fourteen railroad stories, which have been sold to *McClure's Magazine*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Youth's Companion*. Ultimately these stories will be put into book form under the title, "Tales of Throttle and Key." During such leisure as he can get from editorial work, Mr. Kerr is now working on a novel, from which those who have seen the manuscript expect unusual results.

Edith Lanigan, who wrote the sketch, "The Child in the Library," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, comes naturally by her literary

talent. Her mother is Mrs. Frances Lanigan, a valued member of the *Ladies' Home Journal* staff, while the late George Thomas Lanigan, one of the first literary editors of the *Philadelphia Record*, was her father. His famous humorous achievement, "The Threnody on the Death of the Ahkoond of Swat," is included by E. C. Stedman in his "American Anthology." Miss Lanigan's first manuscript was purchased by the McClure Syndicate. It was a society story, and was printed under the title of "As Proper Men as Ever Trod," in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and other leading papers.

Ralph R. Latimer, whose story, "Homeward Bound," appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for December, is director of the Art School at Ann Arbor, Mich. He was educated for the law, and practiced at the Baltimore bar for some years, but gave up the law for the study of art, which has been his profession ever since. He has written very little, though he has grown up in a literary atmosphere, his mother being the well-known writer, Mrs. E. W. Latimer. "Homeward Bound" is Mr. Latimer's first venture into fiction. His other work has included articles in the *Outlook* and an English magazine called the *Poster*, on "How Art Students Live in Paris," and contributions to the American *Poster*. He studied with Julien in Paris for two years, and subsequently traveled extensively in Europe and in Asia.

Lucy Monroe, the author of the article on "Odd Clubs" in *Lippincott's* for January, was herself one of the founders of "The Little Room," of Chicago, one of the odd clubs she so gaily describes. She was born in Chicago, and has always lived there, except during intervals of travel. Her inner sanctum in the office of Herbert S. Stone & Co., the young publishers, is decorated in yellow and black, and adorned with quaint old furniture and photographs of fine old pictures, as befits the æsthetic taste of an editor of the *House Beautiful*. Miss Monroe has served as art editor of the *Chicago Times-Herald*, and for some years she contributed regularly to the *Critic* and *Book News*, but her present duties as chief reader for Stone & Co. leave her little leisure for writing.

Belle Moses, whose story, "When Greek Meets Greek," appeared in the October issue of *St. Nicholas*, is a product of the New South, coming from Savannah, Ga. For several years she has been a writer of short stories for the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, the *Philadelphia Times*, the *New York Press*, the *New York Evening Post*, the *Chicago Record*, *McClure's Magazine* and the McClure Syndicate, *Short Stories*, the *Smart Set*, and the *Criterion*, though of late her principal work has been for *St. Nicholas*, to which she has contributed many articles in the Books and Reading department, and a variety of short stories. A special article by her, on book plates, has recently been accepted by *St. Nicholas*, and she has in preparation much new juvenile matter. About five years ago, Miss Moses was one of the prize winners in the *Chicago Record* contest. This young writer has surmounted many difficulties, and has succeeded in securing a firm foothold in the literary world.

Ada Foster Murray, who contributed "A Fin-de-Siècle Product" to the January *Century*, is a Virginia woman. She has written (frequently under a pen name) many poems which have been widely copied. The Harper publications, the *Outlook*, and the *Century* have published her most recent work. About a year ago she was married to Henry Mills Alden, the editor of *Harper's Magazine* and author of "A Study of Death" and other books.

James Gardner Sanderson, whose story of Cornell University in the January issue of *Lippincott's* began the series of college stories which is to appear in that magazine during the following twelve months, is a lawyer at Scranton, Penn. He was a member of the class of 1897 at Cornell, and first began to write while at college. His first work of any consequence was "Cornell Stories," published by the Scribners in 1898. Since that time he has devoted his leisure to short story writing for both the syndicates and the magazines. In February of 1898 the *Cosmopolitan* published "The Professor," his first magazine

success, and this was followed by several lighter sketches, among them "The Other Chair," which has been dramatized and will probably be seen during the early spring in New York. *McClure's* for June contained a strong story of municipal corruption in politics, entitled, "The Member from the Ninth," but though *Munsey's* will shortly print another story of his along the same lines, Mr. Sanderson has not yet begun to specialize, as a glance through some of the later magazines will show. The *Puritan* of November contained a short fanciful sketch entitled "Players to the Queen," the January *Junior Munsey* published a practical business story, and the *Youth's Companion* holds two stories for boys, both of which will appear in the near future. Mr. Sanderson keeps strictly to his legal business during the day, and writes only at night, never permitting either line of work to encroach upon the time set aside for the other.

David H. Talmage, who wrote the storiette, "When Tillinghast Went Ashore," in *Munsey's* for November, lives in Iowa. He was born in Rhode Island something more than thirty years ago, and has been a printer and a newspaper man. For the last ten years he has devoted himself wholly to literary work, and his contributions to periodical literature have appeared in many places.

Bertha Gerneaux Woods, whose striking poem, "The Child," was given a prominent place in *Scribner's* for December, has been writing verses and stories for publication in various journals since her graduation from the Washington high school in 1893. She was married in June, 1898, to Albert F. Woods, now chief of the Division of Vegetable Physiology and Pathology of the United States Department of Agriculture. Her writing has been mainly for religious papers, such as the *Independent*, the *Congregationalist*, the *Advance*, the *Churchman*, the *Sunday School Times*, etc., and for the last year or two she has been a contributing editor to the *Young People's Weekly*, of Chicago. She was a contributor to *Kate Field's Washington* before its discontinuance, and once or twice she has had work accepted and published in the *Cosmopolitan* and the *Youth's Companion*.

R. E. Young, whose story, "The Difficult Minute," appeared in the *Atlantic* for January, is a Missourian by birth and a Kentuckian by ancestry. All her childhood was spent in the two states, but for the last ten years she has lived in Chicago or New York, engaged in medical journalism, having been one of the projectors of the Medical Century Publishing Company, of which she is now secretary and treasurer. She has been too busy to devote much time to literature, but last year she did some work which was found acceptable by the *Atlantic* and *McClure's*, both of which magazines have several of her short stories. She will in future give her whole time to literary work.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Jacobs.—W. W. Jacobs, who is one of the best-paid writers of short stories in London, works so slowly that he cannot turn out more than four or five thousand words in a month, and must often shut himself up in his study, and sit there for hours before anything comes to him.—*New Orleans States.*

Meade.—In the *Girl's Realm* for November, Mrs. L. T. Meade tells the story of her early struggles, and the writing and acceptance of her first novel. In the course of the article she says:—

"At the age of fifteen, I told my father that I should greatly like to earn money. He looked at me in some surprise, and after a time he said, 'I hope you will never say that sort of thing again. There never yet has been a woman of our family who earned money.'

"I felt very much astonished at this speech, and rather ashamed of myself. But after a little I spoke.

"'Perhaps you would not greatly mind,' I said, 'if I were to write, and publishers paid me for my writing?'

"'Well, no,' he admitted, 'that would not be quite so disgraceful.'

"I could see, however, that he was still displeased. But my mind was being slowly made up. The longing to write was taking deeper

hold of me every day, and once I said to my mother:—

"'I intend to be an author when I am grown up.'

"I do not think dear mother believed me. She smiled, and told me to mind my lessons, and be a good girl.

"The wish, however, could not be repressed, and now at odd moments I began to scribble. This was anything but agreeable to my parents and my teachers, and I was not allowed to have any paper. Still, I was determined to persevere.

"I was very much exercised with religious motives at that time; and, as I had some friends who considered novels extremely wicked, I often thought that I would give up writing them. As it was, however, the strong bias of my mind was too much for me, and soon after I was fifteen years of age I seriously began my first published book. There was a girl friend whom I loved with a deep and sincere passion. She died when she was fifteen years of age, and the death of that girl was the determining cause which finally fixed the plot of my first book in my mind. I would describe my girl friend — I would in my heart of hearts dedicate the book to her. She was gay and bright, and very handsome. She had a winning way, a lively tongue, and a fascinating manner. She was wild of the wild, but deeply affectionate. She died of fever after a brief illness. I mourned for her — not in public, but in secret. I fretted deeply for her early death. To this day I remember her with a great affection.

"Well, the first book was mostly about her. I wrote it at intervals — in secret at first — then I read little bits of it aloud to an admiring audience. The part in particular which contained the death of the girl I read very solemnly to a select few. They consisted of my mother and my dear eldest brother. My mother wept as she listened. This clinched the matter as far as I was concerned. If I could make my mother cry, I must have got the gift, the wonderful fairy gift, of seeing pictures in their true proportions.

"By-and-by the book was finished. The first part was about no one in particular, just the career of a girl from her seventeenth year through her married life to old age. My girl friend was the daughter of the heroine. The end of the book tells the death of the girl. I called it, after many thoughts and many indecisions, by the rather curious name of 'Ashton Morton.' When the book was finished the next thing was to find a publisher, and here, indeed, I was surrounded by a cloud of obstacles. The book was admired by my friends, but would the great, unknown, and terrible world of publishers think anything of it? I did not know.

"At that time there was a Mr. Morrow in Dublin, who had a library something in the style of the great Mudie's library in London. A friend told me to write to Mr. Morrow, and to ask him if he would undertake the publication of the book. He said he did not publish books — at least, I think he said that. Anyhow, he was not inclined to publish mine, but he said, 'I believe Mr. Newby, of London, would entertain the idea.'

"I did not know Mr. Newby's address, but I wrote a letter and addressed it to Mr. Newby, London. In process of time I got an answer. Mr. Newby would be glad to see the manuscript. It arrived there in due time, and in the course of a month or two, or perhaps more, I cannot remember the exact period, I received a reply from Mr. Newby.

"He said that his Reader had given him a very good account of the story, and that he would be glad to publish it if I, on my part, would guarantee the sale of forty copies. I was very nearly wild with delight. I had a large circle of friends, and I soon secured not only the sale of forty, but of sixty, and I think seventy copies. I wrote to Mr. Newby, to say that I would accept his terms. He sent me an agreement.

"In a short time I received proofs of the book. I shall never forget my keen excitement, my raptures and ecstasies. I am deadly sick of proofs now, but I read each set of those proofs, I am sure, half a dozen times. I corrected and corrected, and at last they were through the press, and just before Christmas in a certain year — I do not remember the date, so I cannot give it — a large parcel of books was sent down to me in my country home. They made a huge

parcel, for the friends who subscribed for the book were to receive their copies straight from me. It was late, and there was snow on the ground when the great, bulky, huge parcel was brought into the house. It was put on the dining-room table, and my father and mother (my father had now got over his dislike to a woman publishing books) and my brothers and sister clustered round to get a first sight of my first book. My father himself cut the cords, the paper parcel was unfolded, and the books, badly bound and badly printed, but, oh! so fascinating to me — my first children truly — appeared to view."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Girl in the Newspaper Office.— "Is the Newspaper Office the Place for a Girl?" is the theme of an editorial symposium in the February number of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Some time ago Edward Bok sent letters to one hundred men and women editors asking: "If you had a young daughter, desirous or forced to go into the outer world, would you, from your experience as an editor, or a newspaper woman, approve of her working in a daily newspaper office? If not, why not? And under what, if any, circumstances or conditions would you sanction it?"

Of the fifty women addressed on the subject, forty-two responded — all but three in the negative. Of these, twenty were married, and nearly all the twenty are mothers. There were thirty answers from the fifty men editors, who were unanimous and emphatic in their opinion that the newspaper office was not a fit place for a girl. They take much the same general view of the matter: that the exigencies of newspaper work are a severe tax upon the physical strength and that the influences of a newspaper office are almost sure to coarsen a girl.

A leading editor in replying to the same question embodies in his letter the opinions of the twenty-nine other men who also answer the inquiry negatively. He writes: "'It depends upon the girl,' it is said. And it does. But so much depends upon her, she is asked to carry so much, she is required to be so everlastingly on the defensive, that there isn't one girl in twenty who can safely steer across all the rocks she meets. And even if she does. I do not see how it is worth her while. We are supposed to pay our women better than any paper in New York: yet of the lot, the highest paid receives only forty-two dollars a week. She is generally credited as getting one hundred dollars a week, but, actually, she gets what I say, since I pay her each Friday. And hers is an unusual success."

Song-Writing. — There are thousands of dollars in store for the man who can write a song that the people must accept, whether they will or not. It should be a melody that the small boy can whistle after he has heard it once or twice — a melody that lends itself to the "harmonizing" of the amateur quartette that gathers under the awning of the corner grocery and dwells, to its own delight and that of its audience, upon what has been called a "barber-shop minor." After a song is written comes the business of finding a publisher. The days when it was difficult to gain a hearing are past. Publishers go looking for good songs now.

The first cost of publication is from $150 to $200. That is for the plates and 1,000 copies. The subsequent cost of printing is very small. The publisher sells these songs to a jobber at prices that range from twelve and one-half to eighteen cents a copy. The retail price is fifty cents a copy. The publisher's profit on a successful song is from seven to ten cents a copy. — *The Junior Munsey.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS. By James T. Fields. Illustrated. 419 pp. Cloth, $3.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1900.

From the time when the papers now reprinted in this beautiful new edition first appeared, in 1871, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, they have been read and re-read by book lovers, always with new and fresh pleasure. The relations of Mr. Fields with leading authors were so close and intimate that his reminiscences have peculiar interest and value. He writes of Hawthorne, Thackeray, and Dickens, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell, and other masters as familiar friends, and shows their personality to the reader in the most delightful way. The new edition of the book is enriched with portraits and fac-similes of autograph letters, drawn by the courtesy of Mrs. Fields from the collection that Mr. Fields began and that she has con-

tinued. The illustrations are photogravures of the finest workmanship.

MOUNTAIN PLAYMATES. By Helen R. Albee. 271 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1900.

"Mountain Playmates" tells the story of the regeneration of an abandoned hill farm in New Hampshire, near Chocorua Lake. It is full of the charm of out-door life and the fascinating philosophy of the nature lover. It shows by example, as the author says, "how people of limited means, but with an unlimited capital of idealism and self-helpfulness, can live an idyllic life in isolated retirement, where there is light and space enough for the soul to expand, where one can listen to the dictates of his own needs, where he is free to work out the problem of his own self-development and growth." Any one who can read the book and not want to start out to acquire an abandoned farm forthwith is a being worthy of the sincerest pity.

SQUIRRELS AND OTHER FUR-BEARERS. By John Burroughs. Illustrated. 149 pp. Cloth, $1 00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1900.

There are no better books to put in the hands of boys and girls than those devoted to nature study and out-door life, and among such books none can be found better than those of Mr. Burroughs. In "Squirrels and Other Fur-bearers" he describes the habits of the chipmunk, the woodchuck, the rabbit and the hare, the muskrat, the skunk, the fox, the weasel, the mink, wild mice, the raccoon, the porcupine, and the opossum, always with the accuracy of a close observer who has long studied as a work of love the wild life everywhere around him. The book has fifteen illustrations in colors after Audubon and a frontispiece picture of the red fox from life. It is to be hoped when a new edition is required more illustrations from nature will be given. Audubon's pictures were a great achievement in their day, but much more accurate work is possible now with modern methods of photography and color printing.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE ESSENCE OF AMERICAN HUMOR. Charles Johnston. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

REMINISCENCES OF HUXLEY. John Fiske. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE DARK IN LITERATURE. Professor Richard Burton. *Forum* (38 c.) for February.

IS THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE THE PLACE FOR A GIRL? Editorial Symposium of editors and newspaper women. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for February.

HOW A BIG NEWS STORY IS COVERED. George Barry Mallon. *Home Magazine* 13 c.) for February.

THE COUNTRY OF SIENKIEWICZ. — I. Louis E. Van Norman. *Bookman* (23 c.) for February.

FOREIGN AUTHORS IN AMERICA. — II. Rufus Rockwell Wilson. *Bookman* (23 c.) for February.

SUCCESS IN JOURNALISM. Alfred C. Harmsworth. *Success* (13 c.) for February.

HORACE GREELEY AS I KNEW HIM. Colonel A. K. McClure. *Success* (13 c.) for February.

IN THE EARLY 'FORTIES. (Reminiscences by George M. Smith, of Smith, Elder, & Co.). Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 1.

THE HISTORIAN. Hilaire Belloc. Reprinted from *Literature* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 15.

J. M. BARRIE — AN INQUIRY. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 22.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON. Reprinted from *Literature* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 22.

IN HARDY'S WESSEX. The Isle of Purbeck. Herbert H. Sturmer. Reprinted from the *Speaker* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 29.

THE SIMULTANEOUS NEWSPAPERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Alfred Harmsworth. *North American Review* (53 c.) for January.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN VERSE. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (53 c.) for January.

HUMOR IN BLACK AND WHITE. E. T. Reed. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for January.

JAMES THOMSON'S BICENTENARY. Illustrated. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

THE WRITING OF "HOME, SWEET HOME." Illustrated. *American Illustrated Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

A NEW NOVELIST (Eden L. Phillpotts). Joseph B. Gilder. *Critic* (23 c.) for January.

THE CRITIC CELEBRATES ITS TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY. Illustrated. *Critic* (23 c.) for January.

THE REAL EDWIN MARKHAM. C. M. McGovern. *Home Magazine* (13c.) for January.

A PROFESSIONAL SURVEY OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM. John Livingston Wright. *American Boy* (13 c.) for January.

PRACTICAL PRINTING FOR AMATEURS. W. S. Knox. *American Boy* (13 c.) for January.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"Margaret Alston," author of "Her Boston Experiences," is Anna Farquhar, writer of "The Professor's Daughter," who is Mrs. Ralph Bergengren, of Worcester, Mass.

The *Philharmonic* (Chicago) is a handsome new quarterly devoted to music, art, and the drama. It is published by William K. Ziegfeld, and edited by Charles E. Nixon.

London has a new magazine, called the *Thrush*, which will be composed entirely of hitherto unpublished poetry.

The *Rhymester*, a new periodical dedicated to poetry, has made its appearance at Hedrick, Ia. Clyde A. Henry is the publisher.

The *Juvenile Monthly* is a new magazine published by Adolph B. Suess, of East St. Louis.

A new bi-monthly magazine called the *Student*, published in Kansas City, Mo., promises to furnish entertainment for children of every class, from the kindergarten to the advanced pupil.

L. N. Megargee has begun, in Philadelphia, the publication of a weekly magazinelet called *Seen and Heard*, a continuation of the articles which he contributed under that caption for so many years to the columns of the *Philadelphia Times*.

The *American Cat News* is a new magazine, published by C. F. Whitemarsh and F. C. Goudy, Chicago. It is issued for cat lovers, and its news will be devoted exclusively to cats and catteries.

The *New World* stopped publication with the December number.

The *Western Club Woman* of Denver, edited by Mrs. L. M. Stansbury ("Ellis Meredith"), has been merged in the *Club Woman* of Boston, edited by Miss Helen M. Winslow. The *Club Woman* is the official organ of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and of the United States Daughters of 1872.

Motherhood (New York) is the new name of the magazine hitherto known as *Trained Motherhood.*

Farm and Home (Springfield, Mass.) will pay fifteen dollars for the best description of how farmers have co-operated, and offers seventeen other prizes for jottings that best tell how farmers have succeeded in buying together or in selling together, or in working together.

The *Courrier du Livre* (Paris) announces that anonymous donors have offered two prizes of 1,000 francs each and a third of 500 francs for the best essays on "The Insects Which Attack Books and the Best Means of Destroying Them." Henry Martin, of the Bibliothèque de L'Arsenal, will give particulars.

The total number of newspapers of all kinds published in the world is 42,800. The United States comes first, with 19,760 papers, and Great Britain next with 6,050. In Russia there are only 743 newspapers, or one to every 170,000 people. The *Petit Journal* of Paris has the largest daily circulation in the world, averaging 1,000,000 copies; the paper which has the smallest circulation is the *Imperial Review*, published for the sole benefit of the Emperor of Austria. It is made up from translations of all the principal items in European papers and the daily edition is three copies.

The Pan-American exposition will draw a number of organizations of newspaper men to Buffalo this year. The National Editorial Association will meet there June 10–14 for its annual session. The International League of Press Clubs will stop over at Buffalo for three days in June en route to Portland, Ore., where the annual session of the League will be held in July. A number of state and city organizations will also visit the exposition.

In his article in the February *Forum*, entitled "The Dark in Literature," Professor Burton treats of the abnormal elements of life as reflected in books, and takes his quotations from the masterpieces of poetry and the drama.

Collier's Weekly will publish Hall Caine's new novel, "The Eternal City," as a serial.

The *Living Age* (Boston) began its 228th volume with the number for January 5.

The *Magazine of Art* (New York) for January contains a contribution on "Humour in Black and White," by E. T. Reed, the *Punch* artist, who gives a studied estimate of the work of the noted contributors to *Punch*, and describes their characteristics.

Carolyn Wells has a paper in *Scribner's* for February on the "Nonsense Verse" of Lear, Gilbert, Carroll, and others, with many amusing examples of their best work.

Ignatius Donnelly died in Minneapolis January 2, aged sixty-nine.

Mrs. Margaret Woods Lawrence ("Meta Lander") died at Marblehead, Mass., January 5, aged eighty-eight.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, MARCH, 1901. No. 3.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

THE ABSENCE OF BROTHERLY LITERARY SYMPATHY. *Duane Mowry.* 33

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS. XXIII.—By the editor of the *Chautauquan. Frank Chapin Bray.* 34

A PLEA FOR THE LITERARY HACK. *Lewis A. Browne.* 35

MISREPRESENTING NEWSPAPERS IN FICTION. *Stillman H. Bingham.* 36

WRITING WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE. *Paul Van der Eike.* 37

EDITORIAL. 38

"Newspaper English" Defended, 38—Notes. . . 39

QUERIES. 39

THE SCRAP BASKET. 40

TWO TOMMIES—AN IMPRESSION. *Mary Page Bird.* 40

WRITERS OF THE DAY. 40

Marvin Dana, 40—Waldon Fawcett, 41—May Isabel Fisk, 41—Latta Griswold, 41—John Hall Ingham, 41—Basil King, 41—Margaret L. Knapp, 42—Lily A. Long, 42—Frank Lillie Pollock, 42—Earle Ashley Walcott, 42—Edward F. Watrous, 42—Florence Wilkinson, 43—Francis Churchill Williams, 43—C. E. S. Wood. 43

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 43

Irving Bacheller, 43—Bret Harte, 44—Charles Major, 44—James Whitcomb Riley, 44—Herbert Spencer, 44—Walt Whitman, 45—Emile Zola. . . 45

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS. 45

Swoons Dying Out in Novels, 45—The Joys of Literature, 45—Ownership in Book Titles, 46—The Profits of Playwriting, 46—Five Ways to Enlarge Your Vocabulary. 46

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 47

NEWS AND NOTES. 47

THE ABSENCE OF BROTHERLY LITERARY SYMPATHY.

Why is it that so few literary workers take an active interest in the literary endeavors of their fellow-workers? Why is there such indifference among those who are leading the literary life toward those who have started to follow the same calling?

That this indifference exists, almost every person with literary predilections will agree if he will recall his own literary experiences. Whether his early literary ventures were or were not successful, the absence of warm, brotherly sympathy and encouragement when he was writing them will be almost invariably discovered, and the writer will find that his pathway was strewn with hindrances and obstacles, which now, in his later literary career, he may regard as infinitesimal, but which seemed well-nigh insurmountable when he was making his maiden efforts.

Does not the absence of this literary sympathy tend to freeze out of existence the germ that lies dormant in the soul of many a struggling, perhaps faint-hearted, beginner in the world of letters? And if so, do we ever stop to think how much that is really worthy, if not indeed the very best, we are "assisting," unconsciously it may be, to an early and unmerited death?

The obstacles in the way of literary success are getting more and more difficult to overcome. How supremely important it is, therefore, that sincere workers in the literary field should stand together, assisting one another by wise counsel and kindly suggestion to success.

It may be argued that to travel over a rough and thorny literary road will be a valuable experience, and will insure absolute success for every literary worker who deserves it; that there is no failure for the earnest soul determined to vanquish whatever difficulties beset his path. Such a theory may have had force in the past, but in "the strenuous life" of to-day merit may fail simply for lack of due encouragement, and this should never be.

Competition should not obstruct the way to literary fame. Fame, it has been truly said, "is not a limited quantity, which must be divided up, but, like the sunlight, each may have it all, and not rob his neighbor." Jeal-

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

ousy, therefore, should be an unknown quantity among true literary spirits.

If the brotherly feeling were always shown in the literary life, greater excellence would come as a result of literary endeavor, since writers would never be satisfied with anything less than the very best. With the spirit of mutual helpfulness intensified would come the awakening of dormant literary activities that have slept beneath the untoward influence of ridicule, indifference, and sneers. We need more of the brotherly spirit in the world of letters, both for the sake of better literature and for the advancement of the individual in honest quest of literary fame. *Duane Mowry.*

MILWAUKEE, Wis.

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

XXIII—BY THE EDITOR OF THE *Chautauquan.*

The *Chautauquan* is conducted on the theory that it is practicable to specialize in the magazine field, as in every field of production nowadays. The sub-title, "A Magazine for Self-Education," is a part of the trade mark of the magazine, adopted for permanent use, and indicating at sight the special field of the publication. This does not mean that the *Chautauquan* is not a popular magazine among magazines, but it does mean that it has a distinct mission to which its contents are devoted. That mission, broadly stated, is to help people to systematize their reading. The accomplishment of this object is attempted by taking up a few definite topics and treating them thoroughly — first, by means of authoritative contributions; second, by profuse illustration; third, by annotation; fourth, by extensive bibliographies; fifth, by editorial sidelights from current developments. The reader of this magazine may thus secure tangible results from his reading during the year, instead of a vague impression of miscellaneous unrelated articles.

The *Chautauquan* year runs from October to October. From October to June each year material in the magazine is related directly or indirectly to the special topics. These topics for 1900–01 — the "French-Greek" year — are: The Rivalry of Nations: World Politics of Today, A Reading Journey in the Orient, Critical Studies in French Literature, the Inner Life of Prominent Frenchmen and Greeks, the French Revolution, Greek History and Literature, and popular Psychology.

October, 1901, to June, 1902, will be the "German-Roman" year, the special topics being: The History of United States Diplomacy, A Reading Journey Through Italy, Critical Studies in German Literature, the Inner Life of Prominent Germans and Romans, Imperial Germany, Italian Literature and Art, and Anthropology.

The two years following will be known, respectively, as the "English" and "American"

*This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors" written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued. The articles that have been published so far are as follows: September, 1895, by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent;* October, 1895, by Robert E Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger;* November, 1895, by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook;* December, 1895, by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly;* January, 1896, by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin M. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine;* February, 1896, by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer;* March, 1896, by Nella I. Daggett, editor of the *Home;* June, 1896, by Amos R. Wells, managing editor of the *Golden Rule*, now the *Christian Endeavor World;* September, 1896, by Rosa Sonneschein, editor of the *American Jewess;* October, 1896, by the editors of the *Youth's Companion;* May, 1897, by A. R. Doyle, editor of the *Catholic World Magazine;* June, 1897, by Arthur T. Vance, editor of the *Home Magazine;* March, 1898, by Arthur W. Tarbell, editor of the *National Magazine;* October, 1899, by Howard A. Bridgman, managing editor of the *Congregationalist;* December, 1900, by William W. Hudson, editor of *Modern Culture;* February, 1901, by James E. Tower, managing editor of *Good Housekeeping.*

The numbers of THE WRITER containing these articles may be had separately or together Numbers published before January, 1900, will be sent postpaid for fifteen cents each; numbers beginning with January, 1900, will be sent for ten cents each.

years, thus completing a four-year period of topics calculated to give reading people something of what is known as "the college outlook."

Three numbers each year—July, August, and September—are popular vacation issues, open to fiction and special articles of contemporary interest.

Such statements make it clear that contributors who have made no specialty of any department of knowledge can hardly expect to send acceptable manuscript. It should be added that the hardest task of the editor is to find writers who have the information and who at the same time can disabuse their minds of the notion that they must always write for critics as good as, or better than, themselves in their own professional line. The *Chautauquan* goes into the average American home. Two-thirds of the names on its subscription list are those of housekeepers who wish to make their homes real centres of culture; to keep in touch with the interests of the boys and girls who have gone from the home to college; to substitute conversation concerning the higher things of life for the "gossip" of the community; to think the thoughts of the greatest men and women over after them; to have some standards by which to judge of the passing developments in history, letters, and art; to learn how other people have made the most of their cultural opportunities. These are some of the things that people take the *Chautauquan* for.

Whatever may be considered pertinent to such plans and ideals is examined with care, and as promptly as possible.

Articles dealing with ways and means of self-education for individuals and communities are especially desired. For suggestive paragraphs showing the relation of important current developments to the selected topics of the *Chautauquan* year, the rate of a cent a word will be paid.

Typewritten articles not exceeding 3,000 words are preferred.

If photographs are sent, they should be mounted. to avoid damage.

Inasmuch as the magazine is not published for private profit, but in behalf of the chartered Chautauqua System of Popular Education, payment for contributions is not based upon competitive commercial rates. The editor prefers to have a price stated when manuscript is submitted. *Frank Chapin Bray.*

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

A PLEA FOR THE LITERARY HACK.

If only those lawyers and physicians acknowledged to be at the top of their professions were allowed to practice, practicing doctors and lawyers would be so few, and consequently in such demand, that it is doubtful if the poor would be able to secure either legal advice or medical aid. The great majority of people depend upon lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and other professional men who have only a moderate reputation. Similarly, a large majority of people depend for their supply of reading matter almost wholly upon the work of literary hacks, to be found mainly in newspapers and the lower-grade magazines.

The literary hack fills a good-sized niche in the world of letters, and although the loss of his writings would not be as deeply mourned as those of the able and recognized author, they would be mourned by a much larger class of readers.

Many people who are pleased to think they belong to a "higher order of beings" look with contempt upon one who writes, say within a month, such articles as "The Proper Way to Carve," "How to Build a Hen House," "Some New Postage Stamps," "Hints to Amateur Photographers," "The Latest Games for Social Festivities," "Prehistoric Anthropology," "The Latest Method of Ventilating Silos," or "The Degeneration of Art Since the Florentine Period." Such an author may, or may not, as the case may be, be able to "ar-

rive" in due time in the legitimate field of letters, yet he is honestly earning a living for himself, and generally supporting a family besides. Those who would sneer at writers of this class will generally do well not to probe too deeply into the pursuits of their forbears, for it is extremely doubtful if they gained a livelihood in as pleasant, easy, or dignified a way.

Do not condemn the literary hack. His work is needed and appreciated, and not until the Socialists or some other able reformers have so arranged matters that all are equally educated and financially provided for, will he cease to edify the majority of readers.

Lewis A. Browne.

LACONIA, N. H.

MISREPRESENTING NEWSPAPERS IN FICTION.

The duties of the author are many, though some of them doubtless depend upon the viewpoint. One of them surely is to paint things as nearly true to life as an artistic sense of propriety and proportion will permit. Another, and perhaps a cardinal duty, is to avoid making one's self ridiculous; to abstain from putting one's self in an absurd aspect. This the author owes not only to his art, but to himself.

Perhaps the best rule to follow in order to avoid that position is this: Never write about anything that you have not made peculiarly your own province. This rule is, of course, more easily formulated than followed; but if one cannot follow it absolutely, one can at least keep not very far behind it, and the nearer one comes to catching up with it, the safer he is. If you write about something that is not your own province, and step amiss, it is probably somebody else's province, and no matter where that somebody may be hidden, he will appear and hurl a damning accusation at you.

I am moved to make these few remarks by the manner in which many writers shape fictitious extracts from newspapers. Unless such imitation newspaper items are written by newspaper men, who do not often find time to write anything but the real article, they invariably violate every canon, written or unwritten, of the newspaper business. The thoughtless may accept the imitation as truthful, but the thoughtful and those of the craft — never.

The editorial "we," without which no unsophisticated writer seems to deem a newspaper extract complete, is a gross violation of newspaper ethics, unless it appears as part of an editorial. Used in a news or "feature" story, it is as much out of place as an affectation of linguistic accomplishment is anywhere. A real newspaper man introducing the editorial "we" into a news story would be the recipient of harsh words from his superior that would have a tendency to make him regret things, including the fact that he was alive. There may have been a time when the use of "we" in reporting was allowable, but that time is of the long ago.

No matter how incomplete your information may be, you must not admit that you do not know all there is to know about the matter discussed. A recent magazine story includes an article purporting to have been clipped from a newspaper, in which this statement is made: "We hope to publish a photograph to-morrow, with further particulars." This is really fearful. It is bad, because it is an admission of a lack of fullness of information, and because it directs the attention of the opposition paper to the fact that it would be a good thing to get a photograph and look up the missing particulars. Neither of these things must be done under any circumstances. The enemy must not be furnished aid and comfort, and the public must not be permitted to believe that "we" do not know "all," as the villain says in the melodrama.

Do not misunderstand me. You are not to

fabricate, as certain vulgar and suspicious classes profess to believe is the custom of the news purveyor. If you do not know the facts, you are not to weave facts out of your brain to supply the deficiency. On most newspapers, if a man should violate one of these unwritten rules, he would be cautioned, more or less violently, that he was afoul of a reef on which he was likely to meet disaster. The man who would "fake," as the deliberate manufacture of news is termed, would promptly be discharged. No; in actual newspaper reporting you must put on a bold face and write the facts you have as if they comprised all there is worth writing about; as if you could go on giving details ad nauseum if you had the mind, but magnanimously forebore from wearying the reader. Then the public will not suspect how little you really know; the rival newspaper may be deluded, too, and not hunt up the facts you missed; and to-morrow you can come out with flying colors, photograph, missing details and all, and enlarge on the lack of enterprise displayed by your rival in not doing the same thing.

Further, the modesty of "we hope to print" will hardly do. Even if it were proper to let the rival newspaper know what news you intend to "scoop" it with to-morrow, — which would be like a detective starting on a trail with a brass band, — it would not be proper to "hope to" do it. If it were only a case of hoping, it were well to keep still. If it were an assured thing, it would be consistent to say "we will," if the "we" or the announcement were either of them proper—which they are not.

These are only a few of the "don'ts." "We" must not "understand" that Bill Jones is going to paint his barn next week. It may be reported that he is, and in that case an interview with Bill would be proper, if he is within reach, and if he does not refuse to speak for publication. If he cannot be reached or his tongue cannot be unloosened, the reporter should say so. It is a lazy, shiftless thing to "understand" anything without taking the trouble to find out whether it is true, or whether it is possible to find this out.

All of these breaches of etiquette happen, not in the newspapers, because if they were written they would never get past the editors, but they happen in stories where ill-advised authors fabricate clippings from newspapers. Please don't let it happen again.

DULUTH, Minn. *Stillman H. Bingham.*

WRITING WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

I have just finished reading a short story, the scene of which is laid in a picturesque river valley of one of our northern states. The author evidently has but a vague impression of that section, for the village that in reality is in view of the rapids is, according to his topography, several miles away, and where he says a cabin stands it would be impossible to build one. But for the names of the rapids, the village, and the state, I should not have recognized the place, which I know well.

Probably not many people have noticed the blunder. The editor who accepted the story could not be expected to be familiar with every nook and corner of the earth. The manuscript no doubt sold for as much as if its geography had been all right. Still, I cannot refrain from protesting against such writing without knowledge.

A writer should not try to describe any place unless he has a definite and accurate idea of it. How preposterous it would be for one to try to describe New York's Central Park, or Chinatown in San Francisco, without having had a glimpse of either. Even in describing small places, accuracy is important; for if the description is incorrect, somebody is sure to see the blunder.

If a writer must draw on his imagination, he should not use real names of places in his descriptions. If he uses real names, his descriptions should be absolutely accurate.

NEW GLARUS, Wis. *Paul Van der Eike.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. MARCH, 1901. NO. 3.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale, spoke boldly in defense of "newspaper English" in a lecture delivered lately in New Haven. He said: "The agency which during the last hundred years has been the favorite one to accuse of corrupting the speech is the newspaper. Its influence upon the tongue has been described as pestilential. We are constantly treated with specimens of what is called its English. One might fairly infer from the way in which it is usually spoken of that with the steadily increasing circulation of this sort of periodical alone, there was no hope for the language whatever. It is hard to see why the newspaper should be selected as the special agent that is bringing about the general ruin that is always impending. Why should its influence be so peculiarly calamitous? Are there no other producers of bad English than those who write for it? Of course, there are newspapers and newspapers. Some of them deserve all the denunciation which has been impartially laid by the censurers upon the whole body. Doubtless, too, there is a good deal of bad thinking and bad writing to be found in the columns of the very best of them. Nor need it be denied that newspaper writing is subject to conditions which tend to impair excellence. What is produced is produced to meet the want of the moment. Little or no time can be allowed for examination or revision. As, therefore, it is a kind of work that is almost inevitably done under stress, it is sure, from the nature of things, to be specially liable to faults that spring from haste and carelessness. On the other hand, there are counterbalancing advantages in its favor. The writers connected with the more important journals are usually a picked body of men. They are invariably under an influence which tends to promote perspicuity and energy of expression. As a class, they are strongly partisan. Accordingly, they are almost always in a state of wrath against something or somebody, and consequently they write in earnest. In education and in ability newspaper men are, as a class, far superior to those who set out to be their critics and censors."

* * *

The importance of proper punctuation is illustrated anew by a story told of a Russian lieutenant who overheard a sergeant giving a recruit a short lecture upon his duties. "The military service," said the sergeant, "requires little prayer to God, and a strict attention to the orders of a superior." Somewhat astonished at this singular definition of military duty, the officer ventured to ask the sergeant for his authority. Thereupon the sergeant

produced an ancient volume, containing the following: "The military service requires little; prayer to God, and strict attention to the orders of a superior."

* * *

Queer things happen to translators sometimes. Marcus Clark, the author of "His Natural Life," once told a friend that he had discovered a French novel that he regarded as a work of genius. He translated it into English, and when a Melbourne firm brought it out, publisher and translator were both astounded at discovering that he had merely put into English a French translation of one of George Eliot's books.

* * *

The March *Atlantic* is sure to have an enormous sale. Charles Battell Loomis has in it an article entitled "How to Write a Novel for the Masses"—which is something that teeming millions of writers yearn earnestly to know.

* * *

In his reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë in the *Cornhill Magazine*, George Smith, the publisher, tells how the reading of "Jane Eyre" in manuscript held him so firmly that he allowed an engagement to lapse, his horse to be led away from the door, his luncheon to be removed, and his dinner to be slurred over, rather than he should lay down the story. Does anything like that ever happen to publishers' Readers nowadays?

* * *

The death of Marshall S. Pike, the song-writer, was announced by the *Topeka State Journal*, February 16, under the heading, "Poet Spike Dead." The despatch began:—

Boston, Feb. 16.—Marshall Spike, poet, singer, and actor, is dead at his home in Upton.

and the song-writer is referred to as "Mr. Spike" all through it. The night editor will blame the telegraph, of course.

* * *

Those who have the mistaken idea that there is no chance in the leading magazines for new writers will perhaps be interested to know that of the six short stories to appear in *Scribner's* for April, three are by writers with unfamiliar names. A new writer can always get a hearing if he can write something conspicuously good.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What is the rule governing dialogue? When is it correctly incorporated within the paragraph, and when should it be "run" in independent sentences? R. O. R.

[Dialogue as a rule should be printed in independent paragraphs, a new paragraph being made whenever the speaker changes. Occasionally a speech may be incorporated in a narrative paragraph, if it is only incidental, or if it is closely connected with the rest of the matter in the paragraph. A series of speeches by different people should never be run together in a paragraph. It is one of the most common blunders of careless or uneducated story writers to run the speeches of their characters together, without paragraphing, and without the quotation marks that are necessary at the beginning and end of every speech by any character. Such lack of attention to proper form is inexcusable, since examination of any printed novel would show the writer how dialogue is correctly written.—W. H. H.]

Is it admissible for an author to send copies of the same manuscript to several different publishers simultaneously, with a view to accepting the first offer, and thus avoiding long delays? C. B.

[It is not advisable to send copies of the same manuscript to two or more editors simultaneously. The scheme looks feasible at first sight, but authors who have tried it have got into difficulties.—W. H. H.]

In the opening chapter of "Pendennis" Thackeray tells how "the Major sate down at his accustomed table there, and while the waiters went to bring him his toast and his hot newspaper, he surveyed his letters through his gold double eye-glass," etc. What does Thackeray mean by the phrase, "his hot newspaper"? J. W.

[In former days newspapers were printed on paper that had been previously dampened, to

make it take the ink well. Newspapers, in consequence, used to come "damp from the press," and as they were rather disagreeable to handle in this condition, they were often warmed by servants by the fire before being given to ladies and gentlemen for reading. Nowadays newspapers are printed on dry paper, and when they come from the press they are often charged with electricity. — W. H. H.]

Here is a sample of "newspaper English" from the first page of the *New York Times* for February 14: —

Although it was the middle of the day, and the neighborhood was teeming with life, the assailant half stunned Mrs. Pryor, with a bludgeon, she thinks, though no trace of one could be found, and would have gotten away with her purse in all probability without a hue and cry except for the instant action of the young woman.

How about the use of "gotten"? G. S. H.

[It is a common fault of reporters to try to put too much into a single sentence, as the *Times* reporter has done here. His one sentence should be broken into three, at least. "Gotten" is an affectation, even when it is used for "obtained"; "gotten away" for "escaped" is, of course, ridiculous. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

A Western college president severely censured a student for not conforming to literary lines laid down by our fathers. In an uncalled-for heat of passion he said: "If you try to be yourself, there's no salvation for you. You'll never amount to shucks." Wretched students, to be under the supervision of any institution which would sacrifice the living present to the dead past, or the man to the machine!

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia. *S. Xenophon Cross.*

TWO TOMMIES — AN IMPRESSION.

"Tommy and Grizel" lies lately read on my table. As I recall its pages, another Tommy floats before my mind's eye, and of the two, he has a mighty advantage over T. Sandys, as Mr. Barrie calls his hero, for a change. "Sir Thomas Upmore" — so he writes himself on the back of a two-volume novel — has but one point of resemblance in common with this new-fashioned Tommy. They both, if you remember, had wings. Thomas Upmore demonstrated his in a strange and literal sense by soaring at times in mid-air, to the dismay of on-lookers, and the mystification of scientists; while Tommy of Sentimental fame rose to dizzy heights of mental brilliancy, where few could follow, or remain with comfort, owing to the highly rarefied atmosphere. Tommy No. 1 could no more help "going up" when he felt a gentle, heavenward force filling his coat pockets and tingling through his veins than Tommy No. 2 could resist rising to airy realms of rhetoric. But between the two Tommies — what a difference there is! Here is Mr. Blackmore's offspring, light as thistledown, and with a heart of gold, and there is Mr. Barrie's progeny, a soulless will-o'-the-wisp giving chase to the unlawful lights that flit across Bohemian marshes, and leaving to flare into outer darkness the one true light of his self-conscious life.

Unfortunately, to have been a Tommy Upmore was to have been an impossibility. If one could say with certainty the same of Mr. Barrie's "ain Tammas," it would be something approaching compensation.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C. *Mary Page Bird.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Marvin Dana, whose story, "The Temptation of John Greaves," appeared in the *Ledger Monthly* for February, was born in Vermont, and is thirty-three years old. He was elected to deliver the alumni poem at the college where he took his classical course — Middlebury — in 1894. He has traveled a good deal, and has made a point of living in various parts of Europe, so as to know the life really by experience not merely by observation of others. His literary work began with an early volume of poems, which was very successful. He has done considerable historical work, including his "Life of Custer." The supplementary volume of Dr. Ridpath's Universal History, namely, "The Last Decennium of the Century," is by him, and he prepared for Dr. Ridpath the chronological history in the new Webster's Dictionary. He also edited the Hungarian millennial volume. For a number of years nearly all his work has been in fiction and verse. A novel published in London last year

was successful. He has only just returned from abroad, where he edited *Judy*, the old Tory satirical illustrated weekly of London. He has contributed short stories and poems to practically all the London magazines. The *Pall Mall Magazine* has for some time made a feature of his poems. Recently he has been contributing a series of signed leading articles on American affairs to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He is a member of a number of London clubs.

Waldon Fawcett, whose article, "The Education of the Indian Girl," in the February *Delineator* deals in a general way with a subject that has lately received considerable attention from educators and governmental officials, is a member of that "free lance" literary guild which is probably more largely represented in Washington, D. C. than in any other city in the country, not even excepting New York. Mr. Fawcett has had a practical journalistic training, and was staff correspondent of the *Cleveland World* during the time when Robert P. Porter was in control of that newspaper. Of late he has devoted his time almost exclusively to the preparation of illustrated special and descriptive articles, and has made contributions of this character to *Munsey's*, the *Junior Munsey*, the *Puritan*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *Ledger Monthly*, the *Household*, the *Ladies' World*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Leslie's Popular Monthly*, *Truth*, the *Metropolitan*, and the *National Magazine*. Several years' occupancy of the position of associate editor of the *Marine Review* and other similar connections have enabled Mr. Fawcett to gain a degree of insight into the semi-technical phases of certain industrial fields, notably mining, ship building, and iron and steel manufacture, and he has had opportunity to write on these and kindred subjects for the *Engineering Magazine*, the *Scientific American*, the *Popular Science Monthly*, and other publications.

May Isabel Fisk, whose story, "A Pair of Bellows," appeared in the *Home Magazine* (New York) for January, is the wife of Clinton B. Fisk, a New York newspaper man, and the daughter of Mrs. Belle Gray Taylor. Besides doing literary work, Mrs. Fisk teaches elocution, physical culture, and fencing, and coaches players, both professional and amateur. From the story, "A Pair of Bellows," she fashioned a two-act comedy of the same name, which she produced successfully last summer, taking the leading role herself. She has also written other pieces for the stage. Her book, "The Repentant Magdalen and Other Stories," is soon to be followed by another volume of short stories. Mrs. Fisk writes more or less regularly for the *Metropolitan*, the *Home Magazine*, the *Smart Set*, *Truth*, the *Clipper*, and other leading periodicals. At present she is engaged in the dramatization of the first story in "The Repentant Magdalen."

Latta Griswold, author of the serial, "Wallraven," which began in the February number of the *Ledger Monthly*, is a senior in Princeton University. He has written all his life, but for publication only within the last year, and only for the *Ledger Monthly* and one or two other minor magazines, with the exception of newspaper correspondence. In college Mr. Griswold is an editor of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*. He is now confining his literary work to short stories.

John Hall Ingham, the author of the quatrain, "Outlook," that appeared in the February *Atlantic*, is a Philadelphia lawyer. He has contributed poems to *Scribner's Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Century*, the *Independent*, the *Sunday-School Times*, and other periodicals, but has never published a volume of verse. Three of his poems are included in Stedman's "Anthology." He has assisted in the preparation of several legal treatises, and is the author of a work on the "Law of Animals"—a comprehensive treatise of eight hundred pages on a subject new in legal literature.

Basil King, who wrote the story, "The Eleventh Hour," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, is the author of "Griselda," a short novel, published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., of Chicago, in December, 1900. He was born in Canada, and has lived sometimes there, sometimes in the United States, and sometimes in

England. He has traveled a great deal, and knows French life very well, as well as English and American. He is now living in New York.

Margaret L. Knapp, whose story, "The Defeat of the Method," is announced by the *Atlantic Monthly* for early publication, will be remembered as the author of the story, "Mother," which appeared in the *Atlantic* for January, 1900, and which attracted much attention. "The Defeat of the Method" is, like that, psychological in character, only with more humor in the situation.

Lily A. Long, author of the story entitled "R: A Prescription," in the February *Century*, lives in St. Paul, Minn. Her first literary efforts, like those of many other writers, were in the line of poetry, and some of her early verses were published in *Unity*, of Chicago, and elsewhere. Her later verses have been withheld from publication. Some years ago she published two novels, "A Squire of Low Degree" and "Apprentices to Destiny." They were well received for that day, but did not achieve a phenomenal success, and after their completion Miss Long turned her attention to a study of dramatic construction. She has written several one act plays for the amateur stage, has contributed spasmodically to the newspapers, and is active in club work. Her life is a busy one, and she says herself that she regards her literary activities as more in the nature of an offering to the Muses than as a professional pursuit.

Frank Lillie Pollock, author of the story, "The Monarch of St. Elias," in *St. Nicholas* for February, is a Canadian, and was born in 1876. He has been exclusively engaged in writing for the last four years. A large part of his time has been spent either in Toronto or in New York, though a migratory temperament has kept him from staying anywhere for much more than a year at a time. He was in Cuba for the *Toronto Globe* during the insurrection, and got into difficulties with the Spanish authorities; he also served in the Soudan as a correspondent for a since-defunct Canadian magazine. He has done a good deal of knocking about in the Canadian north woods, and, in fact, a good deal of knocking about by land and water everywhere. Last summer he made a pedestrian tour from Omaha, Neb, to Nashville, Tenn., and he is about as familiar as Josiah Flynt with the tramp world. Mr. Pollock has written short stories and verses for the *Youth's Companion*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Smart Set*, the *Criterion*, *Town Topics*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Black Cat*, *Harper's Round Table*, and various other magazines and syndicates. "The story in the February *St. Nicholas*," he says, "is n't my own adventure, but is founded on fact, and the only interesting feature about it is that it was sent four times over to all the periodicals I could hear of, and rewritten twelve times, three times after each complete tour."

Earle Ashley Walcott, who had a short story in the *Century* for February under the title of "The Play Devil," and another with the name of "The Four-Dollar Feud" in *Ainslee's* for the same month, is one of the editors of the *San Francisco Examiner*. Both stories deal with phases of the picturesque semi barbaric life of San Francisco's Chinatown. Mr. Walcott was born in Illinois, of New England parents, but has lived most of his years in California. He began his writing days while a boy, running an amateur paper for several years; was editor of the college paper at the University of California; and after some experience in country and city journalism joined the staff of the *Examiner* shortly after that paper had been acquired by W. R. Hearst. In the intervals of newspaper work he has written short stories which have been published by *Scribner's*, the *Overland Monthly*, the *Argonaut*, the *San Franciscan*, *Short Stories*, and the McClure Syndicate; he has also written a "History of the War Between Spain and the United States," for the *Overland Monthly*, and essays upon state and municipal government.

Edward F. Watrous, who wrote the article, "Dog Teams and Sledges in Michigan," in *St. Nicholas* for February, was born near Detroit, Mich., but most of his life has been spent in Saginaw, in what was until recently an undeveloped portion of the state. There he early

acquired some personal knowledge of the Indians, the lumber interests, and business affairs about the Great Lakes. His education was seriously interrupted by his deficient vision, and he is still under bondage to oculist and optician, but his leisure has been given to study, as far as sight would permit, and he has assiduously cultivated his powers of observation. Although writing from childhood, Mr. Watrous made no effort to publish until 1892, when, after seeing the wild Indians of Oklahoma, he sent to an Eastern magazine a manuscript which received prompt acceptance, and brought a generous check. From that time he has continued to write historical and descriptive articles, or those requiring research. He spent one year abroad, and since his return in 1895 has written of his travels, illustrating the articles with photographs purchased in Europe, finding both pleasure and profit in this occupation. Much of his work has been done under a pen-name. His articles have appeared in the *Independent*, the *Churchman*, the *Evangelist*, the *Christian Register*, the *Christian Endeavor World*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Modern Culture*, the *Chautauquan*, and other magazines, and religious, agricultural, and home papers.

Florence Wilkinson, who wrote the story, "A Little Christ at Swanson's," which was printed in the December *Atlantic*, has made her home in New York city for the past year and more. She lives there with an artist friend, Anna Winegar, recently returned from several years' work abroad, whose picture, "The Visitors," was exhibited at the last Academy. She was born and brought up in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, where she lived till 1893. For the last year Miss Wilkinson has been working on plays, one of which, "David of Bethlehem," has been contracted for by E. H. Sothern. Another, "The Marriage of Guineth," the scene of which is laid in Brittany, was recently performed at the Empire Theatre. The *Atlantic* story was suggested by visits to the Adirondacks in winter, when Miss Wilkinson had the unusual opportunity of seeing the life of the lumber camps. Another story of river driving in the spring in the Adirondacks will appear in the *Atlantic*, "The St. Isidor Contract and Pierre." A rather long poem, called "Jannik and Genevieve," the scene of which also is laid in Brittany, is to appear in *Scribner's*, illustrated by Henry McCarter. Some of Miss Wilkinson's North Woods jottings will appear in an article entitled "The Writing on the Snow," in the *Independent*.

Francis Churchill Williams, author of the story, "Smith of 'Pennsylvania,'" which was published in *Lippincott's* for February, as the second in the series of college tales, was born in Philadelphia in 1869, the son of Francis Howard Williams, poet and playwright. He graduated in 1891 from the University of Pennsylvania. For the past ten years he has been in newspaper work, and for three years he has been literary editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*. He is now working independently for various periodicals. His first work in fiction was published by *S. S. McClure* and *Godey's Magazine*. He has since contributed stories or verses to *Lippincott's Magazine*, the *Independent*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Scribner's*, *Short Stories*, the *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *Truth*, *Puck*, and minor publications. The scenes of his stories have been laid largely in the political field, and among the workers in the big steel mills, and on the streets. He is now completing work on a novel of political life.

C. E. S. Wood, who wrote the poem, "The Puzzle," which appeared in *St. Nicholas* for February, is a lawyer, practicing at Portland, Ore. He graduated from West Point in 1874, but resigned from the army ten years later to take up law. Poets may be encouraged — or discouraged — to know that "The Puzzle" was written and in the hands of the Century Company seventeen years ago.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Bacheller. — There have been a great many stories about the early struggles of "Eben Holden" to get into print, none of which, so far as I have read them, is correct. Mr. Bacheller, when he wrote the first chapters, intended it for a "juvenile." As a "juvenile"

its possibilities were discussed with a New York editor, who decided that he could not use it serially for so long that it would be foolish for the author to wait. The story was then called "The Shadow of Lone Pine," and I do not think that Mr. Bacheller had any thought of making a novel of it until he was approached by a friend in the publishing business who asked him for a book. He responded to this call with material for a volume of poems. "Nay, nay!" said the publisher, "we want a novel, something that will be a record-breaker." It was then that Mr. Bacheller went on to Boston and showed his present publishers the manuscript of his story, as far as it was written. They shook their heads, and said that they did not want a "juvenile." Then he agreed to make it a novel if they would advance him enough money to live on while he was writing it, as he would have to give up his editorial salary to that end. To this they said "yes," and the book was written. It hung fire at first, but before many weeks had passed it found its pace, and has kept it ever since.—"*The Lounger*," *in the March Critic.*

Harte.—T. E. Pemberton tells us in his just published biography of Bret Harte, that Harte, even after his name as a writer had crossed the Atlantic, learned to set type. Literature was the star that guided him always; but from the very commencement he was resolved to have some trade at his fingers' ends that would make him independent of writing as a means of livelihood. "Hence his acceptance in later years of political and editorial posts, for, though he never had an article refused by an editor or publisher, he lacked the self-confidence which in the case of hundreds is unimpaired by constant disappointment." Harte maintains that he was thus enabled to write what he pleased, and not what he was ordered to write.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

Major.—Charles Major has about completed another historical novel. It is called "Dorothy," and the scene is laid in England. The publication of "When Knighthood was in Flower" came about quite by accident. A friend having some time to wait in Mr. Major's office asked for something to read, and was told that there was nothing but law books on the shelves. He expressed his disgust. "If you must read," said Mr. Major, opening a drawer in his desk, "here's a story I've been amusing myself with." The friend took it and soon became absorbed. He would not give the manuscript up until he had persuaded Mr. Major to let him submit it to a publisher. The name that the author had given the story at first was "Charlie Brandon," and as "Charlie Brandon" it was rejected by one publishing house, if not more. "Dorothy" is not likely to have the same fate.—"*The Lounger*," *in the March Critic.*

Riley.—"A friend came to me once," says James Whitcomb Riley, in *Success* for February, "completely heart-broken, saying that his manuscripts were constantly returned, and that he was the most miserable wretch alive. I asked him how long he had been trying. 'Three years,' he said. 'My dear man,' I answered, laughing, 'go on, keep on trying till you have spent as many years at it as I did.' 'As many as you did!' he exclaimed. 'Yes, as long as I did.' 'What? you,—James Whitcomb Riley,—struggled for years!' 'Yes, sir, through years, through sleepless nights, through almost hopeless days. For twenty years I tried to get into one magazine; back came my manuscripts eternally. I kept on. In the twentieth year that magazine accepted one of my articles.' I was not a believer in the theory that one man does a thing much easier than any other man. Continuous, unflagging effort, persistence, and determination will win. Let not the man be discouraged who has these."

Spencer.—Herbert Spencer, who devoted himself to work out a complete system of philosophy in harmony with evolution and the results of modern science, published his books for years at a loss. In his earlier days Mr. Spencer had to publish at his own expense. Speaking of those earlier struggles, Mr. Spencer said:—

"When I first began to write I was unable to find a publisher who would undertake—it being a philosophical work—any responsibility, so I had to publish at my own expense. After a few years, finding I was frittering away all I possessed, I went back on my accounts, and found that in the course of fifteen years I

had lost $6,000, including interest and the cost of living, which was not, however, great, as that was done in the most economical way possible. I was about relinquishing all my plans when I was led to persevere by a legacy, a circumstance which, strangely enough, had happened on two previous occasions when I was on the very verge of abandoning my enterprise. After the third bequest," Mr. Spencer went on to say, "my books began to pay."

Whitman. — Walt Whitman's manuscript of "November Boughs" was written on "any old kind" of scraps. There were sentences on brown paper, such as butchers wrap their meat in, on blue paper torn with irregular edges from a college catalogue cover, on the backs of envelopes, and so on. A single page on which these odds and ends were pasted and edited was made up of fourteen different sorts of paper. — *The Advance.*

Zola. — Arthur MacDonald's pamphlet giving the results of his study of Zola has been approved by Zola himself, who says that it is authentic and true. Describing the characteristics of the author, Mr. MacDonald says: "His ideas of order and method are very developed; he is a slave to them; they extend from the care of his toilet to the composition of his works. Everything has its place in his apartment; disorder pains him; his study table is so well arranged that one would not know that he used it; he classifies his work in envelopes.

"Zola's tendency for order is so strong that it sometimes reaches a morbid stage, for it provokes a certain suffering in case of disorder. From about the age of thirty certain morbid ideas have developed, but they do not cause him pain when not satisfied; he lets them run into 'their manias,' as he says, and he is then contented. The idea of doubt is one; he is always in fear of not being able to do his daily task; or of being incapable of completing a book. He never re-reads his novels for fear of making bad discoveries; he has no confidence in himself in this respect.

"The intellectual sentiment that causes him to work is not a pleasure, but the necessity of accomplishing the task he has imposed upon himself. His chief characteristic is tenacity. When at work and a difficulty arises, he does not stop, he does not get up to distract his mind; he remains at his table; difficulties develop him."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Swoons Dying Out in Novels. — "Now that readers have become so exacting in matters of detail," said a physician who confesses to a weakness for fiction, "our modern novel writers are deprived of a good deal of material that was used with great effect by their predecessors. This is particularly conspicuous in what we are accustomed to refer to as 'standard fiction.'

"At the head of the list was a mysterious malady known as 'brain fever.' Brain fever was a great favorite with the early novelists, and has kept many a plot from getting into a tight corner. It was supposed to result from any severe mental strain, and might be brought on by terror, joy, remorse, overwork, suspense, rage or grief. So you see how handy it was.

"Another valuable 'property effect' of the old-time novelist was a swoon. You will find characters swooning all through the famous romances of fifty years ago, and a typical, beautiful heroine of a rattling tale of adventure at least five per cent. of her time in that condition. The heroine was generally the only person in the book who 'swooned.' The hero, after being wounded in a duel or used up by some deed of daring, frequently 'fainted from exhaustion,' and the villain simply 'pressed his hand to his brow and fell senseless to the ground,' but it all came to the same thing.

"The people in modern 'realistic' novels faint very seldom; in fact, about as frequently as they faint in actual life. In practicing medicine a quarter of a century I have seen human beings under almost every strain that could be imagined, but I have never yet seen any one lose consciousness through emotion only." — *Toledo News.*

The Joys of Literature. — Coleridge declared that poetry had been to him its own exceeding great reward, and when offered a half-share in two London newspapers, which would probably have yielded him an income of

£2,000 a year, replied: "I will not give up the country, and the lazy reading of old folios, for two thousand times two thousand pounds!" "Patience!" Southey used to exclaim when occasionally weary of his enforced and ill-paid drudgery at literary ephemera. "It is, after all, better than pleading in a stinking court of law, or being called up at midnight to a patient; it is better than being a soldier or a sailor; better than calculating profit and loss at a counter—better, in short, than anything but independence." The late M. Du Camp declared that he knew of no more beautiful occupation than that of an independent and unselfish author. "I owe to it the best joys of my life and the peace of my age." Hawthorne loved his calling, though for twenty years he was the obscurest man-of-letters in America, and had no incentive to effort in a reasonable prospect of fame or money—nothing, indeed, but the pleasure itself of literary composition.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Ownership in Book Titles.—The nature of ownership in book titles is by no means generally understood, though the efforts of certain publishers to avoid collision with titles already used has brought the matter to public notice. In the current number of the *Author*, of London, the secretary of the English Society of Authors explains the state of the case. There is no copyright in titles, properly speaking, nor ownership in titles as such. It is only when a book-title is clearly original with the author, or when its use by another constitutes a fraud upon the reading public, that there is a case in law against the plagiarist. Thus Swinburne would have no remedy against a novelist who chose the name of "Bothwell" for his romance, since there would be no danger of the public mistaking the play for the novel. Obviously, too, no ownership could attach to titles of a general sort, like "Our Village" and "A Boy's Town," unless intended fraud or substantial damage were proved. On the other hand, it is probable that the courts would restrain a publisher from advertising a new "Encyclopædia Britannica" or "Statesman's Year-book," while a bona-fide Harper would be obliged to publish his "magazine" under another name than his own. Such is the general principle. Practically, the decision is made on the merits of each case by the courts; though the courtesy of the trade and the usual insignificance of the books that appear under the names of their betters prevent many such cases from coming up.—*New York Evening Post.*

The Profits of Playwriting.—Some idea of the profits of successful playwriting may be gained from the statement that a young American maker of plays will probably draw royalties amounting to $3,000 a week all this season. In addition to three or four new plays, produced this winter, some plays written by him several years ago are still running. When his success came to him, perhaps ten years ago, he was writing children's stories and giving Browning readings with a rather pessimistic eye on the future.

The maiden effort of another dramatist worried through a short engagement in this city, went on the road, and a year or two later was presented in London with marked success. It is still being produced by road companies, and his royalties have amounted to $15,000.

A good deal of comment was aroused by the statement that a distinguished author has sold the serial rights for his last story for $40,000. During the last few years many a play that was not a really great success has in the course of three or four years returned that amount in royalties.—*New York Sun.*

Five Ways To Enlarge Your Vocabulary.—

1. Read—There is no better way to gather new words and grow familiar with their use. Read aloud as much as possible. In this way you will become accustomed to the musical rhythm of words.

2. Talk—Listen closely to the conversation of good talkers and never talk yourself below your very best.

3. Study—Look up new words. Use your dictionary freely. Never allow yourself to hear a new word spoken without jotting it down for reference, and when you know it, use it yourself.

4. Write—Take every possible opportunity to express your thought in writing. Many

of the best writers of to-day learned to write through their social correspondence.

5. Memorize — Wherever you find a beautiful thought in words preserve it by committing it to memory. The thought and the language will each be seed in your own garden. — *Chicago Record.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

HOW TO WRITE A NOVEL FOR THE MASSES. Charles Battell Loomis. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

ANIMALS IN LITERATURE. George S. Hellman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

THREE CENTURIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. William Morton Payne. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA. Brander Matthews. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for March

THE "ARTISTIC" WRITERS. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (23 c.) for March.

"TABLOID JOURNALISM": ITS CAUSES AND EFFECTS. A. Maurice Low. *Forum* (38 c.) for March.

THE POETRY OF MR. KIPLING. Edward Dowden. *Critic* (23 c.) for March.

PHILLIPS BROOKS: THE PREACHER AND THE MAN. R. Heber Newton *Critic* (23 c.) for March.

VICTORIA'S POETS-LAUREATE. With portraits. Annie Russell Marble. *Critic* (23 c.) for March.

THE SHORT STORY IN FRANCE. Walter T. Pierce. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for March.

WALT WHITMAN — A MEMORY PICTURE. Mary G. Woodhull. *Literary Era* 13 c.) for March.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. With portraits and facsimiles. Joanna E. Wood. *Criterion* (13 c.) for March.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHANNES BRAHMS. With portraits. George Henschel. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Illustrated. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

WOMEN IN TELEGRAPHY. Stella G. Florence. *Designer* (13 c.) for March.

THE FRENCH NOVEL AND THE YOUNG GIRL. Th. Bentzon. *Outlook* (13 c.) for January

UP FROM SLAVERY (An autobiography). — X. Booker T. Washington. *Outlook* (13 c.) for January.

CANADIAN POETS AND POETRY. Thomas O'Hagan. *Donahoe's Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL AND HIS WORK. Illustrated. Rufus Rockwell Wilson. *Critic* (23 c.) for February.

THE LATE PROFESSOR MOSES COIT TYLER. With portrait. George Lincoln Burr. *Critic* (23 c.) for February.

THACKERAY AND THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE. George Murray Smith. *Critic* (23 c.) for February.

THE SENSE OF NONSENSE. (A study of nonsense poetry.) Carolyn Wells. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

FAMOUS HYMN WRITERS.—XIV. Horatius Bonar Illustrated. *American Illustrated Home Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

AN ESTIMATE OF ROBERT BURNS. Illustrated. James M. Dixon. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM. Stella G. Florence. *Designer* (13 c.) for February.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S LATE ROMANCE. With portrait. Clara E. Laughlin. I. — *Delineator* (18 c.) for February; II. — *Delineator* (18c.) for March.

THE PERFECT LETTER. Margaret E. Sangster. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for February 2.

FAMOUS LETTER WRITERS. Margaret E Sangster. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for February 9.

HYGIENE FOR BRAIN-WORKERS. Alice Worthington Winthrop. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for February 9.

VARIATIONS OF READE'S TYPE OF HEROINE. W. D. Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for February 16.

EDWARD W. BOK. With portrait. Harriette Knight Smith. *Christian Endeavor World* for February 14.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The widow of Professor Max Müller has undertaken to write his biography.

T. Edgar Pemberton, author of the biography of Bret Harte, is an intimate friend of Mr. Harte, having been his dramatic collaborator for several years.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, the American literary executor of John Ruskin, announces that there will be no "authorized biography" of Ruskin. The best biographical materials relating to him now in existence are "Præterita" — his autobiography — and Collingwood's "Life."

The life of William Black is to be written by one of his oldest friends, Sir Wemyss Reid.

A memoir of Mary Kingsley, traveler, scientist, and author, is being written by her brother, Charles Kingsley.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish "My Autobiography," by Professor Max Müller, March 21. An interesting feature of the book is the series of steel engravings showing Professor Müller at the age of four, at fourteen, at twenty, and at thirty, and portraits of his parents.

The first installment of the autobiography of Jacob A. Riis appears in the March Magazine Number of the *Outlook*, under the title "The Making of an American."

Joaquin Miller has bought 700 acres of farm land in Nueces county, Texas, and will make his future home there.

Mr. Kipling, who is reported to be in robust health, is still at the Cape with his family, and is hard at work upon a long South African book.

Nathan Haskell Dole, who removed recently to New York, is now connected with D. Appleton & Co.

Owen Johnson, whose first novel, "Arrows of the Almighty," is announced by the Macmillan Company, is the son of Robert Underwood Johnson, associate editor of the *Century*.

Although Francis Marion Crawford is only forty-five years old, he has written forty books.

Edward W. Thomson, one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*, has resigned his position, and will devote himself exclusively to the writing of fiction.

The largest payment ever made by the *Cornhill Magazine* for short articles was given to Thackeray for his inimitable "Roundabout Papers." The rate was about $63 a page. Mr. Smith, the publisher, says that George Eliot got $35,000 for "Romola," and might have had $50,000 if her artistic conscience had allowed her to divide the novel into sixteen parts, as he desired.

At the annual meeting of the Society of American Authors, held at the Berkeley Lyceum, No. 23 West Forty-fourth street, New York, February 13, the following were unanimously chosen officers: President, Rastus S. Ransom; vice-presidents, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, General Lew Wallace, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, Hubert Howe Bancroft, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, and Miss Grace Denio Litchfield; treasurer, Morris P. Ferris; secretary, Lebbeus H. Rogers.

The *New York Evening World* will pay two dollars apiece for all amateur photographs that it accepts and prints. A full description should accompany each picture. The subjects should be interesting, novel, and newsy. No prints will be returned. Address: Amateur Photograph Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 2,354, New York.

A brilliant paper by Jack London has won the prize of $200 offered by the *Cosmopolitan* for the best essay on "The Advantages of Co-operation."

Ginn & Co. have printed in fac-simile the *New England Primer*, from an original published between 1785 and 1790.

Quail & Warner, the first-named partner being Joseph N. Quail, a well-known newspaper man, are newly added to the list of New York's publishers.

The J. B. Millet Company, of Boston, has established the *Musical World*, of which Philip Hale is editor.

The *Rebel* is a new periodical published in Philadelphia by Melville Philips.

Achievement is a new Chicago monthly that is to deal with people that do things worth while, telling what they have done, and how.

The *Coast* is a new monthly magazine published at Seattle, Wash., by Esther Dodge Steinbach and Zona Dodge.

The *Unique Monthly* (New York) is the *Penny Magazine* renamed.

The *Inland Printer* (Chicago), handsomest of all trade publications, will increase its price next month to $2.50 a year.

The *Metaphysical Magazine*, which was for a short time known as the *Ideal Review*, has assumed its old name again.

Aloysius Coll begins a series of "Forest Fables" in *Outing* for March. Each story in the series will be complete in itself, though all have a similar relationship to the wood, and the inhabitants thereof — the animals, the trees, the ferns and flowers, and occasionally people. After running through the magazine, the stories will be brought out in book form.

Rev. H. R. Haweis died in London, Eng., January 29, aged sixty-two.

Maurice Thompson died at Crawfordsville, Ind., February 15, aged fifty six.

Paul Armand Silvestre died in Paris February 20, aged sixty-three.

Rounseville Wildman was drowned at the entrance to San Francisco harbor February 22. He was thirty-six years old.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, APRIL, 1901. No. 4.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

How to Get on a Newspaper. *Mark Sullivan.* . . 49
Writing for Trade, Professional, and Class Journals. *L. Viajero.* 51
Affectation in Tennyson's Poetry. *Mary M. Currier.* 52
Editorial. 54
Sending One Manuscript Simultaneously to Several Editors, 54 — Illustrations That Do Not Illustrate, 54 — Alexander Cruden's Untiring Industry. . . . 54
The Art of Dictation. 55
A Fool's Advice. *C. Clayton Brown.* 56
How "Eben Holden" Was Written. 56
Current Literary Topics. 57
The Small Sale of Volumes of Poetry, 57 — Censorship by Magazine Editors, 58 — Yellow Journalism. 58
Writers of the Day. 59
William Lincoln Balch, 59 — Olive Huck, 59 — William O. Inglis, 59 — Ellsworth Kelley, 59 — Cora Amanda Lewis, 60 — Anna Lea Merritt, 60 — Lulu W. Mitchell, 60 — "Guy Somerville," 60 — Eleanor G. Walton, 61 — Merrick Whitcomb. 61
Personal Gossip About Authors. 61
Hildegard Brooks, 61 — Elijah Kellogg. 61
Book Reviews. 61
Literary Articles in Periodicals. 63
News and Notes. 63

HOW TO GET ON A NEWSPAPER.

There is no royal road to success in newspaper work in New York, or anywhere else; but there is a royal road to getting a start: and the hundreds of college graduates and ambitious men of experience from smaller cities who have come to New York to do newspaper work, and have gone home after months of vain knocking at the editorial door without having a chance to show what they could do, these will tell you that getting a start on a metropolitan newspaper is a feat not easy to accomplish.

I am writing for the young man who must fight the battle unaided. The man who comes to the city editor with a letter of introduction from one of the stockholders may get a surly and much-begrudged permission to occupy a desk. The young man who is going it alone need not envy him. He starts with the presumption against him. In no other occupation in the world is influence of so little value as in newspaper work. The posts of responsibility are of such a nature that no man without natural ability can possibly hold them for a week; and the competition is so keen that only the very best men are permitted to fill them. The publisher who would go by any other rule would not last a year. This is so well understood that a newspaper proprietor will see his own son remain in an inferior position while others are promoted over his head, rather than put him where his incompetence would do harm. Every old newspaper man knows dozens of sons and nephews of famous men, and protegés of stockholders, who have been admitted to the office through "pull," and have hung on to the lowest rung of the ladder until a change of power at the top cuts off their influence and drops them.

The young man who comes unintroduced to the great majority of New York offices rarely gets past the boy who stands at the door of the "local room," and asks him to "please state his business." If he should manage to elude the doorkeeper, and get the ear of the city editor, he will be told curtly to "come around in a few months," or "we can't possibly take on any new men," or "we have a waiting list of thirty already." At one office he will be told, with some grace of kindly sympathy, that they take on about six new men a year and have an average of six applications a day. Perhaps one city editor who lacks moral courage and is willing to hold out false hope in order to get rid of an unwelcome caller tells him to "leave his card." Pity the one who expects ever to hear from that card again.

Finally the applicant who has made the rounds again and again finds a city editor (it is most likely to happen at the office of the *Sun*

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

or of the *Evening Post*) who suggests that he "go out and find a story and bring it in."

This, though the applicant rarely knows it, is his crucial moment. "I! Find a story!" think the Ninety-and-nine. "I! A stranger in New York! How do I know where to find a story? I want the city editor to tell me where to *get* a story. Let him send me *after* a story, and see whether I can get it and write it. *That's* the way to give me a trial."

The Ninety-and-nine are the ones that go back home. The One is the one that becomes a newspaper man. He goes to his boarding house and *thinks*. He realizes that the city editor's position is reasonable. The city editor must find places to send fifty reporters after stories, and he must do it three hundred and sixty-five times a year. What he wants is some one who can find a story without being sent. To him, such a one is a well-spring in the desert.

So the One makes up his mind what paper he wants to get on. He reflects on the kind of stories that paper uses. Perhaps he goes to the office and looks over the file to see what kind it has been using, and to examine the style in which they are written. Then he thinks again. This time the burden of his thinking is: "Where shall I find a story?" It may be a day, it may be a week, before the inspiration comes. When it does come, if he have the newspaper instinct, he recognizes it as just the thing he wants, and the next minute. he is off after the facts.

With his manuscript in his hand, he approaches the door of the local room again This time he has "a story for the city editor." Mark the changed attitude of the doorkeeper. The door is held open for him. The editorial desk is pointed out. The city editor awaits him with an expectant eye. If his story be adapted to the paper, his beginning is assured. In most cases he will be taken on the next day. If he be told to wait a few days or weeks, he need have no fear he will be forgotten. Men of his kind are too rare.

The managing editor of the *Philadelphia Press* truly said in THE WRITER once: "I know of no better way for a young man or a young woman, desirous of getting into active newspaper work, to make for himself or herself an opportunity than by bringing in to the city editor, or to the head of some other department, a piece of news written in a bright, original, and careful style. According to my notion, such a specimen of one's capacity amounts to more than a whole trunkful of letters of recommendation. A young man or a young woman who is capable of doing good newspaper work needs no other recommendation, and can have no better introduction, than to demonstrate to the editor that he or she has the right kind of ability."

Does the difficulty of "finding a story" seem unsurmountable? It does to most men until they have *thought*. It seemed so to me for just ten days. My inspiration came when at breakfast one morning I saw in large headlines in the newspaper the name of a prominent statesman, then a candidate for high office. I happened to know the village where that statesman spent his youth. Within half an hour I was on my way to that village. I went to the house where he was born, and made notes describing it. (To-day, I should get the local photographer to photograph it.) I interviewed the old men of the village who remembered the statesman's boyhood. I hunted up his old school teacher.

It cost me eight dollars in railroad fare and hotel bills to get that story; but I was paid twenty-two dollars for it at space rates, and I got a permanent position.

To-day, the same story would not serve the same purpose. That statesman is no longer in the public eye; but there is always some one who is temporarily conspicuous. *Timeliness* is the quality that makes such a story desirable.

One beginner got his first story through acquaintance with some college friends, athletes, who were starting to Europe to enter some international contests. Another haunted the docks and wharves, and talked with captains of incoming schooners until he found one with a story of shipwreck in the South Atlantic. A third examined the hotel registers until he found a traveler from Corea who was able to give him an interesting interview.

"Finding a story" is the royal road to getting a start. It is, without exception, the only

means by which an unintroduced young man can get on a New York paper to-day. The applicant who means to succeed can save time by not waiting for the city editor to tell him to "find a story." *Mark Sullivan.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WRITING FOR TRADE, PROFESSIONAL, AND CLASS JOURNALS.

Many writers do not know that nearly every trade has its journalistic organ, and that these publications furnish a profitable field for literary workers. There are magazines of some kind for Architects, Artists, Bankers, Barbers, Brewers, Carpenters, Clay Workers, Cemetery Keepers, Druggists, Engineers, Educators, Electricians, Furniture Makers and Dealers, Hatters, Hotel Keepers, Iron Workers, Jewelers, Leather Dealers, Millers, Miners, Monumental Workers, Musicians, Painters, Park Superintendents, Photographers, Printers, Railroad Men, Shoemakers, Stationers, Tobacco Dealers, Undertakers, and a host of others. Besides these, there is scarcely a hobby ridden of men but has its paper or magazine.

Primarily, the trade journals are advertising media, and their literary demands comprise chiefly reports of conventions and practical information relating to the special craft represented. This is readily furnished by the editorial staff, or is contributed gratis by subscribers or advertising patrons. There seems to be, however, a growing demand among these journals for a little "space-filling" to enliven and brighten up the advertising pages. If writers will take advantage of this demand, and use well their opportunity, the demand will continue to grow, and this field of literary art will be developed.

The matter desired need not be technical, though it should be more or less "shoppy." Trade journals do not pay munificently, but their dealings with their contributors are generally just and courteous. The professional journals generally pay good prices for good work.

A classified list of the trade journals of the United States is given in the American Newspaper Directory. The publishers of most of them will send a sample copy free on receipt of a postal-card request, and none of them will refuse to send a copy if ten cents is enclosed with the letter of request. The best way for writers is to send for copies of papers to which they think they are especially fitted to contribute, and study their apparent needs.

How the trade journals may be reached is illustrated by the following incident. Looking over my notes for a sober historical work, I found once copious material for the post-mortem history of a very distinguished individual, detailing the disposition made of his body. The transcript of these notes made an interesting article, and one of considerable historical value, but it was altogether too grewsome for publication in a magazine of general interest. It was submitted to the editor of one of the journals of the undertaker's trade. He was quite ready to take it, and to pay its price, and expressed his desire to secure other matter of that kind for his columns.

Trade journals devoted to Architecture can use a limited amount of travel articles, provided they are accompanied by photographs that illustrate the architectural features seen on the journey, even though the text of the article may have little to do with the technique of architecture.

Most of the papers devoted to Agriculture give much space to articles treating of various household topics, and to subjects likely to be of interest to farmers, such as bee-keeping, poultry-raising, floriculture, out-door life, pets and animals, practical hints and suggestions on every-day matters, short stories, verses, and short articles of information on special subjects. The editors are glad to get such mat-

ter, if it is better than the ordinary. Short, pithy contributions are especially desirable.

Periodicals like *What to Eat* and *Good Housekeeping* furnish a good market for practical matter suited to their columns.

Perhaps the time will come some day when the educational journals of the age will furnish a field for good original literary work, but at present the majority of such journals pay nothing for contributions, and the contributions that they secure are principally from writers to whom a little publicity in print is ample compensation for the thought and labor they expend upon their literary productions. The educational journals will not be the losers when they adopt the better system of paying a price, and getting good work. *L. Viajero.*

SOUTH PITTSBURG, Tenn.

AFFECTATION IN TENNYSON'S POETRY.

I love and honor Tennyson. Though he will probably never be classed with the "great" poets, he has written enough true and beautiful poetry to be worthy of a large and lasting place in the hearts of all readers of English literature. But is he not at times affected? I think that he is. I do not forget that he has given us some of the most finely polished lines that we possess. Some of his poems are as near faultless as, perhaps, anything human can be. But that he, being human, should err, sometimes, is not to be wondered at; nor is it strange that, with his delicacy of taste and attention to detail, he should err on the side of over-nicety more often than on the opposite side.

Taine says that Tennyson caressed his verses so carefully that they appeared at times far-fetched, affected, almost euphuistic. He gave them too much adornment and polishing. He seemed like an epicurean in style as well as in beauty.

I have been looking a little at his work to see if I could discover instances of his shortcomings in this direction, and I do find them — plenty of them. I have not given the subject anything like thorough study. I have only noted a few of the instances that happened to meet my eye. These I have grouped into five classes: —

1. His use of unusual and archaic words.
2. His use of compound words.
3. His repetitions.
4. His practice of accenting on the last syllable words that end in "ed."
5. His use of short words.

His use of obsolete words may not be out of place in the "Idyls of the King," for they undoubtedly help to give a quaint and old-time flavor to the poem; but this practice is not confined to that poem. Without looking there, one may find such words as wot, clomb, holp, whilome, sate, trode, atween, carketh, birk, rivage, pleasance, etc. And he seems to be very fond of unusual words. Among others, he has unturnable, unsweet, secretest, trancedly, and disprinced. In "The Princess" he has "rosed." He says of the princess that,

> "The very nape of her white neck
> Was rosed with indignation."

He uses "low-toned" as a verb in the same poem. The princess reads in a low, sweet voice, and he says,

> "So she low-toned; while with shut eyes I lay
> Listening."

If we turn to the "Idyls of the King," we shall find, besides a great number of obsolete words, such words and combinations as discaged, gustful, showerful, noiseful, dislinked, unsunny, selfless, stronglier, faintlier, gentlier, and ever-highering.

Second: Tennyson's use of compound words is very frequent, and he often puts words together after a fashion of his own; if not exactly coining words, at least putting those together that never were made one before. I will give a few examples of this: Subtle-thoughted, wide-dispread, twy-natured, lichen-gilded, million-myrtled, hourly-mellowing,

earthly-heavenliest, fairily-delicate, and — perhaps as original as any — Tudor-chimneyed.

Scarcely a page would fail to furnish examples of his unusual compound words. In describing a girl, he uses, within ten lines, the combinations black-beaded for her eyes, crimson-threaded for her lips, and silver-treble for her laughter. He calls gates strange-statued and wildly-sculptured. The eyes of a Persian girl are argent-lidded; and such words as dewy-dark, innocent-arch, royal-rich, cunning-simple, and perfect-sweet can be found here and there all through his writings.

Third: He sometimes repeats words and phrases which could not be supposed to be a refrain. This sometimes adds to the beauty and power of the poem, but it is not always that one can find an excuse for his doing this. In "The Princess" he repeats partly. He says: —

> "Yet I bore up in part from ancient love
> And partly that I hoped to win you back,
> And partly conscious of my own deserts,
> And partly that you were my civil head," etc.

He says of Geraint in "Geraint and Enid" that he grew

> "Forgetful of his promise to the king,
> Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,
> Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,
> Forgetful of his glory and his name,
> Forgetful of his princedom and its cares,
> And this forgetfulness was hateful to her."

In "The Last Tournament" he says that Tristram twangled on his harp, and while he twangled little Dagonet stood still, but when the twangling ended, he skipped and danced again. It is hard to see what but force of habit could have made him write such a word as "twangle" over three times.

He does much the same thing with "garrulously" in "Guinevere." He uses the word then about forty lines further on he uses it again, and in about thirty-five lines more he says that the little novice in the convent cried shame on her garrulity garrulously.

In "The Holy Grail" he repeats blood-red. He is telling how the grail kept in Galahad's sight, moving with him night and day, fainter by day, but always in the night

> "Blood-red, and sliding down the blackened marsh
> Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top
> Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below
> Blood-red."

Fourth: He accents a surprisingly great number of words, ending in "ed," on the last syllable; as, for instance, glazèd, white-robèd, bloomèd, mailèd, stayèd, linkèd, healèd, charmèd. One poem of only ten lines has four of these words: fringèd, wingèd, poisèd, and silver-fleckèd. Silver-fleckèd is also a good specimen of his skill in making compound words.

Fifth: In some of his representations of simple life he uses an extraordinary proportion of words of one syllable. In trying to simplify his style in order to make it fit his subject matter he has gone too far to be natural. The poem "Dora" shows this the most plainly. Many of the sentences, as well as many of the words, are short; and the very frequent use of "and," and "but," and "then" adds to the singular and unreal style in which the story is told. I will quote only a few lines: —

> "And Dora took the child, and went her way
> Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
> That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
> Far off the farmer came into the field
> And spied her not; for none of all his men
> Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
> And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
> But her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped,
> And the sun fell, and all the land was dark."

A few lines further on this is repeated: —

> "She bowed down
> And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,
> And the sun fell, and all the land was dark."

Tennyson's tendency to affectation often takes other directions besides these that I have just spoken of. Sometimes it shows itself in over-alliteration; sometimes in a labored onomatopœia; sometimes in strange and fanciful rhymes; and sometimes in the subject-matter itself, as in the poem about his darling room: —

> "O darling room, my heart's delight,
> Dear room, the apple of my sight,
> With thy two couches soft and white,
> There is no room so exquisite,
> No little room so warm and bright,
> Wherein to read, wherein to write."

These peculiarities, together with some others, make Tennyson's verses seem at times, as Taine says, almost euphuistic; but where he does not carry these tendencies to excess, his poems are sometimes masterpieces of the poetic art. *Mary M. Currier.*

WENTWORTH, N. H.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. APRIL, 1901. NO. 4.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited, to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

One of the possible complications referred to in the answer to a "Query" in the March WRITER regarding the advisability of sending copies of the same manuscript to several editors at once is illustrated in the following little story from the *Chicago Evening Post* — which may, perhaps, be true: —

"I have an embarrassment of riches," exclaimed a literary friend the other day, as, face upward, he laid two checks before us. One was for $40, from the *Youth's Companion*, the other, for $75, was from *St. Nicholas*. We looked at both checks quizzically, and then turned to our friend for the explanation we saw he was dying to make.

"Yes, I know you will say I did wrong," he began, "but listen. I wrote a story. I made two copies of it, sending one to Boston, the other to New York. I had not the slightest doubt both would come back in the regulation way and in the regulation time. Conceive of my amazement when this morning's mail brought me a check for $40, and by this afternoon's post I received another for $75, for the self-same story. The editor of each periodical chanced to like the treatment, and by a stranger coincidence the money came almost simultaneously."

"Well," we retorted, after a pause, "of course you returned the first."

Our friend groaned. "I was elated enough to sit right down on receipt of the initial check and acknowledge its arrival," he confessed.

"What about the second?" we queried.

There came the ghost of a smile. "I shall return it with the explanation that I couldn't think of selling my story for that paltry sum." Then he gathered up both checks and disappeared.

* * *

That illustrations do not always illustrate is shown again by a picture in *Harper's Magazine*, published with Miss Wilkins's novel, "The Portion of Labor." The picture represents little Ellen Brewster running along a lonely road, with a full moon in the sky. The story in describing the incident says plainly: "There was no moon." The artist evidently based his picture on an over-hasty reading of the following "newspaper-Englishy" sentence: —

> Then she ran as fast as she could down the frozen road, a little dark figure, passing as rapidly as the shadow of a cloud between the earth and the full moon.

* * *

Writers who are inclined to indolence — there really are a few such — ought to have

held up before them for example the untiring industry of Alexander Cruden, the compiler of the biblical Concordance. "Glance at only one of the big pages of his Concordance," says a writer in the April *Quiver*, "and reflect with gratitude what a tremendous toil its construction must have been. Choose a word in Cruden like DAY, and when you glance at the closely-printed columns, do you marvel that this infatigable man never allowed himself more than four or five hours' sleep, and that he might always be seen, as summer or winter dawn was breaking, improving his beloved Concordance with a pocket Bible in his hand?" In comparison with such abnormal industry, does not literary laziness seem to be a crime?

***

"Beware of reading the very newest books," advises Ambrose Bierce. Mr. Bierce's latest book has been out for some time. W. H. H.

THE ART OF DICTATION.

One of your correspondents expresses the opinion that the practice of dictating manuscripts for publication results in inaccurate thinking and looseness of style. He believes that more is lost by the inferiority of the matter than is gained by celerity of production.

Perhaps this generalization is a little too sweeping. The quality of the writing produced by dictation to an amanuensis certainly depends in part upon the writer's experience in this kind of work, and his aptitude for it. All writers would be glad to be relieved from the drudgery of the pen, but some of them say they cannot escape it. Even if they become skillful in the manipulation of the typewriting machine, they find their work turgid instead of terse; they spread good matter out thin; they sin against the gentle art of composition in ways they would avoid if their ideas reached paper through the point of a pen.

Why should the quality of their work be so much affected merely by the appliance they use for recording it? Why should there be atrophy of the brain or irregularity in its processes when a writer fingers a keyboard, and brightness of intellect and command of the literary faculty when he shoves a pen?

The trouble inheres not in the mechanical appliance used, but in the whim, the fancy, the temperament of the writer. If the tyro at the typewriter would only persevere, he would probably find, as many writers have done, that the derangement of his mental machinery would disappear as he grows in mechanical facility.

The experience of many writers, also, has shown that facility in dictation may be acquired by practice. Some of the great books of the world have been written in this way. "Paradise Lost" will occur to every one as an example. For many years the sublime thoughts in verse and prose of the blind Milton were put on paper only by the hand of an amanuensis. The poet, of course, was thoroughly prepared for his dictation before he had use for his secretary. He dictated only thirty to forty lines of poetry at a sitting; but who does not need thorough preparation if he produces any kind of literary composition worth reading? There is this difference, that the writer who uses the pen often does his thinking or makes his preparation while at his daily task of writing, but the man who dictates to achieve his best must be thoroughly saturated with his subject, fully prepared to make his best utterance upon it before he has need for his assistant.

It may be that some writers cannot possibly acquire this facility; but it has been acquired and utilized by men of genius whose works live. Benvenuto Cellini may be cited as another illustration of this fact. He was a goldsmith and sculptor of the sixteenth century with a gift of writing also, and his book is known to-day as one of the most fascinating autobiographies ever produced. After writing the early chapters with his own hand, he wearied of the labor, and began his dictations. The most of the book was talked off to an amanuensis while Cellini was working in his shop at one or another of the famous art objects he produced. For some reason he resumed the pen to write the closing chapters, but the style of the work gives no clue to the

places where he dropped the pen and where he took it up again.—"*A.*," *in the New York Sun.*

A FOOL'S ADVICE.

A fool there was, and he thought he could write
("Even as you and I!").
So a wonderful sonnet did he indite,
And the fool he thought it was clever and bright,
But the editor saw it in a different light
(Without even saying why).

Oh, it is n't the *no* that hurts us so
And causes the rankling pain,
(It's the confounded, measly, sarcastic note that accompanies the manuscript on its return, and that reads:—
"Declined with thanks. *Please* try again.")

The fool perused this note with care
("Even as you and I!").
But he could n't distinguish wheat from tare,
So he thought the editor's words were fair,
And he made a mistake right then and there.
(We other fools know why.)

For it's the little word *please* that gives us ease,
And leaves us in happier vein
(So we immediately perpetrate another outrage upon the English language, and send it to the *arbiter elegantiarum*, who is strangely thankful for the privilege of reading it, and who regrets exceedingly that it must be
"Declined with thanks. *Please* try again."

So the fool continues to tax his muse
("Even as you and I!"),
And the editor's patience to abuse
With compositions most abstruse;
But the fool he has a good excuse
In the invitation to try.

Though some may abhor the editor
Who makes his meaning plain
(The fool suggests that the terse and expressive "*N. G.*" would prove a more effective remedy for *cacæthes scribendi* than the ironically courteous
"Declined with thanks. *Please* try again.")

BOSTON, MASS. *C. Clayton Brown.*

HOW "EBEN HOLDEN" WAS WRITTEN.

Irving Bacheller, whose book, "Eben Holden," has sold 250,000 copies, and is now going off like hot cakes at the rate of about 9,000 a week, is an example of the newspaper man who makes a success in literature. But his success illustrates the point so often made—that the newspaper man cannot do literature and newspaper work at the same time, any more than a man can swim and walk simultaneously, or stand on his head and on his feet at once.

Mr. Bacheller for fourteen years was a broker in articles and stories for newspapers and periodicals. The Bacheller Syndicate was one of the many establishments that supplied newspapers with ready-made goods, but the man who wrote "Eben Holden" has not the huckster talent that alone would make such a trade profitable. Out of his syndicate Mr. Bacheller never grew rich. A few years ago John Brisben Walker, who runs the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, bought the syndicate out, and employed its founder to run it.

Mr. Bacheller spent three interesting months with Mr. Walker. At the end of that time he tendered his resignation. He had no definite idea of what he was going to do next. The only thing of which he was absolutely sure was that he wanted to do something else some where else.

"I had n't very much capital when I left Mr. Walker's employ," says Mr. Bacheller. "I had put a little money aside, and my wife and I decided that instead of looking for employment, it would not be a bad idea for me to see if I could produce something in a literary way.

"The extent of my worldly possessions you may judge by the fact that I thought $15 a month was as much rent as I could afford while I engaged in literature. We lived at Irvington-on-Hudson. I was a literary man for just thirty days. In that time I produced 30,000 words. It was the first part of 'Eben Holden' as it now stands. That is, 'Eben Holden' is the original story that I wrote then, with 60,000 more words tacked on to it.

"I sent my story, which I then called 'Uncle Eb,' to *Harper's Round Table*, the *Youth's Companion*, and *St. Nicholas*. They rejected it with delightful unanimity.

"While my manuscript was starting on its rounds I received an offer from the proprietor of a New York newspaper which I thought I could not afford to decline, and I did n't decline it. Then for a year or two I engaged in journalism. It was really the first time I had ever

actually worked on the staff of a newspaper, although for fourteen years I had been in the newspaper business.

"In December a year ago a friend of mine, who used to be on the staff of a Brooklyn paper, and who is now connected with my Boston publisher, wrote to me and told me that the firm was looking for a good novel. He thought I was the man to write it, for he had always believed that I had such talent concealed about me somewhere. In reply, I said to him that I might prepare a book, but that I did n't feel very much like throwing up the work I was then doing, and going into such a speculative venture. I suggested that if the firm would 'grub stake' me, I might consider the suggestion.

"To my surprise, they called my bluff. They made a proposition to me, and I accepted it, I dug down in my trunk and took 'Uncle Eb,' which had been so unanimously sat upon, sneered at, and rejected by three other publishing houses. I added 60,000 words to it, and there you are.

"It so happened that business kept me traveling a good deal while I was doing this and much of the story was written on telegraph blanks in Pullman cars, for the 'grub stake' that I got from the publisher was sufficient to enable me to travel in proper style. Since December one year ago I have written altogether 150,000 words. Now I have just finished my second story, and I'm going to take a rest of three months before I do anything else.

"The characters in 'Eben Holden' are not portraits, although I consider myself to a great extent more of a copyist than a novelist. 'Eben Holden' is a composite, with my father's old hired man as the basis, and some members of my own family blended into it. The scene of the story is laid in Pierpont, N. Y., my home. The people up there are real Americans. They have the quaint philosophy that can be developed only among folks who have time to think. In New York few of us ever have that.

"I do not think that it is possible for a newspaper man to mix up literature and newspaper work. The latter takes out of you all you have. When you are through with your day's work there is nothing left. I suppose a newspaper man could make himself do literary work during his vacations, if he ever got any.

"My advice to persons who wish to publish is to seek some new and pushing firm, as I did. Some of the old-fashioned establishments are not publishers at all. They are simply printers. They don't know anything about the art of disseminating and selling their produce, and if no one comes to their store for a book, they don't sell it. I have had very many offers, of course, from publishers, but I intend to stick to the Boston firm that first brought me out. 'Eben Holden,' you may notice, is being very widely advertised in street cars and newspapers. That is largely my idea of pushing a book.

"I do not think that it is the title that sells a book, any more than the title sells a newspaper. It is what one man says to another about it.

"I attribute much of my success to the help of my wife. She and I wrote 'Eben Holden' together — especially the love scenes. I would always read these to her, and ask her opinion about them. Her opinion of them as they stood when I first turned them out was invariably very bad. She made me re-write most of them. You know, perhaps, how mad it makes a man when one of his efforts which he thinks is rather good meets with adverse criticism. Well, when my wife told me what rubbish I had written, and how I had left out perhaps the most important point in some love scene, I would get pretty hot, and insist that I was right and that my work was fine. After a while, however, I would cool off and meekly do as she said, re-writing the scene, and, of course, improving it.

"There is really no one whose criticism is so valuable as that of one's wife. There can be no question of her disinterestedness. A mere friend may feel timid about treading on your feelings. He may fear to offend you, and he often sacrifices frankness to friendship. The beauty of a wife is that she does n't." — *New York Journal.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Small Sale of Volumes of Poetry. — It is not with unmixed joy that a publisher receives the manuscript of a volume of poems

— even should they happen to be poetry. About ten years ago a volume of poems by a new author was received with interest and curiosity by a large number of readers, and it was generally an easy matter to dispose of a first edition. But this happy state of affairs lasted only three or four years, and ever since the publisher has been confronted by the fact that poetry does not sell. Poets should rejoice that there are no published statistics from which it would be possible to calculate the average number of copies sold of the many hundred volumes of poems published each year in America, but I venture the opinion that it does not exceed one hundred and fifty.

I will frankly confess that I have published many volumes of poems of which I have sold less than a hundred and fifty copies. Two years ago I published a volume by an English poet who had contributed to at least two American magazines, though otherwise unknown here. The poems were all charming, while many of them were of striking merit. Eleven of the best papers reviewed the book favorably, several magazines quoted from it, and I spent over $40 in advertising it. At the end of a year I had sold six copies! I had always believed that this was the smallest number of copies sold of a regularly published book until a brother publisher confided to me not long ago that — well, that it was not! Of another volume, by an American poet, I sold only forty-two copies (not counting those bought by the author).

Yet no real publisher is happy unless he occasionally issues a volume of poems, and a real poet will always find a publisher. but they may both have to be content with a sale of less than a hundred and fifty copies.

The cost of producing a volume of poems is naturally much less than that of a novel. From $100 to $125 will usually cover the cost of an edition of 500 copies, not counting the binding, which will be about eight cents a copy. — "*Confessions of an American Publisher*," *in the Boston Transcript*.

Censorship by Magazine Editors. — Editors have come in for some little ridicule and no small abuse for exercising the ungrateful duties of censorship. Of this whole matter of the proprieties in the popular magazine, Mr. Alden writes with authority in the "Editor's Study," citing his own experience in reducing Thomas Hardy's novels to the exigencies of publication in *Harper's Magazine*.

"No great novelist," he says, "ever so perplexed our editorial conscience as Thomas Hardy, who, in his generation, stands nearest to Shakespeare, and most intimate to the masters of Greek tragedy. No problem of this difficult nature was presented by his early novels, and with his latest there was no question affecting their issue as books by any reputable publisher, but only one as to the propriety of their serial publication in a magazine freely admitted to every home."

Insisting that Mr. Hardy's "Tess" and "Jude" "worthily belong to English literature," Mr. Alden continues: —

"Yet there were passages in 'Jude, the Obscure,' as published in book form, against the publication of which in the magazine the editor protested, and which Mr. Hardy obligingly, and without taking offense, recast or omitted for serial use, though in doing this he submitted to deterioration of his art. One cannot fairly say, 'So much the worse for the readers of the magazine.' The story came to these readers piecemeal, each part denied the full perspective necessary for artistic judgment; it came to them not by their own choice, and any offense to their sensibility — even if justifiable on artistic grounds — through the too emphatic intrusion, from their own point of view, of a repellent incident or situation could not be condoned."

One cannot but feel that the defense is complete, and that the editor has certain responsibilities beyond that of the publisher. It is only strange, however gratifying, to find a veteran editor virtually admitting that from the point of view of art, publication in serial form is a kind of cruel and unnatural treatment of a great work. The inference is fair that in a perfected literary community there might be magazines and editors, but there would be no serials. — *New York Evening Post*.

Yellow Journalism. — Yellow journalism is successful from a financial standpoint. The profits for the *Herald* last year amounted to

nearly $750,000, or about $2,000 per day; Mr. Pulitzer's net profits for the same time were $500,000, his income having fallen off since the *World* dropped from two cents to one. The *Journal*, it is generally understood, came out even, although Mr. Hearst might have made money had he not continued to invest more in pushing his circulation. This young newspaper magnate seems determined to have his papers bought in every town in the United States, and his ambition to that end knows no limit. Thus far his results are unprecedented. The *Evening Journal* has a circulation in Boston alone of 30,000.

The papers of Greater New York circulate every morning 1,000,000 copies, of which the *World* and *Journal* each supply 300,000, and the *Herald* 150,000. Each of these yellow journals spends about $1,000,000 a year for paper, the quantity consumed being 31,878 tons. To furnish this, a village of 2.000 souls is employed year in and year out, and every day ten acres of spruce trees are swept off to make paper. In the *World* building 1,500 men are employed, at salaries ranging from $4 a week to $15,000 a year. In twelve months $7,000,000 of money passes through the hands of the cashier. — *Allen Sangree, in Ainslee's Magazine.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

William Lincoln Balch, whose story, "In Pursuit of Miss Mooney," in the April *Designer* was awarded the first prize in the *Designer's* short-story competition, has contributed other stories and dramatic sketches to that magazine. *Puck* and *Life* have printed his verses, and in the *Smart Set's* thousand-line-poem competition the satire that he offered won second place. Mr. Balch was born in Boston, in or within twenty miles of which place all his ancestors have lived for eight generations, the earliest from England in 1623 becoming one of the "Four Old Planters," or land-grantees, of what was afterward Salem and is now North Beverly. On the maternal side he is of Mayflower ancestry. All his business life has been connected with the making of newspapers and magazines. His earlier sketches and short stories appeared in the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*, the *Boston Sunday Budget*, *Ballou's Monthly*, *Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner*, and other publications. Then he was engaged for some years in the exacting duties of a news editor on a daily paper. Returning in 1889 from a European tour, during which his letters were printed in the *Boston Herald*, he resumed his work on the night desk of that journal, but for the past three years he has devoted himself to magazine literature, both as editor and writer.

Olive Huck, author of the story, "The Last Hunt of Dorax," in the *Century* for March, lives in a picturesque old home at the foot of Mount Bonnell, near Austin, Texas. She is a member of the American History Club and was until a short time ago its secretary.

William O. Inglis, whose storiette, "The Salvation of Captain Dan McCarthy," was published in *Munsey's* for March, is the sporting editor of the *New York World*. He is a very busy man, and the short stories that he occasionally writes are done in time stolen from outdoor exercise; but in his work as a reporter for the *World* and the *Herald* he has collected a great fund of material useful for fiction, and he cannot resist the temptation now and then to put some of it in shape. Mr. Inglis was born in Brooklyn about thirty-three years ago. He is of Scottish, English, and Huguenot descent. He is an enthusiast in rowing, boxing, and golf.

Ellsworth Kelley, author of the story, "Pardners," in *McClure's* for March, was born in Indiana thirty-nine years ago, and grew up on a farm. He removed to Kansas fourteen years ago, and subsequently traveled in the west for his health, making a camping-out trip of a thousand miles. He was a high school principal for ten years. He is a member of the Kansas Bar, and is now superintendent of public instruction for Woodson County, Kansas. His parentage was Irish and Scotch-Welsh. His literary tastes he inherits from his mother, a woman of unusual intelligence, full of Scotch wit and humor. Mr. Kelley began writing a year ago. The first thing that he had pub-

lished appeared in *Puck* — "The Confession of Colin." A number of bits of verse by him, have since appeared in *Puck*. His first story, "The Little Boy and His Pa," appeared in *McClure's* last June, and brought him more orders than he has time to fill. The *Youth's Companion* gave his story, "The Old Drum Corps," the post of honor in the Washington's Birthday number. Mr. Kelley has a book all most completed. It deals with the humor and pathos of life among the people of a country neighborhood back in the Wabash valley. The story is a homely one, but aims to be a faithful portrayal of life as seen by a country boy — a country boy of imagination.

Cora Amanda Lewis. who has had several poems lately in *Success*, lives in Fairfax county, Virginia. She was born in Amber N. Y., in 1859. After the death of her mother, her father removed to northern Virginia, when she was seven years old. She began writing before she was eleven, but it was not until after she was married — at seventeen — and the mother of two children, that she ventured to offer any of her work for publication. Her first published work was some verse accepted by the *Washington Star*. Afterward she had other verse accepted by the *Washington Post* and the *New York Witness*, and stories of hers were taken by various papers, as well as several negro dialect stories by *Arthur's Home Magazine* — from which she received her first check. Within the past two or three years she has had manuscripts published by the *Chicago Record*, the *Presbyterian*, the *Presbyterian Banner*, the *Methodist Magazine*, and many other journals. As a matter of conscience, she declines to write for the Sunday papers. Last year a booklet of verse by Mrs. Lewis, "The Old Autograph Album," was published in Cincinnati. Her poems in *Success* have been widely copied.

Anna Lea Merritt, author of the article on "Making a Garden" in *Lippincott's* for March has been previously known as an artist, being represented by a picture in the National Gallery of British Art in London, and in the collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in the Memorial Hall of Harvard by a portrait of Lowell, painted in London in 1882. Mrs. Merritt is a native of Philadelphia (she was formerly Anna Lea), and was married to Henry Merritt in London. A memoir of her husband, with his collected writings, was published in 1880, and was well received in England. Until recently Mrs. Merritt's work as a painter has been too engrossing to allow any thought of writing. During the past year an address on "Art as a Profession for Women," delivered in the women's congress at London and afterward published in *Lippincott's*, and, more recently, the article on gardening, are her only contributions to literature. There are articles about to appear in the *Century*, illustrated from her paintings, describing a hamlet in England where she spends her summers. She lives in both England and America, and is usually in Philadelphia in winter. In summer her country home and studio in England are a great delight to her, and her essay on gardening is founded on practical experience.

Lulu W. Mitchell, whose poem, "Toiler, Canst Thou Dream?" was published in the *Century* for March, and who also has a poem, "An Optimist," in the April *Century*, is a native of Wisconsin, but her early life was passed in Chicago, where she graduated from the high and normal schools. At this time she wrote verses and stories for papers and magazines, and continued to write for some time after her marriage. For the past fifteen years, however, she has written little, devoting her time to her children.

"Guy Somerville," author of the storiette, "A Chaperon Pro Tempore," in *Munsey's* for March, is Francis Raymond Stark, a New York lawyer. He graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1896, and received a Ph. D. from the same university in 1897. For a year afterward he was private secretary to a member of the House of Representatives in Washington — a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. For a brief while after that he was in the diplomatic service abroad. Since then he has been practicing law, writing being merely a side issue with him. He has written

a good deal for college publications, and also for *East and West*, *Munsey's*, *Town Topics*, and the *Smart Set*. The *Smart Set* has published five of his stories.

Eleanor G. Walton, who wrote the story, "Lisa," in *Lippincott's* for March, lives in Wilmington, Del., where over the pseudonym "Portia" she edits an important department in *Every Evening*. She is the author of the novel, "She Who Will Not When She May," published by Henry Altemus, of Philadelphia. She is prominent in social life at Wilmington, and is a leading member of the Wilmington Dramatic Club, a society organization devoted to amateur theatricals. Miss Walton has marked dramatic ability, and has refused several flattering offers to appear professionally on the stage.

Merrick Whitcomb, author of the story, "A Palæolithic Wooing," in *Lippincott's* for March, is dean of the academic department and professor of history at the University of Cincinnati. He was born in Nunda, N. Y., in 1859, and graduated at Harvard in the class of 1880. After graduating from college he spent several years abroad. Then he was for five years an instructor in the University of Pennsylvania. His writing has been almost wholly on historical subjects. He is now working on a history of Modern Europe for D. Appleton & Co., and a Source Book of Modern History for D. C. Heath & Co. The story in *Lippincott's* was the outcome of a feeling of protest against the methods of Georg Ebers and others, who persist in reading modern psychology into remote characters. Dr. Whitcomb is ready to agree that the protest is, perhaps, pushed rather far.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Brooks.—"Without a Warrant," by Miss Hildegard Brooks, was written at the author's winter home, "Roseland," in southwest Georgia, and the local color, barring the characters, which are all imaginary, is as faithful to to the surrounding country as the author could make it. It is her first published book.

Kellogg.—Rev. Elijah Kellogg used in his story, "Good Old Times," the real names of the persons who figured in the narrative. Hugh McLellan, the principal character in this story, was his great-grandfather. Mr. Kellogg spent fifteen hours a day on his literary work, and was often three months writing a book. His characters and incidents were mostly from real life.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SOME ILL-USED WORDS. By Alfred Ayres. 242 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1901.

"This book is leveled, specially," says Mr. Ayres in his preface, "at some half-dozen errors that are made by wellnigh every one that uses the English language. Who, for example, does not misuse the auxiliary verbs, and the words 'anticipate,' 'anxious,' 'financial,' and 'hurry'; and who does not over-use the words 'former' and 'latter'? Then who does not use a certain ponderous locution in which a noun is made to do duty as a verb? And then there are not a few that persist in using that repulsive construction in which there are two nominatives and only one verb. Something about these words and phrases, and some little besides, is what herein will be found."

In a prefatory note, Mr. Ayres says also: "Every writer should aim to preserve the individuality of the words he uses: he should not allow any word to trench on the domain of any other word. This he should do in the interest of clearness; in this way only can he avoid ambiguity. The so-called 'new meanings' are the product either of a restricted vocabulary or of a lack of painstaking. Familiarity with the examples here gathered should do something, it would seem, toward mending the ways of the careless."

These two paragraphs give a fair idea of the nature of Mr. Ayres's book, and also show some of his peculiarities. He is a purist of the purists, and he is rather inclined at times to narrow the English language to fit his rules rather than to broaden his rules to fit the language. He believes, for instance, that the relative pronouns should always be used according to an invariable precept. "*That*," he says, "is properly the *restrictive relative* pronoun, and *which* and *who* are properly the *coordinating relative* pronouns. '*That*, when properly used, introduces something without which the antecedent *is not fully defined*, whereas *which* and *who*, when properly used, introduce *a new fact* concerning the antecedent." And he says: "Whenever a clause restricts, limits, defines, qualifies the antecedent — *i. e.*, whenever it is adjectival, explanatory, in its functions — it should be introduced with the relative pronoun *that*, and not with *which*, nor with *who* or *whom*." It would no doubt make the English language more sci-

entific if every one should follow Mr. Ayres's rule, but observation of the work of the best writers, who fix the standard of the language, will show that it is not generally followed. For that matter, it is hard to see why "he who," which Mr. Ayres would bar, is not in itself as good a phrase as "he that." Mr. Ayres declares that the sentence, "I met the watchman who showed me the way," is ambiguous, saying that it might mean either "I met the watchman and he showed me the way," or "I met the watchman who [on some previous occasion had] showed me the way." If the ordinary rules of punctuation are followed, however, and a comma is put after "watchman," there is no practical ambiguity in the sentence. In a word, as in his chapter regarding the use of "that," Mr. Ayres sometimes makes rules for the language as he thinks it should be, rather than as it actually is; and while his rules are generally sensible, they cannot always be absolutely followed.

With this general reservation, "Some Ill-used Words" is heartily recommended to all who wish — Mr. Ayres would say "to all that wish" — to write correctly and to improve their literary style. The opening chapter, giving many examples of the right and wrong use of "would" and "should" and "will" and "shall," will be instructive even to many people who think that they fully understand the proper use of the auxiliaries. The chapter on the noun construction, which argues that it is better to say, for instance, "It tends to eliminate the weak," rather than "It tends to the elimination of the weak," is not perhaps so important, but it is sensible in the main. It is hard to see, however, why it is better to say, "The preparing of tobacco for use is called curing," than "The preparation of tobacco for use is called curing." In the chapter on "The *New York Sun's* Special Abhorrence," Mr. Ayres condemns what he calls "the he-was-given-an-ovation locution," the use of which, according to the *Sun*, "shows dreadful ignorance of the English language." In the chapter on "'Former' and 'Latter,'" Mr. Ayres declares that "nine times in ten, at the least, when *the former* or *the latter* is used, it would be better to repeat the noun." In the chapter on "The Antecedent Construction," he says: "Never choose any antecedent construction, if you can well avoid it. The fewer the antecedents, the more forcible the diction." In other chapters he illustrates the right and wrong use of "anticipate," "anxious," "financial," "hurry," "capable" and "susceptible," "proposition" and "proposal," "previous to," "generally," "appreciate," "diction," "none," "individual," "in respect of," "feels badly," "of the name of," "commence," and "a" or "an," and, in a chapter headed "Miscellaneous," many other words and phrases. He also has chapters discussing errors in tenses and the use of the possessive. Taken as a whole, the book is one to be cordially commended, but not blindly followed. There is not a writer, high or low, who could not get benefit from careful study of it. W. H. H.

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN AUTHORS. By Oscar Fay Adams. Fourth edition revised and enlarged. 522 pages. Cloth, $3.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1901.

The plan of the "Dictionary of American Authors" is to give a brief sketch of every American book-writer, living or dead, of any consequence, with dates of birth and death, place of residence, a list of principal books, and names of publishers in each case. For instance, the paragraph about George Horton reads: —

> **Horton, George.** *N. Y.*, 1859 ——. A Chicago journalist who was for some time American consul at Athens. Songs of the Lowly; In Unknown Seas; Constantine: A Tale of Greece Under King Otho; Aphroessa; A Fair Brigand. *S.*

Similarly, in this new edition, there are given sketches of more than 7,500 authors. The present edition contains 1,500 more names than the first edition, published in 1884, and 1,000 names more than the third edition, published in 1897. The compiler has taken great pains to make the book accurate, and unavoidable errors in previous editions have now been corrected. The book is now a standard work of reference, the best available source of information about the lives and work of the authors of America.

YAWPS AND OTHER THINGS. By William J. Lampton. 192 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1900.

Mr. Lampton's "Yawps" are *sui generis*. When they first began to appear in the *New York Sun*, they were joyously welcomed, both by the *Sun* compositors, for whom the short lines, filled out with plump quads, made voluptuous "fat takes," and by the reading public, which recognized in them something new — half-way between prose and poetry, with the wit and timeliness of scintillating editorial paragraphs. Their general style is represented by the lines on "The Sweet Girl Graduate" — perhaps the best of them all — which begin: —

> "See, there she stands
> In gown of white —
> All white and fluffy,
> Perhaps a little puffy —
> And in her hands
> A roll
> Of manuscript, a scroll," etc.

and which end, after a delightful rhymed burlesque of the average "valedictory": —

> "My word,
> Isn't the sweet girl graduate
> A bird?"

The peculiarity of these novel productions won for them instant popularity, and from the columns of the *Sun* they were widely copied.

Many of them are worth preserving, and this collection of them in book form will be generally welcomed.

THE TYPOGRAPHIC STYLE-BOOK. By W. B. McDermott. 76 pp. Flexible leather, 50 cents. Bellevue, Neb.: University Printing Company. 1900.

This little vest-pocket manual, prepared by a practical printer, is designed to be useful, especially to copy-readers, compositors, and proof-readers, and it fulfils its purpose well. It gives the rules that govern spelling, compounding, punctuating, capitalizing, and abbreviating, showing what is generally regarded as the proper style. These rules are followed by chapters on plain composition, numerals, tabular matter, and making up, giving many practical hints to printers. Every writer should have the knowledge that Mr. McDermott's little book contains.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

THE ENGLISH SENTENCE. By Lillian G. Kimball. 244 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: American Book Company. 1901.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. By Simon Newcomb. 240 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: The American Book Company. 1901.

THE RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY. By Charles Ferguson. 228 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. 1900.

ESCULAPIUS. By John A. Copland. 40 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Harriston, Ont.: Tribune Power Printing House. 1901.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

FASHIONS IN LITERATURE. Charles Dudley Warner. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

LITERARY FORM AND STYLE. Topics of the Time, the *Century* (38 c.) for April.

DANTE'S QUEST OF LIBERTY. Charles A. Dinsmore. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

JOHN MUIR: A KING OF OUTDOORS. Illustrated. Adeline Knapp. *Ainslee's Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

THE LAST LITERARY CAVALIER (Paul Hamilton Hayne). Maurice Thompson. *Critic* (23 c.) for April.

NEW WORK ON SCOTT. Andrew Lang. *Critic* (23 c.) for April.

REAL CONVERSATIONS. I.—With Thomas Hardy. William Archer. *Critic* (23 c.) for April.

THE SEARCH AFTER NOVELTY IN LITERATURE. Albert Schinz. *Forum* (38 c.) for April.

MEMORIES OF CELIA THAXTER. John Albee. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

WOMEN IN BOOKBINDING. Stella G. Florence. *Designer* (13 c.) for April.

A NATIONAL TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR RUSKIN. Illustrated. William White. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for April.

BALZAC'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY. Illustrated. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine.* (18 c.) for April.

THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTUS VICTOR" (Dr. Henry R. Dodge). Illustrated. James Main Dixon. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (18 c.) for April.

IN BEHALF OF THE HISTORICAL NOVEL. Jessie C. Glasier. *Modern Culture* (13 c.) for April.

THE LILY IN ENGLISH POETRY. Anna H. Wikel. *Modern Culture* (13 c.) for April.

THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR AND THE PUBLISHER. "A Publisher's Reader." *World's Work* (28 c.) for April.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CARLYLE AND EMERSON. Johnson Brigham. *Modern Culture* (13 c.) for April.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS PLAGIARIST (Tennyson). Eugene L. Didier. *Literary Era* (13 c.) for April.

CRITICS AND SHAM. William S. Walsh. *Literary Era* (13 c.) for April.

THE PASSING OF THE HISTORICAL ROMANCE. John Gilmer Speed. *Literary Era* (13 c.) for April.

HUXLEY'S LIFE AND WORK. Lord Avebury. *Popular Science Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

A STUDY OF BRITISH GENIUS. Havelock Ellis. *Popular Science Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

THE WEATHER VS. THE NEWSPAPERS. Harvey Maitland Watts. *Popular Science Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

CARMEN SILVA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. — I. *Independent* (13 c.) for March 14.

S. B. CROCKETT. A. E. Copland. *Modern Culture* (13 c.) for March.

SOME OF GEORGE ELIOT'S HEROINES. W. D. Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for March 2.

SOME MORE OF GEORGE ELIOT'S HEROINES. W. D. Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for March 16.

GEORGE ELIOT'S FIRST AND LAST HEROINES. William D. Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for March 30.

MARY A. LATHBURY. With portrait. Margaret Allys. *Christian Endeavor World* for March 7.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, accompanied by his wife, left Philadelphia March 15, for an extended tour to Japan. He expects to return in June to his cottage at Bar Harbor.

Maurice Hewlett has given up his post in the British civil service to devote himself entirely to literature.

William Bayard Hale is now the editor of *Current Literature.*

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson and family recently sailed for southern Europe, where they will spend some months visiting places of interest in Italy, Spain, and France. They will return by way of the British Isles, where they will sojourn several months, reaching home in October.

Henryk Sienkiewicz has gone to the island of Corfu, where he is putting the finishing touches on a new novel.

Paul Leicester Ford is just home from Italy, where he and his bride have been spending two or three agreeable months.

In a recent lecture F. Hopkinson Smith said: "Realism is saying too much, and impressionism is saying too little," He cited as men who had combined the best elements of each method of expression Sir J. E. Millais in art, and Victor Hugo in literature.

The *World Review* (Chicago) is a new high-class weekly covering matters of current interest.

The *News Chronicle* is a new monthly magazine which is intended to furnish a complete daily summary of the news of the world, and an appendix of statistics and general information. It is published in New York by the Epitome Publishing Company.

New Shakespeareana will be published quarterly, beginning in April, by the Shakespeare Society of New York, which now has a fund to devote to it.

The *Stub Pen* is a new monthly magazine issued by the Authors' Club of Minneapolis.

American Medicine is a handsome new independent weekly journal, published in Philadelphia, and "founded, owned, and controlled by the medical profession of America." George M. Gould is the editor.

The *Illustrated South* is a new Southern magazine, published in Louisville and edited by Charles O'Malley.

Social Ideals is a new Christian Socialist monthly, published at Elgin, Ill.

With the April number *Everybody's Magazine* is enlarged by thirty-two pages, making one hundred and twenty-eight pages, without the advertisements.

The *Home Journal* (New York) has changed its name to *Town and Country*, beginning with the issue for March 30. The Stuyvesant Company now owns both *Town and Country* and *Brooklyn Life*.

The *National Geographic Magazine*, which is issued under the auspices of the National Geographic Society of Washington, D. C., will hereafter be published by McClure, Phillips. & Co., New York.

The *Puritan*, published by Frank A. Munsey, has been merged in the *Junior Munsey*.

The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society has bought the *Congregationalist*. Rev. Dr. Dunning will continue to be the editor.

The Grafton Press is a new publishing concern that has just been organized in New York by F. H. Hitchcock, who has been for the past ten years in charge of the manufacturing department of D. Appleton & Co.

Life will pay $200 for the best short story received before August 1, 1901; $100 for the second best, and $50 for the third best. Stories which fail to take any one of the prizes may be purchased by the editor of *Life* at the rate of two cents a word. No story containing more than 2,500 words or less than 1,000 words will be considered. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing Short Story Editor, *Life*, 19 and 21 West Thirty-first street, New York.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* offers ten prizes, amounting to $100, for the best ideas for decorating tables submitted before July 1.

Prizes of $100 and $50 are offered by the Women's Auxiliary to the New York Civil Service Reform Association for the best essays by women on civil service reform sent to Mrs. C. R. Lowell, 120 East Thirtieth street, New York, before January 1.

Prizes for the best love story and the best sayings of children are announced in the April number of *Short Stories* (New York).

Ginn & Co., Boston, have nearly ready "The Working Principles of Rhetoric," by Professor John Franklin Genung, of Amherst College.

The personality of Celia Thaxter is charmingly shown by her friend, John Albee, in his "Memories of Celia Thaxter" in the *New England Magazine* for April.

Isaac M. Gregory, editor of *Judge* since its establishment, died in New York March 5, aged sixty five.

Charlotte M. Yonge died at Winchester, Eng., March 24, aged seventy-seven.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg died at Harpswell, Me., March 17, aged eighty-seven.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, MAY, 1901. No. 5.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PUBLISHING A BOOK. I. — Preparing the Manuscript. *William H. Hills.* 65
EDITORIAL. 68
Why Are There So Few Children's Magazines? 68 — Beginning a Story with Landscape Description, 69 — Some Mistakes of "Literary Editors," 69 — Sir Walter Besant's Scheme of Publishing. 69
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 69
THE TROUBLES OF AUTHORS. *Joel Benton.* 69
MAKING EDITORS PAY. *A. N. Howard.* 72
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 72
Will Levington Comfort, 72 — Constance MacKenzie Durham, 72 — Leonora Beck Ellis, 73 — Edward Page Gaston, 73 — Thomas P. Montfort, 74 — Blanche Elizabeth Wade. 74
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 74
William Black, 74 — Robert Browning, 75 — Helen Hay, 75 — Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, 75 — Max Müller, 76 — Henryk Sienkiewicz, 76 — Robert Louis Stevenson. 77
CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS. 77
Lasting Literary Qualities, 77 — The Touchstone of Literary Success. 78
BOOK REVIEWS. 78
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 79
NEWS AND NOTES. 80

PUBLISHING A BOOK.

I. — PREPARING THE MANUSCRIPT.

To accomplish the publication of a book to the best advantage and with the least trouble and expense to author, printer, and publisher, it is essential that the author should have some of the technical knowledge that printers and publishers possess. The elementary rules for the preparation of manuscripts are generally known. A manuscript should be written clearly, with black ink or with the typewriter, so that it may be legible to compositors and proofreader and printers' errors may thus be avoided. The author must write on only one side of the paper, so that his manuscript may be easily cut up into "takes," and so divided to the best advantage among compositors. He should leave good margins, and some space between the lines of his writing, so that corrections and additions, if necessary, may be made without trouble. He should number the pages of his manuscript consecutively from beginning to end, and he should see that the chapters, books, and parts, if it be so divided, are numbered in due order. Finally, he should revise and correct his manuscript with extreme care, and he should not offer it for publication until it is in all respects as nearly perfect as he can make it. Attention to details of punctuation, paragraphing, the correct and consistent spelling of proper names, etc., will make it easier for the author to secure a publisher, and will decrease the cost of turning the manuscript into a printed book.

Two little books,* — "Publishing a Book," by Charles Welsh, and "Notes for the Guidance of Authors," by William Stone Booth, — designed to give to authors the practical information that they need, have recently been published. They are written along similar lines, and they give many suggestions, designed, as the preface to Mr. Booth's book says, "to effect a saving of time, effort, and expense, to the mutual advantage of author and publisher."

As regards the preparation of book manuscripts, the rules of these two excellent authorities may be summarized, with some additions and modifications, as follows: —

Use fairly heavy white paper of uniform size, — about eight by eleven inches is best, — either for pen-written or typewritten copy.

Typewritten copy is preferred, and should always be written "double-spaced." It is a good idea to make two copies at one writing by "manifolding." If this is done, send the

*PUBLISHING A BOOK. By Charles Welsh. 45 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1899.

NOTES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF AUTHORS. By William Stone Booth. 70 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900.

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

clearer of the two copies to the publisher, retaining the other as insurance against loss.

Leave a margin of an inch at the top of each page, and of a half-inch at the bottom and on either side. The margins at the top and bottom of the page are most important, since they are often needed for convenience in pasting together the sheets of copy in the composing room.

Use only one side of the paper. Never make additions on the back of any page of the manuscript, and interline as little as possible.

If it is necessary to interline a phrase of several words, or a sentence, put a caret under the place where the insertion is to be made, and from the point of the caret draw a line running around the matter to be inserted. to show that it is all to go in together.

In hand-written copy use black ink; let the writing be clear, and the lines at least a quarter of an inch apart, with about the same number of words on each page.

Write notes and other subsidiary additions on sheets of full size, placed next to the sheets of the text to which the notes refer, and numbered consecutively with the text, to which reference should be made by the word "footnote," or by an asterisk. Short notes may be inserted between two lines drawn across the full width of the page, just below the annotated word, with reference made by an asterisk, thus* : —

*NOTE.

Extracts from the works of other authors should be carefully marked, as they are often set up in a smaller type than that of the text.

A box note. Notes that are to be boxed, cut-in notes enclosed in the area of the type, or marginal notes set out in the margin of the page should be indicated in the manuscript, preferably with colored ink or pencil. When matter is added, insert a caret at the point in the text at which the additional matter is to be introduced, and write the word "Insert" and the number of the sheet on which the added matter is written [for instance, Insert 76 or Insert 97-*a*] above the caret.

A cut-in note.

Number the pages of the manuscript consecutively at the top throughout. Do not number the chapters independently. Number inserted pages,—*i. e.*, pages inserted after the manuscript pages have been numbered, — alphabetically [*e. g.*, 45-*a*; 45-*b*; 45-*c*]. Account for pages taken out on the preceding page [*e. g.*, 108-111].

If you wish to omit a letter, word, sentence, or paragraph already written, draw a black line through it. If, afterward, you decide to retain it, place dots under it and write "stet" (Latin for "let it stand") in the margin. If you wish to change a word, mark it out and write the new word above it, putting a caret underneath. If you mark out several words together, draw a line connecting the two words before and after the canceled matter.

If in typewritten matter you wish to separate two words that have been run together [*e. g.*, meantime], draw a perpendicular line half an inch long between them. If you wish to bring together two words with a space between them [*e. g.*, mean while], draw two short curved lines like a horizontal parenthesis above and below the space. Use the same mark to draw together two letters of a word that have been separated by mistake.

Be careful that all proper names, figures, foreign words, and unusual words are clearly written. Capitals I and J are frequently confounded. So are the smaller letters *r*, *n*, *u*, *v*, *w*, and *m*, all of which should be written with extra care. "Even" and "ever," and "when" and "where" are often misread. Some writers distinguish *u* and *n* by always making a short line under *u*. If a letter in a word is not clear, it may be wise for the writer to *print* the same letter just above it. It is often wise to print obscure words, instead of writing them. Do all you can to make your copy plain.

Be particularly careful to use all the quotation marks that are needed, and to use them in the proper way. Study the rules for the use of quotation marks that are given in any good book on Punctuation. Remember that dialogue should always be put in quotation marks, and that in writing conversation a new paragraph should be made whenever the speaker changes.

If words are to be printed in **capitals**, draw three lines under them; if in **small capitals**,

two lines; if in italics, one line; if in full-face type, a wave line. To change a capital letter to lower case, draw a perpendicular line through it. To change a lower-case letter to a capital, draw three lines under it.

To have an abbreviation in copy spelled out, enclose the end of it with a half-circle or make curved lines above and below it, like an elongated horizontal parenthesis.

If in any case two or more sizes or styles of type are to be used, draw a vertical line along the edge of the matter to be printed in the unusual type, or enclose the matter with a line all around it, and write in the margin "heavy, face," or "small type," or "minion," or whatever is required.

Whenever a new paragraph is to be made, indent the first word of the paragraph at least an inch. To make the paragraph plainer still, write the sign ¶.

After a break in a narrative,— say for the insertion of a quoted incomplete sentence in small type, — when the use of the large type is resumed and a new paragraph at the beginning of the large type matter is not required, write "Begin flush" in the margin.

To make a paragraph anywhere in copy, simply make the sign ¶ before the word with which you wish the new paragraph to begin.

To cancel a paragraph in copy, draw a line from the end of one sentence to the beginning of the other, and write "No ¶" in the margin.

To indicate that no paragraph should be made when a sentence ends at the bottom of a sheet, put a caret after the sentence and another caret before the sentence beginning on the sheet following.

Never divide a word between two sheets.

If matter is to be set in what printers call "hanging indention," mark it so.

Enclose in brackets ([ ]) any directions to the compositor written on the margin of the manuscript.

Never use pins in attaching one piece of paper to another. Use good mucilage instead.

In the case of an illustrated book, mark in the manuscript the places where the illustrations are to go. If possible, paste a proof of the picture in the proper place. Suggestions for illustrations or descriptive matter for illustrations should always be written on separate sheets placed next the sheets of the text to which they refer, and numbered in as footnotes or additions are. In the case of technical works, the illustrations should be numbered.

Make your manuscript complete, and arrange it in the order of the ordinary printed book, which is as follows: Title-page, copyright notice, preface, table of contents, list of illustrations, introduction, text, notes, glossary or vocabulary, index. Some books, of course, have only title-page, copyright notice, table of contents, and text.

Do not fasten the sheets of your manuscript together in any way.

NEVER ROLL A MANUSCRIPT OF ANY KIND.

In sending a book manuscript to a publisher enclose it between two pieces of stiff pasteboard or enclose it in a pasteboard box. Tie a soft string around the manuscript before wrapping it. It is better to send book manuscripts by express, since the express company will give receipts for them and is responsible in case of loss. The manifold copy should be kept by the author, as a precaution.

Send with the manuscript a letter to the publisher, giving the name of the manuscript, your address, and all other necessary information.

Enclose money for the return of the manuscript, if rejected, or ask to have it returned to you in such case by express, "collect." If your express address and post-office address are different, be sure to give both.

Always write your address and the approximate number of words in your book at the top of the title page of the manuscript. To get at the number of words, count an average page and multiply the number of words on it by the number of pages in the manuscript. To a publisher, the number of words in a manuscript means the number of words that could be set, without frequent paragraphs, in the same type, in the space that the manuscript will occupy when it is printed. If your manuscript is "open," therefore,— that is, if it has many paragraphs,— some allowance must be made for the blank spaces where the paragraphs do not fill out the lines.

BOSTON, MASS. *William H. Hills.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. MAY, 1901. NO. 5.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

"Children's magazines have almost disappeared, and children are reading books," a New York publisher is reported to have said. The statement is an exaggeration, but considering how many millions of children there are in the United States, the number of abiding juvenile publications of national importance has always been remarkably small. Every now and then some ambitious publisher, studying the census figures, thinks he sees an immense field for profitable enterprise. With 20,000,000 young people in the country, he calculates, a circulation of at least 200,000 copies for a first-class juvenile magazine ought to be easily obtained, particularly since, for some strange reason, there is so little competition from existing publications. So a new young people's weekly or monthly is started, with brilliant prospects, — as *Santa Claus* was started some years ago, — but somehow the prospects soon lose their rainbow glory, and in a year or two at the most the young magazine dies or is "absorbed" by some older publication. The disappearance of *Wide Awake*, the *Nursery*, *Our Young Folks*, *Harper's Young People*, and other good juvenile magazines, that certainly deserved to live, is proof that the mortality among children's magazines is as large as it is among children themselves, according to the death statistics. *St. Nicholas* is a shining example of the abiding juvenile magazine — long may it continue, to brighten and broaden the lives of young Americans! The *Youth's Companion*, no longer a "juvenile," now lays stress on the statement that it is published for the whole family. *Golden Days* persists in popularity and holds its circulation, and the *American Boy* is apparently winning deserved success, while for younger readers *Little Folks* is taking, apparently, a leading place. Besides these, there are many lesser children's magazines and papers, including a number published for Sunday school use by the different denominations, but the fact remains that the number and the circulation of juvenile publications is not at all commensurate with what might be expected, considering the number of children in the country.

***

Why this should be so, it is not easy to explain. One reason may be the difficulty of getting first-class manuscripts of interest to youthful readers. Children's stories, it is notorious, are particularly hard to write. Editors of children's magazines always complain that while they are overwhelmed with manuscripts, they receive very few that are exactly what they want. This, however, cannot be

the only reason why so many good juvenile periodicals have failed. Who can tell what the fundamental difficulty in such enterprises is?

* * *

"Don't begin a story with landscape description," is advice frequently given to young writers, and it is good advice, too. This is the way, however, in which Mary Johnston be gins her new story, "Audrey," in the May *Atlantic Monthly* —:

"The valley lay like a ribbon thrown into the midst of the encompassing hills. The grass which grew there was soft and fine and abur dant; the trees which sprang from its dark, rich mold were tall and great of girth. A bright stream flashed through it, and the sunshine fell warm upon the grass and changed the tassels of the maize into golden plumes. Above the valley, east and north and south, rose the hills, clad in living green, mantled with the purpling grape, wreathed morn and eve with trailing mist. To the westward were the mountains, and they dwelt apart in a blue haze. Only in the morning, if the mist were not there, the sunrise struck upon their long summits, and in the evening they stood out, high and black and fearful, against the splendid sky."

* * *

The *New York Evening World* recently offered $20 in three prizes for the three best original jokes submitted by its readers. As a result it received 16.000 letters, containing more than 80,000 jokes. The paper says: "There were several big basketfuls, and it took the large editorial staff of the *Evening World* several days to read the jokes and pass upon their merits." Besides the prize-winning jokes, there were some others selected as worthy of acceptance at the rate of $1 each, which was promised for all jokes that should be used. Apparently, the *World* is going to be out of the joke market for some time to come.

* * *

In announcing the publication of Ellis Meredith's novel, "The Master-Knot of Human Fate," the literary editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* falls into the error of speaking of the author as "Mr. Meredith," and of the book as "his." "Ellis Meredith" is Mrs. L. M. Stansbury. Her style is strong and forcible, and it is not strange that her work should be mistaken for that of a man.

* * *

The *London Morning Leader* has a reference in its literary column to "Mr. Dean Howells." Shall we hear of Mr. Whitcomb Riley, Mr. Bailey Aldrich, and Mr. R. Stockton next?

* * *

The *Sacramento Record-Union* announced in its "literary column" April 8, 1901, that "Professor Barrett Wendell of the English department at Harvard University has written 'A Literary History of America,' which will be published here and in England in autumn."

* * *

According to a "literary" paragraph published in the *Chicago Times-Herald*, March 5, 1901. "The famous French novelist, Alphonse Daudet, loves warmth above all things, and he cannot work unless the temperature of his room is what most people would regard as uncomfortably high." Alphonse Daudet died December 16, 1897.

* * *

Sir Walter Besant's "Method of the Future" (in publishing) "is simply," he says, "for a writer of position in any branch to take over the publication of his own works with a commission publisher who is nothing else." There is no doubt that from the writer's point of view this method would subordinate the mere publisher in the proper way. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Your other book query refers, we think, to one issued some years ago and now forgotten. — *London Queen.*	Your other book query refers, we think, to a book issued some years ago and now forgotten.
A certain pretty officer's wife. — *Max Eliot, in Boston Herald.*	A certain officer's pretty wife.
Any office equally as good. — *Boston Daily Advertiser.*	Any office equally good.
They were forced into the street, and the gate temporarily repaired and extra men placed on guard. — *Boston Globe.*	They were forced into the street, and the gate was temporarily repaired and extra men were placed on guard.

THE TROUBLES OF AUTHORS.

Authors, one may well say, like musicians and artists, are people with keen nerves — an irritable guild; and, while they have the common troubles of average humanity, they have a few special to themselves. Some of the in-

tranquillities and irritations that occur between labor and capital are not far aside from those which mark the dealings of authors with publishers and editors. Whatever may be the merit of these contentions, the publishers and editors, who are generally the defendant party, usually bear themselves the coolest in the fray, and consequently make a point by their more decorous attitude. They, at least, do not proclaim their fancied wrongs from the housetop and post them for the world's public comment. If these parties appear in print controversially against authors, it is somewhat rarely, and almost invariably in the form of the rejoinder.

The most memorable and certainly the most genial talk over the relation held by an editor to his contributor was that which, now and then, year after year, was to be found in Mr. Curtis's "Easy Chair." How deftly he told us all of the editor's difficulties, and even his helplessness! He would do so much for the young writer if he only could, and his regrets were so great when he could do nothing. How delicately, too, he saves the young author's feelings and tries to reconcile him to the casual rejection of his manuscript! It might not have been casual, but he made it seem so, so that his dismissal was almost as sweet as that of the schoolmistress in Shenstone's poem, of whom he says:

> "So sweetly she made me adieu,
> I thought that she bade me return."

There was sometimes, to be sure, an unconvincing note in what Mr. Curtis said, but never an unsympathetic one. He taught through those who needed the instruction, that a magazine or periodical is not an eleemosynary institution, and must follow purely business rules, even if the editor makes occasional mistakes.

In the case of the inexperienced writer with the editor, the writer has at times various complaints to prefer. He sends what he considers a good article, and he feels, though he does not know, that it has not been read, if it comes back very promptly. Or, if it has been read, he fancies that the editor has merely skimmed it over. It is the truth that both these things happen and are justifiable. If the topic is alien to the purpose of the periodical or magazine, the editor will not need to read it, though it be written with unequaled vigor and captivating grace. The title dismisses it, and a perusal of it would not change the adverse decision.

It is fortunate for the editor that skimming and tasting will sometimes serve to inform him of the availability to him of certain articles. But skimmed articles are not always returned, though "skim-milk" ones must be. The editor may accept an article not wholly read, or he may accept one not read at all if he knows the writer and his work sufficiently well. A paragraph or reference that might happen to prove unexpectedly objectionable the author can be asked to modify when it appears in the proof, or the blue pencil can amend, or the editor can, in an extreme case, almost too remote to consider (if the article is wholly unsuitable), pocket his loss and omit it. If an article written upon a purely transient topic has been held too long, so that its timeliness and interest have vanished, it must of course be put in limbo. And, when it has been paid for, there is no wrong of much magnitude done to the writer.

I have one article in the pigeonholes of a prominent magazine that was purchased four years ago, when a certain topic was a burning one. Now that particular topic is out of the public mind. As it was paid for, I have no financial grievance over its anachronistic condition and staleness. Whether the editor prints it or does not, we shall both have to suffer somewhat. Not to publish it will be to him a loss; and as it was the fruit of some study on my part, and had a missionary purpose, its suppression will not quite fulfill what may be called the equitable terms of the contract. If it is used ultimately, the loss of its freshness and timeliness, and what originality there was in it, will be injurious to both of us.

To return to the direct question: The young writer ought to know that there are reasons why his best article may come back to him. And these reasons are both general and special. The general ones of an editor's over supply on the topic, the too great length of the article, the fact that a rival periodical has lately made the subject a conspicuous feature, etc., must always be considered. There are many special ones, too. Some of these may not seem wise to the writer,

but he must remember that it is the editor, or some one whom the editor represents, who owns the periodical, and he may even establish an absurd rule, if he chooses. One prominent paper would have returned an article by Gladstone if he had chosen to discuss Walt Whitman, and another refuses any article that involves a mention of spirituous or vinous liquors. Magazines of essays and discussion of course refuse poetry.

The holding of a manuscript a long time before the editor decides upon it is a trouble that the author sometimes keenly feels. The editor's excuse is that it must take its turn with a large number that arrived before it came to hand. This rule is suspended at times where an article on Christmas or Easter, or some topic that is transient, demands dispatch. Occasionally the editor is forgetful, and returns the article when it is too late for use. In fact, while there are editors who sometimes trip, as well as authors who expect too much, the most of the former craft try to be reasonably speedy in order to clear their docket — and they do not mean to be so careless as to clear it by turning willingly away the unknown genius or the very best productions.

The editor who takes your article to examine, after you ask him (for his own sake as well as yours) if the topic bars it out, and then keeps it six weeks merely to say that it does — which he could have said at the outset — wrongs a contributor. But I have known this to be done. Returning after the same delay an article that has been accepted in the first instance out of hand and without qualification, — as if such an acceptance were no contract, — is not a defensible action. But there are authors who have had part in this experience. However, the two instances above come very rarely to writers. In the main, the editorial profession is one noted for considerable courtesy, even to writers whose pretentions are not great, and whose productions, while they may be often serviceable, are not of a distinctively high quality.

In reference to the time of payment, all know that a few magazines and periodicals adopt the rule to pay for articles on acceptance. A majority pay directly after printing an article. The advance method is of course welcome to the writer, and it is apt to prevent an editor from buying as flushly as he would when the financial obligation is within his own power to postpone almost indefinitely. The contributor who is compelled to wait has the annoying experience of not knowing when his "ships are to come in." I once sold an article (but this instance is an extreme one) to three editors successively, withdrawing it on permission from the first two, and it was held without pay an intolerable time by each purchaser of it; I only saw it in print, and paid for, eleven years after it was first offered. Accepted pieces that are held by editors for months and years are numerous enough. This is not pleasant for the writers, even when they are prepaid, but when pay only comes after publication, the inconvenience suffered from the rule is frequently a trying matter. But writers are a vast multitude, and purchasing editors an overwhelmed few.

The author who makes a book and sells the manuscript outright is fortunate if he has got a fair price. He is not to be particularly condoled with if the publisher appears to make an excellent bargain, because no business transaction in which the parties do not play outright for a hazard is more hazardous than book publishing. Cases happen where an eminent author receives a lump sum in lieu of royalty that is much more than a royalty would produce. With a new or little-known author this would rarely happen: for a publisher, though he might think the manuscript evidently a bright and winning one, would not dare venture heavily on an untried name. One of the most noted publishers told me the other day that he advised every author to publish on a royalty. He spoke of a manuscript he had accepted from a lady who offered it for a sum which he would have been willing to pay outright, but which he advised her not to take. She followed his advice, and her royalty has now amounted to more each year than the price she would gladly have taken for full compensation. It was not of this kind of publisher that Byron wrote: "Now Barabbas was a book publisher."

That publishers do not keep honest accounts has sometimes been alleged, but I don't

remember a case where it has ever been proved. I know of one publisher who cheated an author by failing to pay for work specifically engaged, but his was a case of exceptional bankruptcy, and he was evidently a rascal before he became a publisher. *Joel Benton.*

New York Times Saturday Review.

MAKING EDITORS PAY.

The following incident may serve as a hint to writers how to deal with an occasional exceptional editor, who may not be dishonest, but is merely careless, or who may regard all writers for the press as "tenderfeet" in business matters.

During fifteen years of experience with editors, far and near, representing journals numerous and various, I have seldom had cause to complain of the treatment accorded me. When I am badly treated, that is, when my work is accepted, published, and then not paid for, I generally conclude that the periodical is a "fake," and is to be pitied more than blamed.

There is no question about it, when a paper submitted to an editor, "for publication, with payment, if accepted, at the usual rates," is published, the magazine or paper accepting and publishing it is liable, both in law and in equity, to the author for a reasonable amount of compensation. If this principle were fully understood by writers, and if they acted upon it more generally, they would receive much better treatment from editors than they sometimes get.

About two years ago, I submitted a story to a magazine and received a notice from the editor that it had been accepted, and would be paid for, upon publication, at the rate of three dollars a page. It was published the following October, let us say. November came and no check was received; likewise December. It was time then to send a dun, and to begin investigations as to whether or no the magazine was a "fake." So I dunned in January and February, but without result. In March I figured out precisely what was due me at the rate of three dollars a page, wrote a draft for that amount, attached my bill, and placed all the papers in the bank with which I have an account. In due time I was notified that the draft had been paid and the amount was placed to my credit in the bank.

Subsequent communications with the editor show that he respects me as one who knows something about a writer's dues and the business methods by which they are to be obtained. He might not accept another manuscript from me, if one were offered,— but that is something that I may never be inclined to test.

PORT GIBSON, MISS. *A. N. Howard.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Will Levington Comfort, whose story, "Beckles, War Scribe," appeared in *Ainslee's Magazine* for April, was a cub-reporter on a Cincinnati paper when the Spanish War broke out. Not being able to get a commission to "go to war" as a correspondent, he enlisted in the regular army,—troop K, Fifth United States Cavalry,—and was sent to Cuba and Porto Rico. He served eight months, and learned the cavalryman, as he says, "from the toes up." His letters to newspapers, written from the ranks, attracted attention. "A newspaper saw something it liked in my work," Mr. Comfort says, "and procured my discharge. When the discharge came, it was very welcome. I had been waiting for it six weeks—in a guardhouse, an old Spanish prison way up in the mountains of Porto Rico —because I told a sergeant exactly how his nature appealed to me." Released from the guardhouse and from the army, Mr. Comfort was sent as a correspondent to the Philippines, but in the meantime he had written a volume of cavalry sketches, which were published while he was in Luzon. He was twenty-one then. In the year following his return from the Philippines he has been writing syndicate matter for Sunday newspapers with good success. The Trooper Dulin Series particularly has been popular. In odd moments he has written for the *Youth's Companion*, *McClure's*, and *Ainslee's*. Now, besides his syndicate work, he is writing a novel. Trooper Dulin will appear in book form shortly.

Constance Mackenzie Durham, who wrote "Polly's Rainy-day Story" in the April *St.*

Nicholas, is a Philadelphian who has restricted her writings to subjects bearing upon the kindergarten and upon educational work generally. She took charge of the first three kindergartens in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Sub-Primary Society of that city, in 1883; and it was under her direction, both under the society and, subsequently, under the public board of education, that the system grew to 135 kindergartens in 1897, when she resigned and went to the West Indies to live. Her published papers are: "The Education of Children in its Bearing on the Community," "Report on Summer Playgrounds," and "The History of Philadelphia Kindergartens," printed by the Civic Club of Philadelphia. "Playgrounds in Cities" was written for the first Congress of Mothers, held in Washington in 1897. The "Relationship of Kindergartens to Social Problems" was written for the Woman's Club of Washington, and "The Kindergarten as a Missionary Power" was one of a series of lectures arranged in the same city by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. Mrs. Durham also printed in the *Kindergarten Magazine* a series of papers, running through a year and a half, and she also prepared a three-year course of lectures for the kindergartners of Philadelphia, interpreting Froebel's "Mother Play Songs and Games." These and other papers prepared for the Free Kindergarten Association of Providence, R. I., and the Connecticut Valley Kindergarten Association have not been printed. Mrs. Durham has returned to Philadelphia, and she will resume her writing along this special line.

Leonora Beck Ellis, whose name has become familiar to readers of the leading magazines, is Mrs. Richard Abbey Ellis. She is a Georgian by birth, and has made her home in Atlanta ever since her marriage in New York City five years ago. The March, April, and May magazines contain much from the pen of Mrs. Ellis, the most notable of her articles in them being "American Tea Gardens, Actual and Possible," an illustrated paper in the March *Review of Reviews;* "Our Educational Responsibility in Cuba," in *Gunton's Magazine* for March; "Three Dynasties on Tiger-Tail," in the March *Outing;* and "Matanzas, the City of Cuban Homes," a handsomely illustrated article in the May issue of *Modern Culture*. Mrs. Ellis began her literary work in a professional way only a few years back, her earliest articles appearing in *Munsey's*, *Leslie's*, the *Bachelor of Arts*, and the *New England Magazine*, in 1896 and 1897. Since then she has contributed stories, essays, travel sketches, and occasional verse to many different periodicals, but her chief writing has been upon economic and sociological themes, and her thoughtful papers upon such subjects have appeared from time to time in the *Forum*, the *Arena*, the *Independent*, the *Review of Reviews*, and kindred journals. Especially has she devoted herself to the varying phases of the great industrial revolution in the South, and her papers treating of social, educational, and material conditions in the new manufacturing population of that section are accepted as high authority.

Edward Page Gaston, author of the paper, "England's New Queen and Her Hobbies," in the *Woman's Home Companion* for April, is the manager of the London office of the Funk & Wagnalls Company. He has won reputation as a journalist, traveler, lecturer, and magazine writer. His newspaper experience began on the *Peoria* (Ill.) *Journal*. Afterward he was connected with the *Rocky Mountain News* of Denver, the daily *Two Republics* of the City of Mexico, and other papers. One of his newspaper feats was sending to the *San Francisco Examiner* the first account of a shipwreck off the coast of Mexico, in which 200 lives were lost. He was in Cuba at the beginning of the war with Spain, and on the northwest Pacific coast when the first treasure ship arrived from the Klondike. He founded the Pan-American Press Association in the City of Mexico. Mr. Gaston's work as a traveler and explorer began with the expedition sent out at the expense of Mrs. Mary Hemenway, of Boston, to study the buried cities and cliff-dwellings in Arizona and New Mexico. He was for a time in the United States diplomatic service, and has held other responsible posts in various countries. He has contributed articles to the *Youth's Companion*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and other American and

foreign magazines, besides writing much for the syndicates and leading newspapers.

Thomas P. Montfort, whose sketch, "A Possum Ridge Courtship," appeared in the April number of *Ainslee's Magazine*, is a Western writer. Although a native of Kentucky, he has lived in Missouri since his fifth year, his present home being in Kansas City. In his boyhood days he lived on a farm, growing up among the more humble class of country folk, such as are portrayed in his Possum Ridge sketches, which have appeared during the last few years in publications like *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Bazar*, the *New York Tribune*, and the *Chicago Tribune*. He has been engaged in newspaper work for a number of years, and has found time to contribute to more than forty publications, including *Harper's*, *McClure's*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Leslie's Weekly*, *Short Stories*, and various weekly and Sunday papers, besides several of the syndicates. His work has been chiefly in the line of short stories and sketches, although he has had eight serial stories accepted and published, the last of which, "A Humble Hero," a story of Missouri life, has just been issued by the American Press Association of New York. Mr. Montfort's work deals almost entirely with people and conditions he has known, and perhaps that accounts in a large measure for the fact that almost everything that he has ever written has found a comparatively ready market.

Blanche Elizabeth Wade, who wrote the "Nonsense Rhymes" in the "In Lighter Vein" department of the April *Century*, lives in Buffalo, which city is also her birthplace. She is a daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Flint Wade, late associate editor of *Harper's Round Table*. Miss Wade has been writing more or less for the past five or six years, but it is only within the past two years that she has written regularly. She writes both prose and verse. Her stories have appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, *Young People*, the *Ledger Monthly*, the *Brown Book of Boston*, the *Philadelphia Times*, the *Household*, the *New York Press*, the *Churchman*, etc. Her verses have been published in *Munsey's Magazine*, *Vogue*, *Up-to-Date*, the *New York World*, the *New York Sun*, *Our Young People*, *Our Boys and Girls*, the *Philadelphia Times*, the *Churchman*, and other publications. She has a story in the May number of the *Ledger Monthly*, and one in the current number of *Vogue*, and is to have one in June *Short Stories*. She has others accepted to appear in the *Youth's Companion*, the *Household*, *Donahoe's Magazine*, and *Young People*. Verses are booked for early numbers of the *Smart Set*, the *Churchman*, and the *Philadelphia Times*. Miss Wade edited *Our Record* — the official paper of the Buffalo Home for the Friendless, a home for old ladies — for several years, and closed her work with the April issue that she might devote herself exclusively to her writing. She has spent many of her summers in a picturesque village in Central New York. This village was settled with pioneers from Connecticut, and its inhabitants retain many of the old-time ways of their forefathers, and especially their vernacular. These interesting people have served as character studies for her stories of country life. She has a series of nonsense verses about birds, beasts, fishes, plants, trees, etc., which have appeared in different periodicals and which are to be published in book form at an early date. Miss Wade comes from New England folk, coming in direct descent from the celebrated Captain James Avery of colonial times, whose monument was unveiled at Groton, Conn., in July, 1900, and from Thomas Flint, who was one of the first settlers of the town of Salem and owned the land where Salem now stands, and who is mentioned in the records as "an ancient and honorable gentleman."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Black. — It is said of the late William Black that his literary method was a slow and painful one. He thought about a proposed book for months before he put pen to paper. He conjured up the chief incidents and characters and lived with his personages, so to speak. When he came to the writing, he was obliged to have perfect quiet. He could bear no noise at all. Those who complain of his endless de-

scriptions of scenery will be interested in knowing that he made careful and elaborate notes of that scenery, of localities and especially of atmospheric effects.

"If one does not correctly and completely frame a character or an incident with all the circumstances of the time," he said, "one gets only a blurred page. For example, one may say, 'It was a beautiful day.' But what kind of a beautiful day? It must be described so that the picture shall be beautiful and finished. Every human being in real life has a background, and must have in a novel if the story is to appear real to the reader."—*Hartford Telegram.*

Browning.—It may interest collectors of "Pauline" to know that my father destroyed as many copies of the first edition as he could, which partly accounts for their rarity. Miss Browning tells me that she herself, at his request, helped him to cut up and destroy the unsold copies which he recovered from the publishers, and they were many, as few copies had been sold. He kept one copy, which I have. This happened while they were living at Hatcham, and my aunt thinks the reason for their destruction was my father's desire to suppress a work which he considered "immature."—*R. Barrett Browning, in Literature.*

Hay.—Miss Helen Hay says of her writing: "I should never have had the courage to publish my verses if it had not been for the encouragement given me by Rudyard Kipling. When I was about fifteen he came to live near us, and one day I mustered up courage to show him something I had written."—*New York Journal.*

Ingraham.—"I met Colonel Prentiss Ingraham last Thursday," said the man who noses around for interesting things and people, "and he told me that the day before he had done the best day's work at writing that he had done in five years. Colonel Ingraham, if you do not know it, I may say, is one of the most widely known of the writers of 'Dime Novels,' and he comes by his faculty by inheritance, his father, the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, of Mississippi, born in Maine, having written over a hundred novels, and being the author of one of the best known of American books, 'The Prince of the House of David.' The Colonel told me that he had worked from 10 o'clock to 1 the day before, from 3 to half past 5, and from 9 to 11 in the evening, and had turned out 11,000 words. That is to say, he had written nearly 1,500 words an hour for seven and a half hours, and with his pen, too, a record that it would be pretty difficult for most typewriters to keep up with. A little inquiry developed an astonishing record of literary work, which if not of the magazine standard, is literary just the same, and is enjoyed by a good many more people than the combined readers of the magazines represent. He began his work in 1873, and since that time he has written 707 novels, averaging 65,000 words each. In one year he wrote fifty-two novels running from 30,000 to 75,000 words, and on many occasions he has completed a seventy-five thousand word novel a week for several weeks consecutively. At times he has hustled, so to speak, on hurry orders, and once he wrote 75,000 words in four days and nights, writing during that time, two entire days and nights, without other cessation than time for meals and an hour each day for exercise. On another hurry order he wrote a thirty-five-thousand-word story from 8 o'clock one morning until 8 the next. He uses a stylographic pen, and the same one has been used in writing 300 novels.

"At one time he was writing five different serials, one a love story, one a story of the sea, a detective story, and two border tales. These ran about 70,000 words each, and were completed in six weeks. During this work a hurry call was made, and the author employed two typewriters for two stories, giving them a start of five chapters, and he took turn about with them, keeping them both busy for ten days. The Colonel has never been able to acquire the faculty of dictation, so is compelled to do his own writing, but he does not seem to tire, and has never been troubled with writer's cramp, although his pen fingers are often cold and numb in the morning. When he was at his busiest the muscles on the back of his hand from the middle finger were knotted up like those on the arm of an athlete. His longest story was 'Montezuma,' containing 140,000

words, which he wrote in ten days. This novel appeared in sixty-one editions of 5,000 each, a circulation somewhat exceeding that of 'David Harum' and a few more of the present day world-beaters.

"The Lord only knows how Colonel Ingraham ever kept up with the procession, but he did, and found time on the side to write seven plays, a number of books on historical subjects, and innumerable short stories and sketches, with three or four irregular serials. Incidentally, and as a refreshment, the Colonel throws off an occasional poem, and once he was the poet of a great soldier celebration at Gettysburg, although he fought on the side which did not win that battle. The Colonel says his stories are entirely 'hand made,' as he does not know what he is to write about till he gets hold of his pen, and he never knows in advance how his story is to end, or what incidents are to lead up to a conclusion. He cannot write, however, unless he has a title to inspire and guide him. Given a title, he can go ahead without stopping to think. He never uses stimulants of any kind except on rare occasions, when he may be unequal to the physical strain, and he cannot smoke when he writes.

"During the past five years Colonel Ingraham has averaged only about four stories a year in addition to his work in other directions, but recently he has taken to novels again, and it was accomplishing this stunt of 11,000 words in a day that started him talking to me, and was making him feel good because he had thought that possibly he might have lost his grip. He is now about fifty-eight years of age, slight and wiry, and modest, and looks upon the tremendous amount of work he has done as something he could not have avoided if he had wanted to. The late Charles Dudley Warner once told me that he had averaged 6,000 words of writing a day for years, and I thought that was a pretty good record until I looked over the long list of printed books that Colonel Ingraham has written.

"As some preparation for the Colonel's work as a writer of popular fiction, I might explain that as a boy he was a sailor in the Gulf of Mexico and South American waters; when the Civil War began he went into the Confederate army and remained to the close, going afterward into the Mexican army against the French; from there he went to Austria, and fought in the great battle of Sadowa on General Hoffman's staff; then as a Pasha he fought in the island of Crete against the Turks; escaping, he reached Jerusalem, and went overland alone down the Euphrates river, and across into India, and up into China and the South Pacific Islands; thence back to his native land, where he took part in the Ten Years' Cuban war as a filibuster, one time being captured and sentenced to death by the Spaniards; next to Egypt, where, in the Khedive's army, he fought in Abyssinia. After that he came home and took a rest by writing novels. As some souvenirs of his travels and adventures, the Colonel carries a sabre slash on his hand, a shell wound among his ribs, and an Indian arrow cut in his head received in American fights, a Turkish bayonet wound in his leg, and a bullet hole in his foot received in Mexico. In other respects he is doing quite well, and he is now doing a novel a week, besides other things that publishers insist upon his writing."
—*W. J. Lampton, in the New York Sun.*

Muller. — In the preface to the fragmentary "Autobiography" of Max Müller his son says: "My father was always most critical of his own style, and would often, when correcting his proof sheets, alter a whole page, because a word or a phrase displeased him, or because some new idea, some happier mode of expression occurred to him; but in the case of his Autobiography, the only revision that he was able to give was on his deathbed, while I read the manuscript aloud to him."

Sienkiewicz. — Sienkiewicz began to write, and has written ever since, purely from a love of the art. Indeed, in Poland, authorship, unless combined with journalism, is a luxury which none but the rich can afford. Authors there are the hacks of the booksellers. The conditions of Grub street prevail, and the payment for a sheet of sixteen pages falls below what even a moderately popular author in England receives for his thousand words. Fortunately for modern literature, Sienkiewicz is a man of fortune.

"I work with great regularity," he said to

me, "and am at my writing table every day from 9 a. m. till 2 p. m. After that hour I do not write any more, but spend much time in reading. When I was preparing for 'Quo Vadis' I read a quantity of books of all kinds and in various languages. My daily output is most irregular. Zola, I understand, produces a fixed daily quantum. I often on one day write more pages than I write lines on another day."

A curious particularity about Sienkiewicz's method of work is that he invariably uses red ink. His red ink is as much his fetich as the golden drying sand is Zola's, or the little Nuremburg figurines are Ibsen's.

The idea of "Quo Vadis" came to him when he was on a hunting trip in Africa. "As I lay in my tent one night," said he, "and listened to the roaring of the lions, the scenes in the amphitheatre in 'Quo Vadis' rose up before my eyes. This," he added, "confirmed me in a resolution I had made many years previously — to write a book about Rome. I have always loved Rome. I have visited Rome nine times. I know it very well. It was as quite a little boy that the ambition first took me to write a book about Rome. I was reading Tacitus at the time with great enjoyment. He has always interested me — particularly his Annals. There is so much of the gentleman, of the aristocrat, about Tacitus. I began 'Quo Vadis' in Warsaw, at my house, at 27 Wspolna. The actual writing of it took me one year. But I had made great preparations, and had filled many notebooks from the pile of books I had read. Tacitus was my great source of inspiration. He gave me my Nero. Suetonius's gossip was useful. Details were gleaned here and there. Thus it was in Sallust that I found the description of the eye-glass made of an emerald. I read up the 'Early Days of Christianity,' by Dean Farrar, whom I consider a man of great science. I studied Baumeister and Mommsen, and I found Renan's 'Anti-Christ' most useful."

Referring to Daudet's practice of correcting his manuscripts over and over again, Sienkiewicz said: "That is hardly my practice. I correct enormously in my head, but little on the text. I am a great walker. I correct as I walk."

He has no sympathy with the didactic novel. "The novel," he said, "should above all things be a work of art." — *London News.*

Stevenson. — The difficulties under which Robert Louis Stevenson labored in the later years of his life are well set forth in a letter written by him from Samoa in 1893 to George Meredith, in which he says: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on — ill or well is a trifle: so it goes. I was made for a contest, and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Lasting Literary Qualities. — What are the qualities common to all the masterpieces of literature, or, let us say, to those that have endured in spite of imperfections and local provincialisms?

First of all, I should name simplicity, which includes lucidity of expression, the clear thought in fitting, luminous words. And this is true when the thought is profound and the subject is as complex as life itself. This quality is strikingly exhibited for us in Jowett's translation of Plato, — which is as modern in feeling and phrase as anything done in Boston, — in the naïf and direct Herodotus, and, above all, in the King James vernacular translation of the Bible, which is the great text-book of all modern literature.

The second quality is knowledge of human nature. We can put up with the improbable

in invention, because the improbable is always happening in life, but we cannot tolerate the so-called psychological juggling with the human mind, the perversion of the laws of the mind, the forcing of character to fit the eccentricities of plot. Whatever excursions the writer makes in fancy, we require fundamental consistency with human nature. And this is the reason why psychological studies of the abnormal or biographies of criminal lunatics are only interesting to pathologists and never become classics in literature.

A third quality common to all masterpieces is what we call charm, a matter more or less of style, and which may be defined as the agreeable personality of the writer. This is indispensable. It is this personality which gives the final value to every work of art as well as of literature. It is not enough to copy nature or to copy, even accurately, the incidents of life. Only by digestion and transmutation through personality does any work attain the dignity of art. The great works of architecture, even, which are somewhat determined by mathematical rule, owe their charm to the personal genius of their creators. For this reason, our imitations of Greek architecture are commonly failures To speak technically, the masterpiece of literature is characterized by the same knowledge of proportion and perspective as the masterpiece in art.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in the April Century.*

The Touchstone of Literary Success.—That is the word to end upon, sincerity, sincerity, and again and again, sincerity. If the unpublished is sincere, if he takes his profession seriously, if honestly he tries to present life as he sees it (not as the public have pretended to like to see it) then he is the "New Man" for whom a hundred clashing presses are waiting, for whom every house is searching. He may not be accepted at once, but his work is watched, he himself is kept in view and in mind. Encouragement, even to the advancing of royalty upon work yet to be written, is awaiting him: and not only will his manuscripts be read as earnestly and seriously as he has written them, but in the end his work will be *published, and with* all the energy and resource *of which the house is capable* pushed to the extremest limits of its circulation.—*A Publisher's Reader in the World's Work for April.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE MASTER KNOT OF HUMAN FATE. By Ellis Meredith. 309 pp. Cloth. $1.25. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1901.

In "The Master Knot of Human Fate" the author takes enormous liberties with physical geography in working out the pertinent philosophical and ethical problems of the hour. This is so entertainingly done, however, that the reader assents placidly to the destruction of a continent to simplify the conditions for the perfect development of the two selected to disentangle the "Master Knot." Suddenly isolated, and likely to remain so, the man and the woman are the sole characters portrayed. Their conversations throughout the book are delightful, always spirited, and largely argumentative, and it is by this pleasant means that the problems of the plot are solved. There is a welcome absence of emotional analysis, and instead we have some pretty pictures of life as it might be if it were freed from all conventionalities. The two characters are so human that the reader becomes jealously watchful of both, lest one fail in the truest conception of the part that the fate has allotted. With them he builds the home, and plants and tends the products, and he yearns over the high courage with which each fights down the bitterness of despair, lest the other lose heart. All the while, quite naturally, the ethical query is put to the reader and to the actors in the drama, the question of their hearts, their affinity, and what this isolation will do for them, for the real soul and purpose of life and loyalty to self and to each other. As a sermon upon marriage, the book could not easily be surpassed. The story is one that makes the reader feel, somehow, personally responsible for the two; and when, at the end, the man and the woman mount the sea-girt rock to decide how this "Master Knot" shall be undone, the book has but half fulfilled its purpose if the reader cannot unhesitatingly decide for them the question which the author leaves undecided, since she closes without saying which hand was extended, in token of their wish to leap off into the water or to return and resume life under the grave responsibilities that they would then assume. C. M. H.

KING'S END. By Alice Brown. 246 pp. Cloth. $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1901.

"King's End" (originally published in *Lippincott's Magazine* under the title, "April Showers") is a sweetly quaint story of New Hampshire village life, minus the uninteresting and hackneyed details with which such tales are frequently encumbered. The theme is the triumph of love over the heart of a girl, who

makes it her final choice after struggling in the thralls of a fancied "call" to preach the gospel in evangelistic style. There is a touching heroism in the homely simplicity of the lives of the itinerant Elder and his sister. She, after a girlhood of blasted hopes, has grown old in a life of toil and mistaken duty; while he, ever looking inward in his sweet, strong piety, and his great outreaching to do good for many, overlooks entirely the piteous, dumb eloquence of uncomplaining suffering which has trudged at his side for fifty years. The phases of the restoration of a social castaway are pathetic. Contrasted with this pathos is the serio-comic wooing of a man going courting with a baby in its home-made cart. More purely humorous elements are furnished in the sudden uprising of the bed-ridden grandmother, who, in a spasm of excitement and rage, goes unattended up the mountain path; and in the device of the mother of the fortunate lover, who hides her ear-trumpet for days, in order that she may do all the talking without argument from others. "King's End" is not without a wholesome moral in pointing out that true duty is oftenest our duty to ourselves in being happy, and thus making happy those within the radius of our homes. C. M. H.

TANGLED FLAGS. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. 282 pp. Cloth. New York: The Home Publishing Company.

Recent international events centred in the Flowery Kingdom have aroused all to anticipate with pleasure any tale of fact or fiction which bears upon its interior mysteries or its social life. Mr. Gunter's "Tangled Flags" has to do largely with Chinese conditions, social and military, about the time of the recent siege of Pekin. It is a love story of intricate adventure, with characters including West Point officers from Manila, a Japanese captain,— the real hero of the tale,— an American multi-millionare, and his transcendently lovely niece and daughter. These, with high Chinese officials and unscrupulous underlings, furnish material sufficient to offset an intriguing pair of adventurers, brother and sister, and to weave meshes, and dig pitfalls, and perform wonderful acts of daring and endurance. In spite of the somewhat exaggerated situations, the story is well told, and it maintains the interest of the reader to the end. C. M. H.

MONTAYNE; OR, THE SLAVERS OF OLD NEW YORK. By W. O. Stoddard. 435 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1900.

In the production of "Montayne; or, The Slavers of Old New York," Mr. Stoddard has done more than write a fascinating novel of adventure. The complex conditions of the new republic in 1783 furnish material of romantic interest, with Washington at Newburg and the British holding New York. The color which the military and the navy lend to fiction, as to real life, is effectively introduced, and in contrast with other nautical romances, a new view of privateering along the coast is given, in that the truth is fearlessly told and the practice is shown in its true light, as but a phase of piracy and a quest of "prizes" rather than coast defense. The obnoxious slave trade is shown to have formed the basis of many American fortunes, and "slaving" is pictured in its revolting horrors, from the mouth of the Congo to our own shores. This is a feature new in American romance, and the theme is handled with artistic finish and strong dramatic power. The story is delightfully told in an alert succession of important events, as quick and definite in action as the swing of a soldier's gait, and thus in keeping with the military spirit of the time. Aside from the historic value of the book, its story is unusually fascinating. The characters possess vigorous individuality, and the social conditions of New York at the time of the evacuation by the British troops are faithfully portrayed. C. M. H.

THE JOYS OF SPORT. By W. Y. Stevenson. 226 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1900.

As an actor best appreciates a theatrical joke, so, perhaps, sportsmen will derive the keenest enjoyment from "The Joys of Sport," a unique little production in which all popular modern physical recreations are held up in spirited burlesque. Nothing in which sportsmen now delight is spared a laugh-provoking satire, all the more humorous because it is so largely built upon hapless facts. There is no malice in the little skits, which show an excellent appreciation of each game or sport, the possible absurdities of which are so vivaciously arrayed. The illustrations by G. R. Brill are an attractive addition, and not the least quaint feature of the book is the "Warning" with which the author introduces it. C. M. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

AMERICAN PROSE STYLE. J. D. Logan. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH. Albert S. Cook. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

THE DISTINCTION OF OUR POETRY. Josephine Dodge Daskam. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

MORTIMER COLLINS. Charles Welsh. *Literary Era* (13 c.) for May.

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE. Eden Phillpotts. *Literary Era* (13 c.) for May.

THE POETRY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. T. Herbert Warren. Reprinted from *Literature* in *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

MADAME DE STAEL. S. G. Tallentyre. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

FICTION AND POLITICS. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE. Eden Philpotts. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

AN HEROIC MAN OF LETTERS (Francis Parkman). Joseph B. Gilder. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

REAL CONVERSATIONS. II. — With Mrs. Craigie. William Archer. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

THE RISE OF METROPOLITAN JOURNALISM. Charles H. Levermore. Reprinted from *American Historical Review* in *Current Literature* (28 c) for May.

CERTAIN ERRORS OF SPEECH. Agnes Grove. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for May.

THE LATEST STAGE OF LIBRARY DEVELOPMENT. Ernest I. Antrim. *Forum* (38 c.) for May.

ART AS THE HANDMAID OF LITERATURE. Professor William H. Hobbs. *Forum* (38 c.) for May.

FAMOUS HYMNS AND WHAT INSPIRED THEM. William George Jordan. *Ledger Monthly* (13 c.) for May.

GIFTS FOR THE WRITER (Suggestions for home-made presents). *Designer* (13 c.) for May.

STORIES OF AUTHORS' LOVES. VII. — The Great Romancer's Unromantic Life. With two portraits of Charles Dickens. Clara E. Laughlin. *Delineator* (18 c) for May.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PICTURE PAPERS. Illustrated. Alfred Harmsworth. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 13.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Herbert Spencer, whose health is most feeble, spent his eighty-first birthday at Brighton, April 27, virtually in solitude. His autobiography has received its final touches, but he is unable to do any sustained work, or even converse with visitors.

It is a fact not generally known that during the last fifteen years Charlotte M. Yonge sent regularly every year to her publishers the manuscript of a story, usually historical in character, but written especially for boys and girls. These form a series quite distinct from her recognized novels.

"Adam Bede" is out of copyright this year. "The Mill on the Floss" will be public property next year, and "Silas Marner" the year after.

Rev. Madison C. Peters has resigned the *editorship of the Book World.*

Full information about the prizes of $100 and $50 offered by the Women's Auxiliary to the New York Civil Service Reform Association for the two best essays by women on the subject of civil service reform, or the spoils system, may be obtained from Miss A. E. H. Meyer, assistant secretary, at 48 West Fifty-ninth street, New York. Essays must be of from 3,000 to 5,000 words, and must deal with the history and condition of the civil service in some city, town, or county, as personally known to the writer. The essays must be sent to Mrs. C. R. Lowell, 120 East Thirtieth street, New York, before January 1.

American Gardening (New York) is now published by a corporation. J. W. Withers, the late owner, is president of the new company and general manager. Leonard Barron, who has been the editor of the paper in its several forms since 1893, retains his position, and also becomes secretary of the new concern. Mr. Barron is also secretary of the American Rose Society, and has prepared a new classification of Garden Roses for the Cyclopedia of American Horticulture, published by Macmillan.

W. H. Hobbs, writing on "Art as the Handmaid of Literature," in the *Forum* for May, treats especially of the recent movement toward the collaboration of author and artist in the illustration of books and magazines.

In the May *Atlantic* J. D. Logan treats of "American Prose Style" and J. D. Daskam of "The Distinction of Our Poetry"; the one holding our greatest literary achievements to have been in prose, and our prose style to be a distinctive expression of American manliness and typical of American temper; the other analyzing the American spirit of poetry, showing what it has accomplished, and believing that the poetry of the future will be "the flowering of an intuition, exquisitely exact, of the distinctive national consciousness."

The *Youth's Companion* for April 18 is a Seventy-fifth Birthday Issue, and includes a sketch of the history of the paper.

Dr. William J. Youmans died at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., April 10, aged sixty-two.

Colonel John R. Musick died at Omaha April 14, aged fifty-one.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, JUNE, 1901. No. 6.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

AGAIN THE SPEECH OF FICTION. *Ruth Hall.* 81
EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS. — XXIV. By the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine. Harrison S. Morris.* 82
THE PENCIL MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN. *George H. Woodward.* 83
SOME RECENT NOVELS. *Mary R. P. Hatch.* 84
EDITORIAL. 86
Authors as Publishers, 86 — Books of Which More Than 100,000 Have Been Sold, 86 — Notes. . . . 86
QUERIES. 87
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 89
Jessie L. Britton, 89 — "Emilia Elliott," 89 — Kate Milner Rabb, 90 — Jessie E. Sampter, 90 — Leroy Martin Scott, 90 — George Kean Stiles, 90 — Henry Wilton Thomas, 91 — Charles Hanson Towne, 91 — Madeline K. Van Pelt. 91
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 92
F. Marion Crawford, 92 — Henrik Ibsen, 92 — Herbert Spencer, 93 — Lew Wallace. 93
CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS. 93
The Demand for Cheerful Literature, 93 — The Gentle Art of Skipping, 93 — Words, Once New, Now Old. 93
BOOK REVIEWS. 94
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 95
NEWS AND NOTES. 96

AGAIN THE SPEECH OF FICTION.

A hundred years ago "the divine Jane" stood alone in literature in her attempt to report the speech of her characters exactly as it was uttered. "The bow-wow style" of Scott was not true to the language of man or woman; the conversations reported by Miss Ferrier were caricatures; those of Miss Edgeworth were strained and high-flown. And this stiffness of action continued till a recent day.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says one is prone, in repeating a talk, to iron out the sentences. Precisely that ironing is what took place in most novel writing. Scenes from George Eliot, George Meredith, Thackeray, Trollope, and occasionally Dickens, rise in the memory, which feels instinctively that the imaginary persons talked, as well as acted, naturally. But, on the whole, such conversations are rarely to be found until, some twenty-five years ago, the realistic novel began to claim attention. One has but to read a dozen pages at random in almost any novel of fifty years ago, and then a dozen pages in almost any novel of to-day, to be impressed by the difference in treatment of reported speech, and the care with which a modern writer describes what was once executed in "the bow-wow style," indeed.

With the rise of the dialect school, this attention became more marked. A curious study in the nicety of variation in language might be made from a comparison of those many stories dealing with every degree of broken English. He who aspires to write a dialect has need of a correct ear, and must take most scrupulous pains. There can be no 'prentice work.

The historical novel developed another side to the representation of speech. Most authors in this field use, for its vividness of effect, the first person, and are thus brought to face the tremendous difficulty of constantly-employed language of the chosen time. The generally brilliant result says much for our clever and careful novelists. Yet it is seldom that these supposititious autobiographies present exact transcripts of the speech of the period depicted. To make them do this would be to make them tedious and often unintelligible. If we pick up our Pepys, after reading any of the popular fiction the time of which is laid in the latter half of the seventeenth century, we see how wide is the gulf between the manner in which a man did talk and the manner in which a man is said to talk at that particular period.

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

But the sense of the times — the atmosphere — is given, and surely that is sufficient for any save a pedant. The actual fact would be crabbed reading — and *cui bono?* On the other hand, if, as in a notable case in recent fiction, there is no attempt whatever to create a feeling of reality by means of speech, the book is crude and misleading. What an English essayist once said of the employment of dialect is equally true of the diction of an historical novel: There should be enough to assist the imagination, not enough to clog the narrative.

I must be personal in presenting another point. Of my recent story, "The Black Gown," one reviewer says that I have not "believed it necessary to recall the strange oaths, or to attempt to reproduce in painful dialect the speech of the burghers"; another critic also alludes to the same peculiarity. Both forget that, in this tale, none except the educated spoke English, so that most of the conversations are translation. It has always seemed to me false art to essay in one language any reproduction of the errors of another. I remember (as an instance) reading a description of Scandinavian life wherein an ignorant Swede spoke a Yankee dialect. This showed, to be sure, that he was unlearned, but one knew that from other evidence. And it was not convincing; on the contrary, it jarred upon one's literary sensibility.

CATSKILL, N. Y. *Ruth Hall.*

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

XXIV. — BY THE EDITOR OF *Lippincott's Magazine.*

The "*New*" *Lippincott Magazine* is based on the older one of that name, which runs back to the beginning of the modern magazine in this country. The aim of this older magazine was to be a repository of elevated literature. This, of course, was and is the aim of most of the magazines. But in the last few years a change has taken place. The magazine has become a monthly newspaper, securing the feature of news by anticipating events. This characteristic renders it needful that writers should have something to supply which, if not actual news, is still of the nature of news. It should include facts, new and old: new facts exploited for their novelty, old facts redressed for their perennial interest. Facts that are to be, in the future, are also of available importance. Now, these three classes of facts won't interest anybody unless they are rendered agree-

*This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued. The articles that have been published so far are as follows: September, 1895, by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent;* October, 1895, by Robert E Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger;* November, 1895, by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook;* December, 1895, by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly;* January, 1896, by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin M. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine;* February, 1896, by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer;* March, 1896, by Nella I. Daggett, editor of the *Home;* June, 1896, by Amos R. Wells, managing editor of the *Golden Rule*, now the *Christian Endeavor World;* September, 1896, by Rosa Sonneschein, editor of the *American Jewess;* October, 1896, by the editors of the *Youth's Companion;* May, 1897, by A. R. Doyle, editor of the *Catholic World Magazine;* June, 1897, by Arthur T. Vance, editor of the *Home Magazine;* March, 1898, by Arthur W. Tarbell, editor of the *National Magazine;* October, 1899, by Howard A. Bridgman, managing editor of the *Congregationalist;* December, 1900, by William W. Hudson, editor of *Modern Culture;* February, 1901, by James E. Tower, managing editor of *Good Housekeeping;* March, 1901, by Frank Chapin Bray, editor of the *Chautauquan.*

The numbers of THE WRITER containing these articles may be had separately or together. Numbers published before January, 1901, will be sent postpaid for fifteen cents each; numbers beginning with January, 1901, will be sent for ten cents each.

ably, just as good conversation is, by the temperament, natural or acquired, of the speaker. If the public is to be talked to so that it will heed, the talk must be entertaining, inspiring, informing, or useful.

All this indicates what a vital magazine of the times requires to be made of. It is almost hopeless to say definitely what is, or is not, desired. The least acceptable matter of to-day may become prized to-morrow, when it is addressed in a proper spirit and clothed in winning words.

The "*New*" *Lippincott Magazine* wants new authors, new subjects, new styles in authorship. To stand still is to go backward. To copy a good model is not a crime, provided the copyist brings a personality to the task; but to produce something quite fresh and new is an achievement that wins.

The mistake most often made is to suppose that in order to be interesting you must be unnatural, affected, or over-dressed. In fact, you are only supremely interesting to anybody when you are sufficiently yourself. This holds eminently good in authorship, and it serves to designate exactly the kind of material in fiction, in fact, and in poetry required by the "*New*" *Lippincott Magazine.*

The exclusive feature of the "*New*" *Lippincott* is its Complete Monthly Novel. The best way to learn what kind of novels are wanted, how long and of what appeal, is to read the successive numbers.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn. *Harrison S. Morris.*

THE PENCIL MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN.

The world is slow to comprehend the full significance of new forces; and few realize that a greater than either sword or pen has appeared. This new force — the artist's pencil — has come to its own within the last quarter century. During this time the growing appreciation of illustrations has been marvelous, To-day who is there but prefers a book "copiously illustrated"? Even the agricultural reports are adorned with cuts. The popular magazines have become veritable picture galleries. Advertisements require ingenious illustrating in order to be noticed, and on the lecture platform a man must either be a celebrity or use a stereopticon.

Nor can this be considered mere popular fancy, destined to be superseded by some other whim. The widespread demand for illustrations is justified by reasons logical and enduring. The purpose of literature is, after all, simply to convey ideas and feelings; and the world is learning that pictures will usually do this better than print. What written description of a house could possibly convey as clear an idea of it as would a photograph? Yet the increase in clearness and interest that follows the use of illustrations is as great in all kinds of literature as it is in the merest description. But it is in the discussion of political and sociological questions that the power of the artist's pencil is most unexpected and remarkable. Few would consider, at first thought, that illustrations could be used at all in such abstract discussions; yet, all unconsciously, the nation's destinies are being controlled and shaped by the cartoonist more than by the orator and the writer.

When Boss Tweed, at the head of his powerful ring, ruled New York city, the published exposures of his infamies were received with scant attention by the public, and with callous indifference by Tweed himself. But when an obscure artist, Thomas Nast, began to publish cartoons picturing the infamy of the city's rulers, the haughty boss was so terrified that he tried fabulous bribes, and even, it is said,

the assassin's dagger, to put the troublesome artist out of the way. It was the most powerful political organization in the country pitted against a single obscure artist with his pencil — and the artist's pencil conquered. Thomas Nast's cartoons drove Boss Tweed to the state prison for the rest of his life, and purified the government of America's greatest city.

Before our late war with Spain, when the United States had apparently decided upon a policy of non-intervention, an unknown Western cowboy began drawing cartoons to arouse public sentiment against Spanish rule in Cuba. These cartoons were published in a newspaper of the largest circulation, and were widely copied. They were seen every day by probably more than a million people. Against the rising flood of popular anti-Spanish sentiment that followed, the president of the United States and his cabinet struggled in vain, and they were swept helplessly before the current. When the true history of the Spanish-American conflict shall be written, it will likely be recorded that the most potent single factor in sending the Maine to Havana, and in destroying forever the power of Spain in the western hemisphere, was Homer Davenport's drawing pencil.

If, therefore, such has been the power of the cartoonist's pencil in the past, what may we expect in the future?

Many circumstances are tending to increase the influence of this new world-power. Popular appreciation of the universal language of pictures and cartoons is constantly growing. Improved methods of publishing, perfected mail service with more rapid carriage, and the increase of the English-speaking races will make possible great periodicals whose circulation may reach into the millions. And when the already-used process of telegraphing pictures shall be perfected, the cartoonist's masterpiece will be flashed to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Where then will be the limits to the power of the pencil? Before such an instrument for swaying public opinion, what will be emperors and armies! *George H. Woodward.*

SOUTH FREEPORT, Me.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

All men have their cycles; they rise, work, achieve, fall. They are sometimes of a generation, more often of a century, seldomer of an eternity. What is true of men is true of books, but the cycles of books are of days or a season. Fashion compels it in a measure, or the trend of public opinion — at which many wonder, but to which more people bow, to the extent of reading the books of the hour, "to see the reason of their popularity." But the end is achieved even in this case. The book is read. More people talk of it, and the book goes its rounds, generally to end in forgetfulness before its twelve-months' cycle is run.

It is a subject for wonder why some books achieve even a few months' reading by the public. One can understand why a few people might admire the dead level of "Eben Holden," for instance; the beginning is good, and there are touches of interest throughout the book. But if it had remained the short story, as first designed by the author, would the reading public have lost essentially? That is a question which must have occurred to many.

The same could not be said of "David Harum," for he is an original, consistent creation throughout the book. Wherever he ap-

pears, there is instant, unqualified approval. The interest is so absorbing that one is willing to overlook the lack of construction in the book and the dragging in of characters neither strong nor entertaining. The domination of the central figure is complete and absolute, and leaves the reader to wonder that a man so typical, so strong, and so native to the soil should have hitherto escaped the notice of writers of fiction.

"Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is a fine creation. The author has got her ideas of Lucy Foster from Miss Wilkins, and her New England characters generally from the same source; but Mannisty and Mrs. Bargey are purely her own conceptions; and no one does better than Mrs. Ward in these wild, eccentric characters such as Mannisty. She makes even the supreme selfishness of the man attractive, so that the reader is not repelled thereby. Yet there is a suggestion of the Rochester of "Jane Eyre," which cannot fail to be apparent to the reader. Lucy, too, despite her Vermont origin, is like Jane. The inconsistencies of Mannisty's Catholic convictions, or lack of convictions, his violent contrasts of character, his humanities, after all is said and done, make interesting reading to those who are tired of historical novels. And this brings us back to the cycles of books and the fashions thereof. It cannot be denied that we have had some notable works in the line of historical novels, as well as many failures.

Strange that the author of that bright political novel, "Peter Stirling," could give to the same public "Janice Meredith," that long-drawn-out romance of a by-gone day, possessed of no particular interest, as it would appear, for the general reader. In a case like this, one is apt to ascribe a book's popularity to the vogue of a first work or the enterprise of the publisher. If a book sells, it becomes the fashion to praise it. A fair-minded critic can do little to stem the tide of popularity, even if he cares to, and abuse only calls renewed attention. But whatever may be said of other days, the pens of latter-day critics prefer praise to protest.

Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold" is a fitting accompaniment to her first work, "Prisoners of Hope." Both, as a well-known author says in a recent letter to the writer of this article, "are remarkable, undoubted works of genius." The conception of each is bold, original, and strong, and while the ending to "To Have and to Hold" is saddening, there is a hint at a sequel which brings a ray of encouragement to the reader, and allows him to hope that the lonely, ill-used, almost dying man in the forest might yet have lived and married in a brighter sometime the lovely lady who flouted him so cruelly, only to love him fondly at the last. If Miss Johnston should ever conclude to give us another volume containing the latter-day fortunes of Lackland, she would find a ready reading public.

Marion Crawford, who has written more books than he numbers years, has given us in "The Palace of the King" a work in which he has crowded the incidents into four hours and a half, and it is wonderfully interesting reading throughout. Not like "Mr. Isaacs," not like the Saracinesca novels, not like his American books, but distinctively new in plot — and treatment I was about to say, but Crawford's treatment is always his own, and therefore is possessed of a certain style instantly recognizable.

One of the latest claimants for public favor is "Sons of the Morning," by Phillpotts, the new Devonshire author. No two critics quite agree as to this book. Some call it a return to he "problem" novel, which was superseded by the historical novel, more speak of it as a character drawing, but all own that it is a powerful and notable addition to the works of the day.

And now the question, Is the sun of the historical novel about to set, and are we to have a return to the analytical novel, the one of pure romance, or the simpler love tale of no particular setting? Or are we on the track of the great American novel? Query, what is the great American novel? If not sectional, if not political, what can it be; and how can it be large enough or of sufficiently vast interests to be true and readable, as well as broad and deep?

Mary R. P. Hatch.

STRATFORD, N. H.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. JUNE, 1901. NO. 6.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Sir Walter Besant's prophecy regarding the future method of publishing, mentioned in the May number of THE WRITER, has called to mind the fact that Mark Twain some years ago in a way forestalled Sir Walter, with results that were not especially encouraging The humorist said in a recent speech: "Then I took up the publication of a book. I called *in a publisher and said to him:* 'I want you to publish this book along lines which I shall lay down. I am the employer, and you are the employee. I am going to show them some new kinks in the publishing business. And I want you to draw on me for money as you go along'—which he did. He drew on me for $56,000!"

***

As a rule, only a very rich author can afford to be his own publisher. Even Mark Twain is not rich enough yet to be ready to try the experience again.

***

The following list of books of which 100,000 copies or more have been sold between 1898 and 1901 has been compiled by the *Publishers Weekly:*—

Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson	100,000
Black Rock. Connor	143,000
The Crisis. Churchill	100,000
David Harum. Westcott	500,000
The Day's Work. Kipling	100,000
De Willoughby Claim. Burnett	100,000
Eben Holden. Bacheller	265,000
Eleanor. Mrs. Ward	100,000
Helmet of Navarre. Runkle	100,000
Hon. Peter Stirling. Ford	100,000
In His Steps. Sheldon	150,000
Janice Meredith. Ford	250,000
Prisoner of Zenda. Hope	100,000
Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin	106,344
Red Rock. Page	100,000
Reign of Law. Allen	120,000
Richard Carvel. Churchill	375,000
To Have and to Hold. Johnston	285,000
When Knighthood Was in Flower. Major	325,000

And yet there are intelligent Americans who have not read them all.

***

The alleged fact that eighty-eight historical romances were published last month should warn writers to turn their pens now to work of other kinds.

***

Realism or romance, either will be successful, if the story be alive. As the *Criterion* truly says: "When the pulse-beats of a story can be felt, there is a reason in the world for it."

***

One quality of the typical literary temperament is well illustrated in a story repeated in Augustus J. C. Hare's "Story of My Life." Mr. Hare says that the story was told to a friend of his by one who knew Leigh

Hunt. "He is the only person, I believe," said the gentleman, "who, if he saw something yellow in the distance and was told that it was a buttercup, would be disappointed if he found that it was only a guinea."

* * *

It would be interesting to know which one of the American publishers it was who, as Rider Haggard says, respectfully declined the manuscript of "King Solomon's Mines." W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Happening to pick up a copy of *Comfort* for December, I noticed the announcement of conditions made by the editor in connection with the offer of prizes for stories for the department headed "*Comfort's* Nutshell Story Club." Here they are in full: —

PRIZE STORIES.

The following conditions govern the awarding of cash prizes for Nutshell Stories, and the manuscripts of such writers only as have complied with all these requirements will receive consideration.

All the necessary particulars being here clearly set forth, it will be useless for any one to seek further information or personal favors by addressing the editor, as such letters cannot be answered.

1. Only persons who are regular paid-up yearly subscribers to "Comfort" and who send with every manuscript at least two yearly subscribers (together with 50 cents to pay for each subscriber so sent) may compete for the prizes.

2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address, with nom de plume if desired; must be written on one side of the paper only, enclosed in the same envelope as the letter and remittance for new subscriptions, and addressed to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be *strictly original* with the contributors, and must not have appeared in print before. Competitors may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy, or fiction — of adventure, love, war, peace; of city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea — but no story must contain more than 2,000 or less than 1,000 words.

4. NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, AND COMPETITORS SHOULD THEREFORE RETAIN A COPY OF WHAT THEY SEND.

5. From $5 to $20 will be paid for stories, and remittances will be sent by check as soon as awards have been made.

No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under this Short Story Prize Offer.

The Publishers of "Comfort" reserve the right to purchase at their established rates any stories submitted under the foregoing offer which failed to secure a prize.

☞ Writers who hear nothing of their manuscripts may at the end of 90 days after submitting them to "Comfort" feel at liberty to offer their stories for sale elsewhere.

Referring to this, I should like to ask two questions. The prize winners for December were Charles E. Barnes, R. B. Hill, Oscar S. Seaver, Max B. Thrasher, and Mary R. P. Hatch, three of whom at least are tolerably well-known writers. Is it possible that these writers submitted their manuscripts strictly under the harsh conditions imposed by the editor? Secondly, is it possible that the editor of *Comfort* really enforces Rule No. 4, and throws away manuscripts submitted for publication, even if they are accompanied by postage for return?

I have no fault to find with the requirement that each manuscript submitted shall bring to the publisher of *Comfort* $1.50 in subscriptions for his magazine, though it is obvious that under this plan the unsuccessful contestants for prizes contribute the prize money which is paid to those whose stories are accepted, and in addition, probably, a profit to the publisher. That is purely a matter of business, and if writers are willing to contribute money to a pool to be divided among a half dozen of their number, that is their own concern. Rule No. 4, however, if it is enforced, must be a source of injustice, and if the editor lives up to it I want to protest strenuously against it. The editor may say that no injustice is done, since the rule is regularly advertised and no writer is called upon to send a manuscript who is not willing to have it destroyed if it is not accepted. Very well; but how about the writers who learn indirectly of the competition and send manuscripts in good faith, with return postage, expecting, according to the usual rule, that they will be returned if they are not found to be available? There must be many such, and if the editor ever puts such manuscripts into the waste basket serious injustice is done.

In any case, the rule seems to me objectionable, discourteous, and unnecessary. It is practically no more trouble for an editor to return an unsuccessful manuscript to the author, especially if a stamped and addressed envelope is sent with it, than to drop it in the waste basket. My personal belief is that no editor ought ever to destroy a rejected manuscript under any circumstances, unless it is impracticable to return it to the author. A manuscript always means thought and labor to the writer, and any editor who will wantonly destroy a manuscript that he does not want to use shows a selfishness and a discourteous regard of the rights of others of which at least he ought to be ashamed. In many cases there would be an actual money loss, since everybody knows that manuscripts rejected by one editor are often sold to others.

In the interest of writers, I hope that THE WRITER will take up this matter. I am sure that many fellow workers would like to have answers to the two questions that I have asked. B. A. L.

[A proof of the foregoing query was submitted by the editor of THE WRITER to the

publisher of *Comfort*, who has made the following reply: —

I have read with interest the letter from "B. A. L." relative to the system *Comfort* adopts in obtaining short stories. Whether or not the plan be defective, I do not know; I can only say that we have never received a complaint of either unfairness or dishonesty. Neither has any contributor ever found fault with our requirements.

Your correspondent has, in fact, apparently set up a man of straw for the sole purpose of knocking him down. He proceeds on theoretical grounds, while the conditions are entirely different.

It is not my intention to enter into any argument or explanation on matters concerning only those actually contributing. Unless "B. A. L" has a personal grievance, the subject is as much out of his province as it would be out of mine to instruct the Pope how to conduct a church of which I am not a member.

But the methods of *Comfort* are open to the world. The sole and only reason for requiring a club of subscribers is to prevent a flood of worthless manuscripts — which come to every editor, but which would be beyond the control of our office, having, as *Comfort* has, a circulation of one million and a quarter, and claiming (on census basis) six million readers. Had "B. A. L." had journalistic experience, he would have recognized the need of a check.

As to not returning manuscripts accompanied by stamps, the fact is, we do; but the rule is imposed to have it distinctly understood at the outset that I absolutely decline responsibility. Had "B. A. L." seen the absurdity of claims on lost manuscripts that any editor of a periodical has, he also would have appreciated that rule.

"B. A. L." protests vehemently on this, that, and the other, in connection with my — may I say successful? — business, and argues at length, even going as far as to call it "harsh," "objectionable, discourteous and unnecessary." He even implies that I might sell rejected manuscripts to other publishers.

I have pointed out that I never received a complaint. It will be time for "B. A. L." to lay down rules on "discourtesy" when he has learned what constitutes its antithesis. In the mean time, I assure every writer that I shall endeavor to carry on the great business I am in, with honesty and courtesy in every transaction, and I trust by giving strict attention to my own business to sustain the popularity with the masses that *Comfort* has already gained. Very respectfully yours,

W. H. GANNETT.

The editor of THE WRITER did not get from "B. A. L's." letter, as Mr. Gannett did, the idea that "B. A. L." intended to imply that the publisher of *Comfort* would sell rejected manuscripts to other publishers. "B. A. L." evidently meant to say, what everybody knows, that manuscripts rejected by one editor are often sold by the author afterward to some other editor. Mr. Gannett's reputation as a business man is so high that nobody who knows anything about him would think for a moment of charging him with any sharp or dishonorable practice. It seems, however, to the editor of THE WRITER, as it did to "B. A. L.," that while *Comfort's* other regulations may not be open to criticism, Rule No. 4 is unnecessary and objectionable, particularly since Mr. Gannett says it is his custom, as a matter of fact, to return rejected manuscripts, if they are properly accompanied by postage. In other words, since he does — as he ought, in fairness to all writers — what he says he does n't do, why, as an honorable man, should he say he does n't do it? — W. H. H.]

Can any of the readers of THE WRITER give me information as to a famous collection of children's stories published in Boston and New York some time between 1830 and 1850, entitled "The Child's Own Book"? It was a reprint from English plates, and was published in small quarto form, making a thick volume of about 600 pages, and containing all the best of the old-fashioned nursery tales. I want to know when it was first published in England and when it was first published in this country, and to find out if possible, who was the original compiler. C. W.

A number of short sketches which I submitted in the usual manner to a prominent Chicago daily paper appeared on its editorial page along with other articles of a similar nature. The editor has not even said "Thanks," apparently believing that to appear in the columns of a metropolitan daily "were paradise enow" for the young writer. What course should be pursued to obtain payment for manuscripts in such cases? R. O. R.

[If a writer expects to be paid for a manuscript, he should always indicate his expectation in some way when he offers the manuscript for publication. All that is absolutely necessary, to do this, is to write across the top of the first page of the manuscript: "If avail-

able, please send check to," etc. It is better, however, to write on a separate sheet a short letter to the editor, mentioning the title of the manuscript, giving the address of the author, and suggesting in some way that payment is expected. If an editor prints a manuscript so submitted, and is financially responsible, he can be made to pay for it, by ordinary business methods. The first thing for "R. O. R." to do, if he asked for payment when he submitted his manuscripts, is to write a courteous letter to his editor briefly stating the facts and asking the editor to remit. If this letter does not bring a reply, he should write to the business manager of the paper, calling his attention to the matter. If this letter again elicits no response, and "R. O. R." thinks it is worth his while, the next step is to consult a lawyer.— W. H. H.]

Is it legitimate for a writer to try to sell to present-day periodicals articles which were published fifteen years ago by an obscure newspaper of small circulation with which he was connected at that time in an editorial capacity?

W. H. H.

[No.— W. H. H.]

I find in your February number notice of a new London magazine called the *Thrush*. If you will kindly send me the address of this magazine which will reach it, you will greatly oblige. B. V. S.

[A letter addressed "Editor, *The Thrush*, London, England," ought to be delivered.— W. H. H.]

Please tell me whether this would be correct English: "Every one knew exactly what he wanted." Would the expression quoted be equally as good as the following? "They all knew exactly what they wanted," which latter sentence appears in a correction on page 5 of the January issue of THE WRITER.

W. H. W.

["Every one knew exactly what he wanted" is perfectly correct English. It could not be substituted, as suggested, on page 5 of the January WRITER, since there were women in that case. "Equally as," by the way, is tautology.— W. H. H.]

How long after sending out a manuscript, with return stamps, must the author wait before he may conclude that the stamps have reached the editor's stamp drawer and the manuscript the waste basket, and rewrite the article?

J. M. K.

[If a manuscript sent to an editor is not heard from within a month, it is well for the author to write to the editor, asking when a decision regarding it may be expected. In most cases such a letter, with stamped envelope enclosed, will bring a prompt reply. If two or three such inquiries do not elicit a response, the author should write to the business manager of the publication, briefly stating the facts, and asking him to give his attention to the matter. As a last resort, he may notify the editor not to use the manuscript, and send a second copy elsewhere. Editors, as a rule, however, treat authors fairly, and, considering the number of manuscripts offered to editors every year, the number of justified complaints from writers of ill-treatment is comparatively small.— W. H. H.]

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Jessie L. Britton, who wrote the story, "The Mystery of an Apple Dumpling," in the *Designer* for May, began writing for publication only a few years ago, first sending short articles to the floral and household magazines. Being quite successful in this line, she was encouraged to try something better, and for the last two or three years most of her work has been for children and young people. She has written both stories and verse, and her work has been accepted by the *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *Little Folks*, the *Advance*, of Chicago, the *New York Observer*, the *Presbyterian Banner*, and other periodicals.

"Emilia Elliot," whose story, "Little Mistress Bridget," was published in *St. Nicholas* for May, is the pen name of C. E. Jacobs, who is now living in Salt Lake City. Although constantly struggling with ill health, she has had between forty and fifty manuscripts accepted, and in only two cases have they failed to bring home something in the way of remuneration. "One," she says, "I gave willingly; the other, a few verses,— my only offense in that line,— appeared in the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, and was either too good

or not good enough to warrant a check." Her work has been mainly for children, including stories published in the *Churchman*, the *Church Standard*, the *Christian Intelligencer*, the *Living Church*, the *Interior*, the *Housewife*, the *Ladies' World*, the *Dolls' Dressmaker*, and *St. Nicholas*. Her "grown-up" stories have appeared in the *Puritan*, *Vogue*, and *Ev'ry Month*. One has been accepted recently by the *New York Evening Post*.

Kate Milner Rabb, whose story, "The Institute at Glendeane," appeared in the *Delineator* for May, was born in Rockport, Ind., down in what Indiana people call the "pocket" of the state, and lived there (except while at the State University, from which she has an M. A.) until 1891, when she came to Indianapolis. A. C. McClurg & Co. published her "National Epics" four or five years ago. Last year she translated "The Boer Boy," which was published by the Penn Publishing Company. Her other work has been in the line of short stories and essays, which have appeared in *Lippincott's*, *Leslie's Weekly*, *Collier's Weekly*, the *Interior*, the *Epworth Herald*, the *Ledger*, and *Kate Field's Washington*, to which she contributed frequently. She has also done a good deal of newspaper work. In a recent letter to the editor of THE WRITER, Mrs. Rabb says: "It may be of interest to you, personally, to know that I learned all that I know concerning the preparation of manuscripts, etc., from the columns of THE WRITER, and that my first story, 'A Kentucky Harnt,' was sold to the *New York Ledger* by The Writer's Literary Bureau. Indeed, the Bureau tided me over the beginning of my 'career'; but for it, I should never have had the courage to begin or to continue."

Jessie E. Sampter, who wrote the poem, "My School," in *St. Nicholas* for May, lives in New York, and has been writing since she was fourteen years old. The poem in *St. Nicholas* was first sent to the St. Nicholas League, for competition, and was then accepted for the magazine proper. Miss Sampter's poem, "The Christmas Tree," had won a prize in the League, and she had been several times a *prize winner in the Herald* Juvenile League when she was fifteen years old. The year before, the *New York Sunday Herald* accepted and printed a poem, entitled "Yadow Lake," and since then she has had poems in several minor periodicals.

Leroy Martin Scott, author of the story, "In Flat 21," in the *Woman's Home Companion* for May, is an Indiana man, twenty-five years old, and a graduate of Indiana University. He was an editor of the university magazine, and spent a year on a country newspaper immediately after graduation. Later he was reporter, special writer, exchange editor, and editorial writer (in turn) on the *Chicago Journal*. Afterward he was assistant editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*, and for a time acting editor-in-chief of the same publication. He resigned his position with the *Woman's Home Companion* to take up literary work in New York. He has just thrown up his work there to accompany to New Mexico a younger brother who has consumption.

George Kean Stiles, whose story, "The Street of Revilings," appeared in *Ainslie's Magazine* for May, is perhaps one of the youngest and most prolific story-writers of to-day. His first story was written two years ago, appearing in the magazine, *Dixie*, and since its publication Mr. Stiles has written for the four largest syndicates, doing three newspaper storiettes weekly for the International. He was born in Baltimore twenty-seven years ago, and is a Johns Hopkins man. Besides his magazine work, he is an editorial writer on the *Baltimore Herald*, and is at work on his almost completed novel, which is a romance of the time of Richelieu and deals with the only important period of the great cardinal's career that has been unused in the flood of fiction based on this romantic churchman. Mr. Stiles is at his best in his Chinese work, an example of which is his story in *Ainslie's Magazine*. He has just sold to *McClure's* another Chinese story, "The Stratagem of Hsiao C'hing," and is now corresponding with an English magazine with reference to still another story of the Orient.

Henry Wilton Thomas, whose story, "A Bloodless Vendetta," appeared in *Lippincott's*

for February, lives in New York. He is the author of "The Last Lady of Mulberry" and many magazine articles and stories treating of the Italian and other tenement quarters of New York. For some time he has been at work upon a series of articles and short tales for the *Youth's Companion*, which are said to be conceived and worked out in the best manner of this writer, whose sympathetic understanding of the life that he pictures has given his work a distinctive place. He is a story-teller who takes the pains to study closely the life that he strives to portray. His local color and general knowledge of the matter are not obtained by walking through the streets of the foreign quarters of New York and looking at things through a lorgnette, but by living for months at a time among the folks he writes about. By this method he is enabled to catch something of their point of view. He has nearly finished another book on the Italian quarter, his first one on that subject having met with marked success. A revival of interest in "The Last Lady of Mulberry" has just set in now, owing to a circumstance apart from the merit of the romance. The *New York World* recently obtained knowledge of the fact that an Italian "banker" of Mulberry had been writing letters to Mrs. Grover Cleveland asking her to buy a certain bust that he had. He said that a young sculptor in Italy had been tricked into making it from a photograph sent to him by some one in this country who represented that it was a picture of Mrs. Cleveland. The fraud was not detected until the bust arrived at the New York custom house, whence it was taken by its present possessor, the banker, who paid the customs charges upon it, amounting to something more than a hundred dollars. To the dismay of the banker, and his ruin, — he parted with his last dollar to pay the duty, — the bust proved to be an effigy of a woman employed in a Third-avenue music hall, who bore no resemblance whatever to the First Lady of the Land. The fact has now come out that it was upon this episode that Mr. Thomas founded his story, adding much thereto that is entertaining, if not always convincing.

Charles Hanson Towne, whose poem, "To April," was published in the April number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, is only twenty-four years old, but for the past three or four years he has been contributing verse to some of the best magazines — *Harper's Bazar*, the *Bookman*, *Lippincott's*, the *Smart Set*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *New England Magazine*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Truth*, *Puck*, the *Independent*, and many others. He is at present on the staff of one of the large magazines in New York, only writing at odd moments, when his regular duties will permit. Several of his lyrics have been set to music by composers like Clayton Johns and L. F. Gottschalk. He seems to have equal success at writing verse of a serious character and light lyrics. Mr. Towne was born in Louisville, Ky., and is the son of Professor Paul A. Towne, the eminent mathematician, whose series of arithmetics and algebra is still used exclusively in the South.

Madeline K. Van Pelt, author of the poem, "Her Answer," in *Success* for May, was born thirty-four years ago in New York City, and still resides there. From her earliest childhood it was her ambition to attain success in a literary career. When at school she was the editor of a little weekly paper, and as a very small child she wrote fairy tales that were very shaky as to spelling, and worse as to grammar. She never wrote for magazine publication, however, until a year ago, when the first poem she ever attempted was printed in *Harper's Bazar* in March, entitled "Seven and Thirty-three." Mrs. Van Pelt's account of the writing and acceptance of the poem is interesting. "It was the fifteenth of February, 1900," she says, "and my birthday. In the morning my little girl Adeline (aged seven at that time) said: 'Mamma, how old are you to-day?' I told her that I was thirty-three. After a moment, she said thoughtfully: 'I'm seven and you're thirty-three.' Well, the rhythm of that line ran through my head all day, and at night, as I was just about ready to retire, I felt that I must write those lines out of my head. So I sat down and scribbled on an old sheet of paper two verses, just as if I had always known them. It must truly have been an inspiration, for I didn't alter a word of it. I never thought for

a moment that they would be good enough to publish. I just wrote them for myself and my little daughter. A few days later I had occasion to go down to the Harpers' with a story of mine they wanted, and I had the two little verses in the same envelope. I therefore asked the editor if she would look at them and tell me whether they contained any merit. She read them while I waited, and immediately said, "We will use this," which almost took my breath away. Two weeks later the verses appeared in the *Bazar*, but they would not allow me to sign my name until I had become better known in the literary world, so both the story and the poem were published unsigned." Since then Mrs. Van Pelt has had eight poems and several short stories accepted by such magazines as *Truth*, *Success*, and *Ev'ry Month*. *Success* has recently accepted three poems, one of which, entitled "Man and the Ages," is to be finely illustrated, and will appear in the July number of the magazine. Mrs. Van Pelt's maiden name was Madeline Belmont Kendrick, and she was married to Henry T. Van Pelt twelve years ago. Her first contributions to literature were newspaper articles published in the *Herald*, the *World*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, and the *Press*, all of New York.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Crawford. — Marion Crawford believes that the pen is the true implement of labor for an author. "For me," he says, "dictation is impossible, and I find that if I myself operate a typewriter the result is a lifeless string of stiff words."

Ibsen. — The peculiarities of Henrik Ibsen are described by Henry W. Fischer, who designedly made his acquaintance at the Café Royal in Copenhagen, where Ibsen has been in the habit of going every afternoon between four and six, to study people and papers.

"During these afternoons at the Café Royal," says Mr. Fischer, "I noticed that Ibsen frequently marked the numerous newspapers he scanned. A native journalist told me that the marked copies were afterward sent to Ibsen's house to be cut and incorporated in the author's clipping bureau. 'He has a more extensive "grave-yard" than many dailies,' he added.

"Ibsen did n't show me his grave-yard when I called at his study, but on his plain desk — so placed as to allow the author to overlook the street without being seen himself — I saw a great many heaps of clippings, neatly arranged and ticketed, ready for the pigeonhole. Observing my glances, Ibsen said he was keeping track of everything happening in the world that relates to the subjects on which he writes. 'I aim to be accurate and truthful,' he continued, 'but at the same time I can't make my head a storehouse for merely evanescent events.'

"I looked in vain for a collection of Ibsen's works — he does n't own one. His study contains only a few books in a very small case, all books of reference. Mrs. Ibsen and the author's children have all editions of his works, which he occasionally borrows, as necessity may arise.

"His desk and room might serve as object lessons in order and method. Everything has its place, no manuscripts or writing pads lying around, no newspapers or turned-down magazines. Ibsen, I suppose, could enter his study in the dark to find the identical clipping he may be looking for.

"'My mascots,' he said, pointing to a couple of Vienna bronze statuettes, flanking the ink well. They represent a bear and a rabbit playing on musical instruments, if I am not mistaken. 'In certain things I am such a slave of habit that I can't set to work decently unless I have these beasts before me.' Ibsen actually smiled as he spoke these words. It was the only time I saw his thin lips wreathed in a smile, though his expressive face is often lit up by irony, while his eyes look cold enough to make one feel uncomfortable.

"Ibsen speaks slowly, as if weighing each single word, and, unless he wants to be rude, expresses himself with much politeness. His passion for order does not extend to dress. The black frock coat he wore at the Café Royal was rather rusty, and his office coat is buttonless and out of-elbows.

"The enormous correspondence he carries on with women in all countries and climes where his books are read aids the author in his studies of broken hearts, of hungry souls. The

letters and confessions he receives are filed away as human documents with the newspaper clippings. He characterized the vast majority as 'twaddle, but once in a while I get a letter that really helps. German women write the most foolish letters, French women the most fascinating. Very few American women bother me. I said "bother," for, of course, I must answer these effusions whether I have time or not.'

"About his method of work he would n't talk, and when I asked him about his literary plans for the future he got angry, went to the window and drummed on the panes. Mrs. Ibsen told me that her husband never works after dinner or at night. The office hours of this literary giant are from 8 a. m. to 2 p. m. Then he takes a walk, returning at mealtime — 3 sharp. The rest of the day he devotes to investigation, reading at the café, in the family circle, and with intimate friends. He loses no opportunity to look into the depths of a storm-tossed soul, man's, woman's, or child's. If he sees an interesting or sad face in the street, he follows the person attracting his attention, and, if possible, finds out all about him or her. He picked up Hedda and Loedborg in that way."

Spencer. — Herbert Spencer has not found the publication of philosophical works remunerative. His publishers have been obliged to mind their p's and q's in the make-up of those books, for it has been the author's invariable habit closely to supervise the work of the printer, and to insist on the carrying out of his instructions. The following copy of an autograph post card of 1893 illustrates this: "In making up into pages avoid sundry things which I dislike. First — the division between sections must on no account correspond with the endings or beginnings of pages. Second — I dislike also to have paragraphs beginning or ending with pages. Third — I disapprove entirely of the spaces habitually left between text and extracts. There must be no more space than between two lines of text." — *Louisville Times.*

Wallace. — "Success with a book is something like having lightning strike you," says Booth Tarkington. "Up at Mackinac last summer General Wallace told me how narrowly 'Ben Hur' escaped publication. It was examined by two of Harpers' readers, who reported adversely on it, thinking it would not be a good seller. Finally, Mrs. Harper, a woman of strong religious tendencies, read it and advised her husband to risk the expense of printing the book."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Demand for Cheerful Literature. — The literary gossiper of the London *Morning Post* got into conversation the other day with "the editor of one of the very few magazines which can be called distinguished," and did some good listening work. The editor complained that, though there is plenty of writing talent about, it nearly all runs to gloom. "He did not say, but he was on the verge of declaring, that anybody can write without effort a little masterpiece of the depressingly tragic kind. He was absolutely contemptuous with regard to these, and said they were as common as blackberries. But the person who was wanted and could not be found was the man who had brains, could write, and could sometimes be happy. Such an author might be assured that his work would be gladly accepted and paid for, and that he would in addition be looked on as a benefactor of the public."

The Gentle Art of Skipping. — When I meet a paragraph which begins: —

"It is now necessary to retrace our steps somewhat to explain" — or,

"The crimson sun by this time neared the horizon. Far over the hills stretched a vault of heavy cloud, its strange purple tints fading and dissolving into" — or,

"But the contents of this room — his sanctum sanctorum — deserve more detailed description" — or,

"O strange, unfathomable mystery of existence, compelling our purblind race" — when, I say, I meet a passage in a novel which begins thus, I skip like anything. — *The Pilot.*

Words, Once New, Now Old. — Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great English lexicographer of the eighteenth century, was taken to task for admitting many new words which were held to be a "disgrace" to his dictionary! Some of

these words are now in common enough use, such, for example, as: —

Resuscitation.	Fatuity.
Asinine.	Narcotic.
Cremation.	Germination.
Disruption.	Horticulture.

Dr. Johnson believed that language was a living thing and ought to grow by absorbing new words, coined on right principles. We all take off our hats to the old dictionary maker nowadays. He was ahead of his time. —*Mexican Herald.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY. By Charles Ferguson. 170 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1900.

Mr. Ferguson sees a deeper truth in democracy than that, merely as ruler of the state, it does away with all authority save itself. He makes its scope wider than the rights of man as generally meant, and holds the principle of democracy to be spiritual as well as temporal — to be as true in religion as in government. We are not bound, but free, he urges; and he pleads with remarkable enthusiasm for the natural nobility of every soul. He insists that, as the son of God, every earnest spirit is its own master, and that any external authority, whether of church, or custom, or creed, not only wrongs it, but is bound to go down before it.

Yet this liberty from external authority but leaves the human soul to the new and adventurous task of ruling itself, and sends the spiritual democracy forth to the mighty yet possible undertaking of building the kingdom of heaven right here on earth. Why not? urges this daring soul. Are not God's laws as valid and workable here as anywhere? "Stand up," he says; "the ceiling is high; this is eternity now. Do you want to walk on air, or fly on wings, or build a heavenly city in the clouds? Come, let us take our kit on our shoulders, and go out and build the city here."

Religion is for Mr. Ferguson a striving for a kinship of justice and equality, for a comradeship whose hands reach round the world. He sets forth in the abstract that which Victor Hugo, in "Les Miserables," so wonderfully painted in the concrete. The "religion of democracy" is the religion of Jean Valjean, the religion of faith, as will and action, overcoming in the end every Javert of authority, because leaving it nothing to do.

As literature, Mr. Ferguson's book is insufficiently well logic-knitted to effect the author's full purpose or to become of enduring value. It is the voice of a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness. It is full of striking sayings, of daring ideas, of noble thoughts. It coruscates throughout with metaphor; but dazzling sparks, though white-hot from the anvil, light up the room not so clearly as would some steadier beam. The glimpses given are well worth the while, however, and "The Religion of Democracy" is a work not to be missed. E. Y.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Francis Newton Thorpe. 627 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1900.

Here is the latest work of Dr. Thorpe, in the shape of a popular history of our country from the earliest discoveries to the present day. The task of covering four centuries of American history within the limits of a single volume is a difficult one, but this is a concise yet comprehensive narrative of the leading events in the story of the nation. Although the book is in no sense a scholarly work, a clear understanding of the relative importance of characters and influences is displayed throughout, while the author is to be congratulated upon his success in avoiding the historian's temptation to dogmatize concerning questions open to controversy, and to indulge in polemic discussion. Expecially is this exhibition of good judgment refreshing in a purely narrative history.

Within these limits it is impossible to comment adequately upon several excellent features of this work, but especial mention must be made of the Indian chapter and the clearness in Dr. Thorpe's treatment of the colonial era in the first ten or twelve chapters. Barring the work of Fiske in this field, there has been no recent production superior to the account given here of the European struggle for colonial dominion. These chapters, with the following half-dozen covering the Revolutionary period, are the strongest parts of the book. The next twenty chapters bring the account down to the Rebellion; but two are devoted to the War and Reconstruction, and the history ends with three chapters on expansion, migration, and development, where the story of the "parting of the ways" is told in graphic style.

Where a historian gives evidence in a serious work of faithful research and sound grasp of principles, the reviewer may consistently pass over defects in point of style and construction; but in a popular history, clearness and force of style are of quite as much importance as accuracy, and when we find, as in the present case, successive instances of paragraphs of twelve and twenty-one lines cut up into ten and fifteen complete sentences respectively, the thought is necessarily obscured. Nor do we quite understand what is meant when we read (p. 585): "Three writers were conspicuous, William Dean Howells, Francis Bret Harte, and Samuel W. Clemens, *because they were*

wonderfully productive and each averaged a book a year." So did Laura Jean Libbey and Bertha M. Clay. Again, the amiable Syracuse Doctor ruminates thus on p. 553: "Has negro suffrage solved the race problem? Will woman suffrage solve the social problem? Experience has not yet answered." He can have one reader's opinion for what it is worth, that experience has already answered that suffrage does not, and never will, come within a row of apple trees of solving such problems.

It is a pleasure to welcome the advent of popular editions in American historical work, in view of the prevailing taste for historical fiction. It is only through such praiseworthy attempts as these that the general public will be historically interested, and Dr. Thorpe's work is a step in the right direction. H. C. B.

SANITY OF MIND. By David F. Lincoln, M. D. 177 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1900.

Dr. Lincoln's book is a work of genuine value. It is written for the general public, and although the author is a specialist of high rank, he has the faculty — rare among specialists — of expressing himself so that the general public can understand what he says. His book is a study of the conditions of sanity of mind and of the means to its development and preservation. In his opening chapters he discusses the nature and causes of insanity. Then comes the most valuable chapter in the book, headed "Education," and showing some of the ways in which mental soundness, strength, and stability may be influenced, favorably or the reverse, by early training. The latter part of this chapter considers some of the mental faculties which are, or should be, objects of a teacher's care, and points out how the teacher's work, broadly conceived, may import into the mind the elements of vigor, stability, and capacity to resist stress or shock. It would be an excellent thing if every school teacher in the country, and every intelligent parent — every one, in fact, who has to do with the education of youth — could be brought to make a careful study of this chapter. The following chapters, entitled "Self-Education" and "Our Social and Civic Duties," are hardly less valuable. An appendix gives references to popular works on the prevention of an insanity, and there is a well-made index.

W. H. H.

STINGS AND ARROWS. By George B. Perry. 223 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: The Dunscombe Publishing Company. 1901.

In this attractive volume Mr. Perry has gathered together some of the sketches, stories, and poems, both light and serious, that he has written in the last twenty years and that seem to be worthy of preservation in permanent form. Writers and printers will be particularly interested in his whimsical skit showing that Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" is really a newspaper play, and in the papers, "The Evolution of the Proof-reader" and "The Natural History of the Compositor," both of which are written from most intimate acquaintance with the subjects treated. Mr. Perry's poems, both grave and gay, show that he has equal facility in prose and in verse. Two excellent poems by Josephine D. Perry, one an appropriate "Foreword," and the other, "Cypress and Laurel," a tribute to Lord Roberts, are evidence that the author's daughter has inherited in large degree her father's talent. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

THE ANNUAL LITERARY INDEX — 1900. Edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. 208 pp. Cloth, $3.50. New York: Office of the Publishers' Weekly. 1900.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH SENTENCE. By Lillian G. Kimball. 244 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: American Book Company. 1900.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. By Simon Newcomb, Ph. D. 240 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: American Book Company. 1900.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS. The missing answers to "An Englishwoman's Love-letters." 249 pp. Cloth. New York: Frank F. Lovell Book Company. 1901.

Kela Bai. An Anglo-Indian Idyll. By Charles Johnston. 106 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. 1900.

SONGS OF THE APPLE TREE, WITH KITH AND KIN. Gathered by Robert Mitchell Floyd. 95 pp. Half Russia. Boston: Walker, Young, & Co. 1900.

MACPHERSON'S MUNICIPAL ACCOUNTING. By F. H. Macpherson, C. A. 46 pp. Cloth. Detroit: The Bookkeeper Publishing Company, Ltd. 1901.

TO NAZARETH OR TARSUS? By the author of "Not on Calvary." 217 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1901.

A METEOR-KING. By John A. Copland. 122 pp. Flexible cloth. Harrison, Ont.: The Harrison Tribune Printing House. 1899.

MABEL GORDON. By R. K. D. 250 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1901.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A HERMIT'S NOTES ON THOREAU. Paul Elmer More. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

AESTHETICS AND CRITICISM. Ethel D. Puffer. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

MAX MÜLLER AT OXFORD. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

TOLSTOY'S MORAL THEORY OF ART. (Prize essay in the *Century* competition for 1900.) John Albert Macy. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

DANIEL WEBSTER. — III. Illustrated. John Bach McMaster. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

WORDS AND THEIR HISTORY. R. W. McAlpine. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for June.

AN EARLIER AMERICAN. (Review of W. J. Stillman's Autobiography.) W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

POETRY OF THE CHINESE. Dr. W. A. P. Martin. *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

A STUDY OF BRITISH GENIUS. Havelock Ellis. *Popular Science Monthly* (28 c.) for June.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PRINTED PAGE. Harry Thurston Peck. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for June.

THE OLD FRENCH ROMANCES. I.— Aucassin and Nicolete. Illustrated. Richard Le Gallienne. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for June.

POE FIFTY YEARS AFTER. Professor Edwin W. Bowen. *Forum* (38 c.) for June.

THE PRINTING OF SPOKEN WORDS. Frederic Irland. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for June.

AMERICAN HISTORIANS OF TO-DAY. Alfred Mathews. With portraits of James Ford Rhodes, John Bach McMaster, James Schouler, Goldwin Smith, and Justin Winsor. *Criterion* (13 c.) for June.

THE MAKING AND READING OF NEWSPAPERS. Leonard Courtney. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

SLANG AND ITS USES. Charles Whitley. Reprinted from *Literature* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S HILLS OF ROME. Eve Blantyre Simpson. Reprinted from *Chambers's Journal* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

EMERSON LESLIE STEPHEN. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

THE CULT OF THE HISTORICAL ROMANCE. Professor Richard Burton. *Criterion* (13 c.) for May.

SARDOU AND THE PLAY OF ARTIFICE. Charles Henry Meltzer. *Criterion* (13 c.) for May.

THE NOVELS OF M. RENE BAZIN. Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 11.

HEROINES AND BEAUTIES. Andrew Lang. Reprinted from *Longman's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 11.

SHAKESPEARE AS A MAN. Leslie Stephen Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 18.

THE BAD NOVEL. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 18.

MISQUOTATION. Herman Cohen. Reprinted from *Literature* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 25

NEWS AND NOTES.

The annual convention of the Western Association of Writers will be held at Winona lake, near Warsaw, Ind., June 24–28, inclusive.

Henrik Ibsen is suffering from paralysis. He is scarcely able to walk or talk.

Mr. and Mrs Edwin D. Mead have sailed for Europe to spend several months in historical and political studies. Mr. Mead leaves the *New England Magazine* in other hands, but may resume the editorship later.

The June *Lippincott* reveals the fact that "Suzette" is Miss Caroline Lockhart.

David D. Thompson has been elected editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, to succeed the late Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards.

Arthur T. Vance, for six years editor of the *Home Magazine* of New York, has resigned, to accept a similar position on one of the new magazine ventures to be launched this fall. F. P. Elliott is the new editor of the *Home Magazine*.

Miss Isabel R. Wallach is the new editor of the *Book World* (New York).

The *Pilgrim* (Battle Creek, Mich.) is now edited by Willis J. Abbott.

American Country Life is the title of a new monthly magazine that Doubleday, Page, & Co. will publish early in the autumn. It is expected to interest every one who cares for outdoor matters of any sort. Liberty H. Bailey will be the editor.

The *Theatre* (New York), edited by Arthur Hornblow, is a new high-class monthly devoted to the stage.

Harper's Bazar is now published monthly instead of weekly.

Success (New York) has again changed ownership, the new proprietor being J. S. Barcus, formerly of Washington. It will now be changed back from a monthly to a weekly.

The *Optimist* will be published hereafter at Los Angeles, Calif., to which place the publisher, H. S. Kneedler, has removed.

Doubleday, Page, & Co. (New York) offer a list of cash prizes for photographs of any out-door subjects that come within the scope of their new magazine, *American Country Life*, which is to appear next fall.

The publishers of the *L. A. W. Magazine* (Cleveland) offer $500 in cash prizes for the best three stories or articles dealing with the advantages of cycling, from the point of view of health and pleasure, and printed in the daily papers. No entrance fee or other charge is required. The story may be in prose or verse, but the main point must emphasize the advantages and pleasures of bicycling.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, JULY, 1901. No. 7.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

SOME ETHICS OF VERSE-WRITING. *Clarence Urmy.* . 97
NEWSPAPER PROOF-READING. *Edgar Yates.* 99
THE USEFULNESS OF NEWSPAPERS TO WRITERS. *H. P. Stanton.* 101
EDITORIAL. 102
Why Children's Magazines Fail, 102 — Edward Everett Hale's Rules for Writing, 103 — Notes. . 103
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 104
ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN. *Lulu Whedon Mitchell.* . . 104
DISCOURSE AT THE DREAMERY. *Edward Broderick.* 104
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 106
Mary E. Bambrick, 106 — Forrest Crissey, 106 — Sharlot M. Hall, 106 — Robert Mackay, 106 — Victor Mapes. 107
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 108
"Ralph Connor," 108 — John Habberton. 108
CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS. 108
How the Material for "Calumet 'K'" Was Gathered, 108 — Authors Should Study Botany, 108 — A Disappointed Novelist, 109 — Important Copyright Decision. 109
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 109
Enclosing an Envelope. 109
BOOK REVIEWS. 110
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 111
NEWS AND NOTES. 111

SOME ETHICS OF VERSE-WRITING.

"And the earth was without form and void." Substitute the word "verse" for "earth" in the above quotation, and you will have a good criticism of much of the so-called "poetry" of to-day. Void it is of any raison d'être, and as to its "form," it is seldom that verse is found in current literature that is without fault or blemish.

One must possess a musical ear in order to be able to write good verse. The thought may be beautiful, but with the presentation of that thought lies much of its weight and attractiveness. Perfect rhyme, perfect metre, perfect accent, and a choice of beautiful, graceful, in fact poetical words — attention to these details is necessary to the development of perfect verse.

Said a verse-writer to me, "I just put it down as it comes to me," and oh, how crude and imperfect his lines are! Does the soil require no tilling? Have the trees no need of pruning? Is the wild grape preferred to the cultivated fruit of the vine?

The desire to be first in the field, or the fever born of popular interest in some subject, is too often productive of weak and faulty lines. A dire calamity befalling a locality or the death of some prominent person is so often made the avenue along which maimed, halt, deaf, and blind creatures of verse vainly hobble toward the goal of fame! Such work almost invariably shows an inexcusable carelessness and an astonishing number of fallacies and flaws.

Short verses with attractive titles find many readers.

After you have written a "poem," and have italicized a few words, and have put in perhaps a half-dozen exclamation points, begin at the first line and erase every italic and every exclamation point — your work will profit by the change.

Word-painting is an art which should be cultivated. In describing a landscape or a seascape, work into it all the color possible. In writing of a garden, make your verse fragrant with many perfumes. If it is a storm that you are describing, make your lines resonant with rushing rain and roaring wind. If you write of peace, dip your pen in balm.

Certain forms of verse are suitable only for certain subjects. A sonnet "*To My Cat*" and a rondeau entitled "*Walking with Christ*" are types of absurd selection of verse-form which

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

plainly indicate in the writer the lack of the poet-soul and the absence of the exquisite intuitions which are a part of the poet-nature.

Lines of unusual length have a tendency to destroy melody and to draw verse into the domain of prose. Perfect rhyme is one of the strictest requirements of good verse. When poets like Tennyson, Longfellow, and Whittier rhyme "home" and "come," and "pain" and "again," it may seem iconoclastic to point out the faultiness of their work, but such rhymes are certainly blemishes, and the poem is marred by their presence. A bouquet of roses is not made more attractive by being tied with baling rope, and no matter how beautiful a thought may be, imperfect rhyme and poor versification are sure to lessen the effect of any poetical production.

Melody is another requisite too often slighted. This calls for great attention to metre and particularly to accent, and accent ought to fall on important words. Inattention to accent is exemplified in a quatrain entitled "Poetry," which took the first prize in a tournoi de quatrain: —

> "She comes like the husht beauty of the night,
> But sees too deep for laughter;
> Her touch is a vibration and a light
> From worlds before and after."

In the first line the accent comes naturally — or rather unnaturally — on "the," and in the third line on "a." By this arrangement of words the melody of the lines is disturbed, and though the imperfections may appear trifling, they are snags in the midst of a clear and beautiful stream.

In the choice of words the writer of English verse has a decided advantage over all foreign verse-writers. We have so many words that express the same idea with just a slight shade of difference in meaning, so many synonymous terms, and the language is so elastic in its adaptabilities, that in choosing words to express a thought, the verse-writer who uses unmusical or commonplace expressions should be frowned down and be relegated to the domain of "comic poetry" and doggerel. Even after all the words of the dictionary have rendered service, the vast unexplored realm of compound words stretches out before one, and the wedding of two thoroughly unlike words has often solved for the verse-writer a knotty problem, lending its graceful presence to a line of love, or proving a pillar of strength to a vigorous stanza.

It is best to avoid using words of unusual length, or such terms as appertain almost exclusively to business, the schoolroom, or the street-corner. Certain words in the language, through no fault of their own, have fallen into disrepute, and of these it is well to beware. I read some charming lines the other day, which began: —

> "My love and I together walked
> Beneath the chestnut trees."

and I could not help wishing that the poet might have been a little more careful in his selection of arboreal shade. If you can possibly do without it, do not lug the word "doth" into your verse. "Doth" stands out like a bump on a log, no matter where it appears. It is not a melodious word, and has marred many a line which but for its presence would have been musical and flowing. I have long made it a rule to stop reading any current verse the moment that I discover "doth."

Alliteration should be encouraged. Anything that adds to the smoothness and liquidity of the lines is commendable.

An unnecessary repetition of a final "s" is apt to prove detrimental. Geese should be allowed to hiss to their hearts' content, but verse-writers should strive to keep from hissing their own verses. This fault is especially obnoxious when three or four words, all ending in "s," are placed in close proximity.

The fame of the poems of Poe is to a great extent due to his careful selection of words. He chose beautiful and characteristic words —such phrases as when he speaks of a censer

> "swung by a seraphim
> Whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor,"

and

> "The silken, sad, uncertain rustling of the purple curtains
> Thrilled me —"

are beautiful examples of poetic instinct.

A carefulness regarding the truth in matters of botany, climate, and natural history is essential. A short time ago there appeared a poem on Egypt which told of "a tiger in a jungle,

half-way hid." As both tigers and jungles are unheard-of things in Egypt, the mistake was glaring.

Some conception of the eternal fitness of things is absolutely needful for good verse-writing. In a recent number of a religious weekly there appeared some verses in which a child is made to speak. The little one is giving some motherly advice to another child, and tells how her mother would act under certain conditions. She is so young that she says "oo" for "you," "dess" for "guess," "fink" for "think," and "dirl" for "girl"; but the writer throws unity and good form to the winds when he ends the verses by making the child say: —

"And oo'll promise me, solemn, that never you'll do so again, and I'm sure
You'll feel better directly, for this is my mother's infallible cure."

The use of "oo'll" and "you'll" by the same person in the same line, or verse for that matter, and the absurd jump from "baby-talk" to the correct use and pronunciation of the word "infallible," stamp the verses as decidedly below mediocity.

In all verse there should be one dominant idea, and if you can "lead up" to that thought and have it come as a surprise at the end of your verse, so much the better.

Strive for a graceful and intelligent use of the arts of verse-writing. If possible, leave nothing to be guessed at — no tantalizing vagueness as to what it is that you are trying to portray.

Dignify your work by never allowing yourself to fall into a coarse or slovenly style.

In all that you do, strive for beauty in thought and in form.

In order to write beautiful verse, one must live a beautiful life. As a means toward attaining this desideratum follow Longfellow's advice to Mary Anderson: —

"Every day look at a beautiful picture, listen to a beautiful piece of music, and read a beautiful poem — this will keep you beautiful."

Clarence Urmy.

SAN JOSE, Calif.

NEWSPAPER PROOF-READING.

Does that heading look just right to you? Should the last word be "proof-reading"? Would it not be better if printed "proofreading"? Or is not the accurate form "proof reading"? Now, not what you think about this, but what you know good usage and the weight of authority to be.

No time to look anything up. Is "St. John's, N. F.," right? Is "Hiram Maxim, the inventor of Maximite," right? If a reporter should write a man's name as "Huchstaetter," would you know that it was wrong, and could you spell it right? Is the ancient capital of China "Signan-Fu," or is it "Singan-Fu"? Is "Terry McGovern, the middleweight," right, or does he belong in some other class of boxers? Do you know the exact spelling of the names of all the emperors of ancient Rome, and also of all the baseball players in both the National and the American leagues? Would the expression "the Mayflower, the first of the Boston yachts to defend the America's cup," make you stop with a yell of disgust at the ignorance of the man who wrote it?

For the proof-reader on a great daily must come a little nearer omniscience than any other mortal man needs to. He must know all history, all geography, all literature. He must be a living "Bartlett's Quotations," a complete history of the prize ring, a nestor in city, state, and national politics, a compendium of all the technicalities of botany, bridge-building, butter-making, bee-keeping, blacksmithing, and every other science, art, trade, calling, or profession.

And, what is more, he must have his knowledge right at his finger ends; for, in the hurry of getting out a daily paper, there is little or no time to look at any work of reference.

But as all proof-readers are a long way from being all-seeing or all-knowing, daily papers contain more or less errors. Such typographical mistakes as appear are due almost entirely to going to press with some of the matter still uncorrected. Thus occasionally a pi-line, that Chinese puzzle of jumbled letters, gets into print and amazes the reader, or a short article appears all peppered with simple typographical errors. All this, however, is because the night editor cannot wait to have the corrections made.

Proof-reading on daily papers is done by one or more "teams," each team made up of the proof-reader and his copy-holder. Contrary to the method in book offices, the proof-reader reads aloud from the galley-proof, the copy-holder beside him following with his eye the original manuscript, and stopping him to announce any variation or omission.

To read aloud continuously for seven hours each night, six nights a week, year in and year out, would be a physical impossibility if the reader did not favor his vocal organs in every possible way. The proof-readers must be in a quiet room and by themselves. The copy-holder sits close beside the proof-reader, who, while enunciating clearly, reads in a moderate voice with all the rapidity possible. The greatest ease is secured by an absolute monotone — without the slightest expression or inflection, a dead straight line of vocalization, passing over interrogation points, full stops, and commas as if they did not exist. The only pause a proof-reader knows is the pause to take breath. It is better to take moderately deep inspirations and read five or six lines than to take a shallow breath that needs renewing at every comma. A parenthesis may be signified by dropping the voice three or four notes while passing through it. Quotation marks, where they are not obvious, are indicated by the reader by using the expression "quote" and "end quote." Where but one or two words are inclosed in quotation marks, it is the quicker way to call off the number of words quoted, as: "They were 'in sweet accord' (three quote) on this point." Any punctuation, whether unusual or obscure, is indicated by naming it and not by any inflection of the voice. "He is dead (period)," "He is dead (quære)," and "He is dead (screamer)" serve to make it clear to the copy-holder whether the sentence is a statement, an interrogatory, or an exclamation.

An unusual proper name may be spelled out, to make sure that it is like copy, and such names as are merely infrequent can have the spelling indicated by the enunciation.

The proof-reader calls McDonald "Mick-Donald" to distinguish it from MacDonald; Kelley is known from Kelly by calling it "Kell-e-y"; "Elliott — the fat way" means Elliott as compared with Eliot; "He-menway" implies the other word from Hemmenway, and "Le-nox" shows that he does not mean Lennox. All this — and a thousand times more — makes up the shorthand of proof-reading; it saves stopping to spell out the word. Each proof-reader may devise his own system and invent any little short-cuts he finds practical, but all must have some "code" of this sort in order not to lose time.

The best thing to write with in marking proof is a large-size gold pen, and preferably mounted in a fountain penholder. Legibility in marking errors is an essential in good proof-reading. On the ordinary proof-paper a hard-pointed pencil leaves but a pale mark, a softer and darker pencil quickly loses its point and makes the correction obscure, and a steel pen splutters. A stylographic pen is good, but a big Waterman fountain pen is pretty nearly ideal.

But when the proof-paper is damp, no pen or hard lead pencil can be used. The thing then is a copying-ink pencil, with which the damper the paper, the more brilliantly purple the mark. It is a great improvement over the black lead pencil commonly resorted to in such case.

The adjustable reading-board should have a spring clip at the left-hand edge, to hold the proof in place while one is reading. The board should be of highly polished mahogany or rosewood, and wiped every day.

The eyesight is the point of greatest strain

in proof-reading. It is doubtful if there is any other calling in which so great a demand is made upon the optic nerve and retina as in reading proof all night with your face fourteen inches from the proof, dazzling white under the electric light six inches above it. For it is not mere reading of ideas; it is also concentrating the vision and the attention that not a single letter of the thousands that pass under the eye shall be missed. In a column of matter there are likely to be from five to fifty errors; and it is the business of the strained eye to detect every one of them. Between proofs, the eyes should be rested by looking off and away, or closing the lids entirely. If glasses are worn (and generally they are), the best possible optician is the cheapest man the proof-reader can deal with, — for when the eyes go, the proof-reader is gone. There are blind literary people, but no blind proof-readers.

And if WRITER readers who have been irritated by what they deem the blunders of printers and proof-readers will meet one of the enemy on middle ground for a moment, perhaps it can be discovered where the source of at least a part of the trouble lies. For these offenders are not absolute dunder-heads. They are always well-informed and often well-educated. The average writer knows much less about spelling and punctuation than does the average printer, and frequently the printer is the better grammarian. It is not so much the impenetrability of the printer's skull as the illegibility of the writer's scrawl that is responsible for the tremendous "breaks" that get into print. Write plainly, and there will be no complaint. And if you cannot write plainly, at least take pains with figures, names, and places, especially the first time they occur in the article. (And oh! do spell them alike all the way through.) In all special articles, whether technical or descriptive, write with especial legibility any unusual name or expression. Then you won't see "Butler & Eyges" appear as "butter and eggs," or "Tombstone" as "Tom B. Stone." *Edgar Yates.*

BOSTON, MASS.

THE USEFULNESS OF NEWSPAPERS TO WRITERS.

Writers are very apt to underestimate the value to them of the daily newspapers. American newspapers certainly are not ideal, and there is a general tendency among cultivated people to decry them, but with all their faults they are the daily record of the progress of the world, and writers especially cannot get along without them.

To writers on current topics wide newspaper reading is manifestly essential. Even writers of pure fiction need to read the daily papers regularly, both to get up-to-date suggestions, and to keep themselves from getting behind the times. The newspapers print innumerable incidents that suggest good ideas for plots and situations, and the novelist can often make good use of them. Moreover, the newspapers are full of human nature, and the daily reading of them will help the fiction writer to put into his work that essential element, "human interest," which editors, and publishers, and the reading public eternally demand.

While American newspapers, as has been said, are not ideal, many of them are well-written and well-conducted, and one can easily avoid the cheap sensational sheets, and turn to such papers as, for instance, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, the *New York Sun*, or the *New York Times*. With such newspapers as these readily available, the man who condemns all American newspapers as bad, and prides himself on never reading them, simply shows his own narrow-minded ignorance. *H. P. Stanton.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9–14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

282 Washington street (Rooms 9–14),

P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. JULY, 1901. NO. 7.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Referring to the editorial on children's magazines in the May number of THE WRITER, S. E. Cassino, the publisher of *Little Folks*, writes: "I think one reason why children's magazines have not been successful is that their makers have not realized the importance of using only manuscripts which are adapted to little people. Many of them seem to have finally concluded that anything is good enough for the children. The publisher of the once deservedly successful *Our Little Ones* finally went to the extent of reprinting almost the entire magazine from old issues, using, in fact, the old plates. Another reason why they have not continued is that the average life of a subscription is comparatively short, and the publisher must never rest, but be seeking new subscribers constantly, or his little readers will have outgrown his pages. Still another reason lies in the difficulty of securing advertising patronage. I believe, however, that *Little Folks* will be an exception to the rule. There are about forty-five thousand paid subscriptions now, and the list is constantly growing; but we are not making as good a magazine as we shall."

* * *

Why does an author in submitting a manuscript to an editor ever enclose a return envelope so small that the manuscript cannot be sent back in it without folding across the original creases? Every editor knows that writers often do this, and manuscripts, in consequence, get a time-worn and frequently-rejected appearance that compels rewriting, or else tends to prejudice editors against them. In enclosing an envelope for the return of a manuscript if rejected, it is best to use an envelope of the same size as the one in which the manuscript is mailed to the editor, folding it once across the middle with the flap turned out, as a "Helpful Hint" in this number of THE WRITER suggests.

* * *

The "Helpful Hints and Suggestions" department of THE WRITER, by the way, used to be one of the most interesting and useful features of the magazine, and might easily be so again. It is intended as a medium for the interchange of "good ideas" among readers of THE WRITER and all readers are invited to contribute to it freely.

* * *

A number of critics have remarked that with Imogen Clark's novel of old New York a new

dialect has appeared in literature. The following extract will show about how much literature has been enriched thereby: —

"Annetje? She is glat as nefer vas to haf you here—she ton't know v'at t'e ot'ers say—alvays apout t'e Enklish pusy in her mind is she. Ant t'e domine, he ton't say not'ings about you, no more as Annetje toes, put t'e neighpors see t'e young mens coming an't t'ey ask Heilke. T'at vomans, juffrouw, is like a—a t'at t'ing you cannot carry vater in pecause of t'e leetle holes in t'e pottom, and she gapples—gapples—For myself I say not'ings—I am tisgretious!"

* * *

According to a "literary note," kindly copied by hundreds of the conductors of the daily press, "Charles M. Flandrau, whose 'The Diary of a Freshman' is on the stands, claims an unbroken line from Henry of Navarre." What more could any author ask as an aid to literary success?

* * *

Edward Everett Hale's rules for writing are always worth reprinting. They are: —

1. Know what you want to say.
2. Say it.
3. Use your own language.
4. Leave out all fine passages.
5. A short work is better than a long one.
6. The fewer words, other things being equal, the better.
7. Cut it to pieces.

* * *

The title of a magazine article ought always to give a definite idea of the nature of the article. For example, the title, "An Earlier American," over Mr. Howells's article in the *North American Review* for June, is bad, first, because the use of "Earlier" seems affected; and second, because there is nothing in the title to indicate that the article is a review of Mr. Stillman's autobiography.

* * *

A distinct novelty in the periodical world will be a fashion magazine for men, with fashion plates, which will appear for the first time in August in—of all places in the world, Chicago! It will be called the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and, besides the fashion articles and plates, it will print chafing dish recipes, hints on how to smoke gracefully, and heart-to-heart talks with young men, corresponding to those that have made Mr. Bok and the *Ladies' Home Journal* famous.

* * *

Writers of historical romances will no doubt be grateful to the man who has made a list of the old-time ejaculations in Sir Walter Scott's romances. There are thirty of them in "Kenilworth" alone, and here they are: —

Brain o' man! Beshrew my heart! Marry! By the mass! By my credit! By my faith! By my sooth! A pize on it! By Saint George! By Heaven! By Saint Julian! Uds daggers! Gad-a-mercy! By the holy cross of Abingdon! Fire and fagot! Uds precious! By blood and nails! Cags wounds! Gog's nouns! God's pity! God's death! Ods blades and poinards! Uds daggers and death! Mass! By Saint Barnaby! Cog's bones! By Saint Peter of the Fetters! God's life! By our lady! By gog's nails!

Due care should be taken, of course, not to use the same ejaculation more than twice on any one page.

* * *

"Never say as a journalist what you would not say as a gentleman," was John Boyle O'Reilly's motto. It should be inscribed in every newspaper office in the land.

* * *

The *Pawtucket Gazette and Chronicle* quotes an example of the "split infinitive" which even Brander Mathews may admit is more or less objectionable. Here it is: —

4th.—It shall be the duty of the . . . . . to, at least once each quarter or oftener if so directed by joint standing committee on . . . . . or the city council, examine and audit the books of the superintendent of . . . . . .

* * *

Lovers of language puzzles will be keenly interested in the news that Henry James has delivered to his English publishers the completed manuscript of a new novel.

* * *

The estate of George Murray Smith, the London publisher, exceeds $3,500,000—which is more than most authors are able to accumulate.

* * *

The book reviewer of *St. James's Budget* (London) in his review of "Eben Holden"—

which he has evidently read—says: "Eben Holden was a negro." Did Mr. Bacheller ever suspect it?

* * *

A newspaper gives directions for sending money through the mails. An excellent way to send a dollar by mail is to send it with a subscription for THE WRITER. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

No less than 126 British and American novels and seven plays have drawn their titles from the works of Shakespeare.—*Boston Transcript.*	No fewer than 126 British and American novels and seven plays have drawn their titles from the works of Shakespeare.
His wife's relations made Stoughton a study.—*New York World.*	His wife's relatives made Stoughton a study.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

O fortunate hour that made my own your book
Of rain-taught cadence and wind-whispered word,
Friend of the field, associate of the bird,
Co-tenant of the thrush's secret nook,
Interpreter of bud, and bee, and brook,
Comrade of all wild woodfolk, small, soft-furred,
That, unafraid, the nearest thicket stirred,
And staid to answer questioning look with look.
Clear singing through a mist of gathering ills,
Storing a nectar drop though skies gloomed gray,—
Where vesper sparrows mate, you have your rest;
Such storms as crash o'er your Canadian hills
Unheeded as the piping crickets' play
In their warm tents of grass above your breast.

EVANSTON, Ill. *Lulu Whedon Mitchell.*

DISCOURSE AT THE DREAMERY.

Scene: The Dreamery—a large room; one long table, littered with papers, magazines, and books; seven chairs and a lounge, evidently much used; the walls marvelously dotted with pictures, posters, scraps of verse, Bits of Wisdom, Reflections, caricatures by home talent; the floor carpeted irregularly with papers and magazines. Three windows, covered with dust, *present an inspiring view* over a city's roofs.

Characters: Bernard Droaner and Jim Spacey. At a desk in the corner a shock of black hair is bent over a book, the figure below hidden by the chair.

Droaner (reads aloud): "'A Reader for one of our most popular magazines said the other day that the first paragraph of a story or an essay often brought down the verdict "Not available" upon the whole contribution by a single mistake in grammar or spelling.'" (He turns with a flourish, and cries out): "Ghosts of Dickens, Byron, Thackeray! Shade of Stevenson—he could not spell—and of all workers who have left error-dotted masterpieces to this age of petty exactitudes! Is this progress? It is, then, not the "mute Miltons" alone that we must lose, but also those poets who have the misfortune to split an infinitive or to misspell a word in their opening lines! Stevenson was a weary time winning a place on the high road: may we not lay the blame of several rejections to the laws of those arbitrary fogies, Johnson, Worcester, and Webster?"

Spacey: "My dear sleeper, everybody now recognizes the fact that editors no longer pose as patrons of letters. Publishing is a business; editing is a business; both are governed by the rules of trade. The Reader is but a wheel—"

Droaner: "And is there not another wheel—a proof-reader—whose specialty is slips in grammar and spelling?"

Spacey: "A wheel that rusts in a sinecure; but of course you understand that it is not the mere necessary change of a word or letter that frightens our modern editor. He takes the mistake as the stamp of that most troublesome drug on the market—the inexperienced beginner."

Droaner: "But I see effects of this method that are distressing. The average magazine story has less of the great powers,—catching, holding, and repaying interest—than any printed matter I know of outside a Sunday-school library. If these tales do not bear the stamp of the inexperienced writer, they too often do bear the stamp of the inexperienced reader of books, character, and life. Are we to have a schoolma'am age of literature?"

Spacey: "But for that long envelope in your pocket, with a 'postage due' stamp on it, I

should be surprised at such silly injustice, even from you. You are beginning to compare passing stories that have stood the test of one editorial office alone to the stories that have stood all the tests of time and its critics. Your epithet 'schoolma'am' is away off. I know the 'pieces' you have in mind; commonplaceness primly decked — there! you dote on phrases! — compositions as disagreeably 'correct' as the girl just back home from a young ladies' seminary; but these are less in view nowadays than ever before. The writer who has lived most is our Headliner, our Star."

Droaner: "Lived most! You have the newspaper man's idea of living — that he has lived most who has gone through the most varied motions, traveled farthest, fought longest. No, no; he has lived most who has thought most. The sailor's yarn from the sailor's lips, — that is your cry. But I love the sailor's yarn from the inland hermit, Coleridge: and from the Londoner, Defoe. Who is the greatest traveler of all time? A strolling player who was never out of England. And who is the greatest student? That same merry man of little Latin and less Greek, who studied in himself. He is the greatest traveler, student, seer, and liver who explores, studies, lives, in himself; for who knows himself knows all — "

Spacey (briskly): "If you'd put half that enthusiasm and eloquence upon the merits of New-Never-Fail Nervine or on Somebody's Soap, you could settle our little difficulty with the gas man."

Droaner: "The gas man! Patent medicine! Soap! Oh, this slavery of little things! 'Bread and the Circus' held the Roman populace in slavery. Vulgar newspapers, flaring lights, and tinsel, — so our cities are kept full of little slaves. Must Art sell herself to this braggart age?

'An age of petty tit for tat,
An age of busy gabble, —
An age that's like a brewer's vat
Fermenting for the rabble!'

Well, Driblet, there's your favorite author. What have you got to say for our side?"

The shock of black hair in the corner is raised, a dark face is turned, and the dreamery rhymester with an affected look of cynical weariness indicates that he is composing.

Driblet (declaims): —

"This busy, flustered little age!
For future honors we've no hope:
I see a cynic head our page, —
'The Century for Selling Soap!'

But how you run away from your subject, old man! First you whine because editors demand perfectly-prepared manuscripts; now you breathe rhetoric — rhetoric not untrue, but out of place. Look again at the editor: his refusal to consider the ill-prepared gives more chance to those who come well prepared for the closest scrutiny. Profit by this fact. If your patience is not equal to the toils of final revision, a few dollars spent at an able Literary Bureau will bring you a copy that looks better than print. You are now sure of consideration, having advanced from the mass of scribbled vexations that remind the Reader of composition day at school. Some way or other you must get out of that undisciplined army. We are jackasses! We have studied the eccentricities of genius, the little madnesses of poets, and now we humor with idiotic hopefulness our every failing. The genius of Poe, Baudelaire, Verlaine, is great enough to explain many faults; but I never met a man here — save one — whose genius was such as to excuse him for being a blamed fool!"

Droaner (hopefully): "Save one?"

Driblet: "Myself."

Spacey: "All this talk may mean a good deal to you fellows; to me it means only this, — that a man must work along, brave and steady, and meet the laws of things as they are, or beat them down. Let's get to work; these bill collectors are smoking all our tobacco up."

Driblet: "To work! Ungrateful dog! I have just given you a rhyme and an oration. This being my inspired day, I'll add an epigrammatic word. Droaner, you have there a manuscript on which either necessity or stinginess led you to save four cents: two cents the favored editor paid to his postman, hoping for a masterpiece, maybe; the other two cents I paid an hour ago, without any hope at all. My word to you is this, — Put full postage outside and inside every manuscript: if you do not, you are stamp wise and check foolish."

He rises, walks to the lounge, and lies down with his face to the wall. Droaner takes the long envelope from his pocket, and studies the address sorrowfully.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Edward Broderick.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Mary E. Bambrick, whose poem, "April," appeared in the *Designer* for April, is nineteen years old, and the poem was written three years ago, while she was still a school girl. That poem and two others — "Moy" and "The Three Kings" — are all that she has ever written. Miss Bambrick is a graduate of the Idaho State Normal School and took a two years' course in Columbia College, Washington, D. C. She has taught for two years in the public schools of Idaho.

Forrest Crissey, whose whimsical verses, called "A Goose Game," appeared in *St. Nicholas* for June, is the special editorial representative in the West of the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia. Although he has written for the *Youth's Companion* and other publications, making a special appeal to juvenile readers, his most generously appreciated work has been in the delineation, for adults, of boy life. While a member of the editorial staff of the *Chicago Evening Post*, he published a series of short sketches of country life, which brought him recognition in this field. In these unpretentious studies he did, in a measure, for the American boy what Kenneth Grahame did for the English boy in "The Golden Age" — presenting the sensitive, impressionable, and introspective lad of the high-strung Western type, rather than the rollicking little savage delineated in the pages of William Allen White's "Court of Boyville" and Stephen Crane's "Whilomville Stories." Aside from his stories of country life, the work by which Mr. Crissey is best known is that of magazine articles. Of these, his recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post* on "How Kenna Carries the Ward" is a good example. Any subject which gives opportunity for literary treatment and has a genuine human element commands his interest. Mr. Crissey believes that an all-around newspaper experience is the best possible training for the dependable literary worker, who should have the facility to produce, on call, an acceptable magazine article as readily as the reporter turns out newspaper copy "on assignment."

Sharlot M. Hall, who wrote the story, "The Last Queen of the Papagos," in the *Designer* for May, lives on an Arizona ranch. She is thirty years old, and was the first white child born in Lincoln county, Kansas. She has always lived on the frontier. When her father removed from Kansas to Arizona, — by wagon, of course, — the twelve-year-old girl rode horseback all the way, and herded the loose stock. In the valley of the Arkansaw she was thrown from her pony, and sustained an injury to the spine, which handicaps her to this day; but she clambered back to the saddle and finished the long journey so. From sixteen to twenty-one she lived in a mining camp, and for the last ten years she has been the presiding spirit on a lonely fruit ranch — "almost as isolated," she writes, "as Crusoe's island — several miles from a post-office, no neighbors, no literary friends or associates, no books in miles except the few I have gathered, living practically the life of the pioneer women of fifty years ago." Miss Hall has been writing for five or six years. Her work is nearly all along Western lines — sketches, descriptive articles, short stories, and poems. She has written for the *Atlantic* and other high-grade periodicals. A full-page poem of hers, illustrated, appeared in the May number of *Everybody's Magazine*, and the same magazine has a story of a pioneer woman's life and death, called "The Price of the Star." The Western poems she has written have been widely copied and given much praise, especially "The Trail of Death" and "The Yucca Palms," two of distinctly desert motif and coloring. "The Last Queen of the Papagos" is woven around an old Papago legend and a queer echo still to be heard at the coast city of Guyamas on the Gulf of California.

Robert Mackay, whose poem, "The Present, Alone, Is Ours," in *Success* for June has been widely quoted, is a Western writer. He was born in Virginia City, Nev., just thirty years ago, and is the son of Duncan C. Mackay, of San Francisco, Calif., who was one of the

first miners to reach the Comstock Lode. Robert Mackay has been engaged in literary work for the past fourteen years. He is best known as an editorial writer, but has contributed a number of short stories and poems to the American and English press. One of his short stories, "The Hen with the Gilded Teeth," a satire on the science of sociology, won a prize of $500 offered by an English magazine, now defunct. Another story, "The Sphinx with the Epilepsy," published in the *San Francisco News-Letter*, was widely read, and Mr. Mackay has several letters from prominent literary men who told him that it was one of the best short stories ever written. Mr. Mackay has traveled all over the world. He spent five years abroad, and the result of the trip will be a book from his pen entitled "The Pilgrimage of a Yankee." He is also at work on a volume of short stories, which will be published this fall. As a writer of poetry Mr. Mackay has won no little praise. His sonnet in a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly*, "Earth's Call to Man," brought him a letter of praise from Sir Walter Besant. His dialect poem, "Mother is the Only One," is now a favorite recitation in many places, and the author was gratified to know that 496 papers reprinted this poem. Mr. Mackay has joined the literary colony of New York, where he is becoming well known.

Victor Mapes, the author of the story, "Wanted: A Hero," in the June *Century*, is the nephew of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*. He is a young man of thirty, and his principal successes thus far have been made in connection with stage affairs, as playwright, dramatic critic, and producer of plays. One of his plays, "Don Caesar's Return," is to be produced by James K. Hackett in September at Wallack's Theatre, New York. Another play, "The Tory's Guest," which introduces the character of George Washington, was produced at a special matinee in New York last season, and scored a pronounced success. The rights to it have since been acquired by another popular star, who will use it as his main attraction next season. A one-act Japanese comedy, called "A Flower of Yeddo," written in verse by Mr. Mapes, also won considerable success at a trial performance in New York, and is announced for a tour of the vaudeville houses, beginning July 1 at Keith's Theatre in New York. Mr. Mapes was graduated from Columbia University in 1891, at the head of his class. He then served for a year as a reporter on the *New York Sun*, where his work attracted considerable attention in newspaper circles. At the end of a year he decided to devote himself to a study of the drama, and went to Paris, where he remained for about four years, studying the methods of the famous French dramatists. At the end of that time he achieved the unique distinction of writing a three-act play in French, called "La Comtesse de Lisne," which was accepted for production by the directors of the Odeon, the second national theatre of France. The play had been submitted under an assumed name, and when it was discovered that the author was a foreigner, the directors of the Odeon refused to carry out their agreement. Soon afterward, however, the play was produced at another Parisian theatre, where it was favorably received, and enjoyed a prosperous run. On his return to America in 1896, Mr. Mapes, while continuing his work of playwriting, received little or no encouragement from the American managers, to whom he submitted his manuscripts in vain for some time. In 1897 he accepted a position as assistant stage manager with Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. The following summer he again visited Paris, at the time of Eleanora Duse's first appearance there, and in a book called "Duse and the French," which was published by the Dunlap Society, he gave a description of her experiences in the French capital, together with a critical comparison of her art and Bernhardt's. Soon afterward he became the dramatic critic for the *New York World*, where he remained for two years, signing his criticisms "Sidney Sharp." A year ago, on the death of Fred Williams, the position of general stage director at Daly's Theatre was offered to Mr. Mapes, and he resigned his critical work to accept it. In this position, which he now occupies, he has charge of the preparation for the stage of the various plays which are produced under Daniel

Frohman's management. It is only within the last two years that Mr. Mapes has begun to receive recognition as a playwright. A year ago Richard Mansfield and Mary Mannering both accepted plays from him, neither of which, however, succeeded in reaching the footlights. The play for Mary Mannering, called "A Wayward Lady," was given up in favor of the dramatization of "Janice Meredith," while the Mansfield play, "Don Caesar's Return," was allowed to lie on the shelf owing to the continued success of "Henry V." On the expiration of Mansfield's rights to this play, it was bought by James K. Hackett, who is to use it as the opening attraction in his new career as an actor manager. In addition to his work on plays, Mr. Mapes has contributed a number of stories and articles to various magazines.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

"Ralph Connor." — "Ralph Connor" is Rev. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, who began his professional career as a home missionary in the Northwest. In his literary work he generally has a well-defined plan in his mind when he begins to write, but the characters often run away with him, so that the outcome may be altogether different from what he first intended. When the inspiration is on him he writes until compelled to stop from sheer physical exhaustion. — *Saturday Evening Post.*

Habberton. — John Habberton recently encouraged a despondent young author by telling him that the manuscript of his own afterward famous "Helen's Babies" was rejected twenty-one times. — *Indianapolis Journal.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS

How the Material for "Calumet 'K'" Was Gathered. — Collaboration in literature is generally regarded as too complicated and clumsy to stand the test of modern demands. The feasibility of this method, however, has seldom been more convincingly demonstrated than by Samuel Merwin and Henry K. Webster.

The earnestness with which these young men — both under twenty-eight — enter into their work is well illustrated by the manner in which they prepared themselves to write their latest novel, "Calumet 'K.'" Through their extensive acquaintance with business men doing things on a large scale and fighting the commercial battle of the West, they became acquainted with an incident of industrial warfare which suggested the plot of a stirring novel of modern business life. The main movement of the story centres in the building of an elevator and the events connected with this enterprise. These young writers determined to know, through actual experience and personal observation, the groundwork of the structure of their story. Learning that a large grain elevator was to be constructed at Ludington, Mich., they applied to the contractor for positions on the work. Mr. Merwin was employed as a lumber checker, and Mr. Webster was assigned to the duties of timekeeper. The timekeeper was obliged to rise at five o'clock, eat his breakfast, and be at the scene of his day's labor in time to blow the 6.45 whistle and hand out the "checks" to the men before the work began in earnest at seven o'clock. While his collaborator could catch a few additional moments of sleep in the morning, his duties were enough heavier to make up for this privilege. None of their associates knew that they were working along with two successful authors, or suspected the real motive which held the young men to their task. It is interesting to speculate upon what would have been the attitude of the "boss" had he known that his timekeeper was a Hamilton graduate and had served as assistant professor of rhetoric in Union College, and that his lumber checker had been assistant editor in a book publishing house.

Though willing to work hard for true local color, these writers took good precautions not to overdo the matter of realism. They took no notes and allowed their materials to be collected by assimilation instead of by force. Then they waited several months before beginning to work out their story. — *Saturday Evening Post.*

Authors Should Study Botany. — It is a shameful thing not to be able to fit each month with its appropriate flower, yet how many of

us could do it? How many could avouch from their own observing the perfection of knowledge which keeps Shakespeare so faithful in his many flower passages that you shall never—so it is said by botanists—find him coupling in a vase blossoms that do not bloom together. I once saw hawthorn flowered on April 9 at Torquay, and the date has been fixed in my memory, but whether the swallows had arrived or no is no way clear to me. Three lines in a notebook would have given an abstract of early spring, which memory could fill in and make a reality. Of course, there are notebooks and notebooks. There is, for instance, M. Zola's, who describes with a wealth of detail (in his "Faute de l'Abbé Mouret") a garden of surprising luxuriance, where narcissus, sunflower, and chrysanthemums—or blooms equally incompatible—flourished simultaneously. That is the notebook basing itself on the florist's catalogue, and I have always thought the passage typical of M. Zola's method.—*London Daily News.*

A Disappointed Novelist.—A novelist who has written many stories, in the majority of which he has given the rein to his imagination, has lately had a grave disappointment. Some time ago—he was thirteen then, and the list of his published works is very long—he read a story which was set in a remote Spanish village. The description of the place fascinated him, and he managed to ascertain that there really was such a village. So he made up his mind that when he had escaped from the tyranny of school he would set himself to learn Spanish, and that when he had any money he would go and see the village and stop there a long time—possibly for the rest of his life if he could find anything to do. He grew up, and he actually did learn Spanish, but till recently he did not get to the village, though he traveled widely. At last—only a month or two ago—he found himself in Madrid. There was no railway to the village,—there never are to villages of this kind,—and so he hired a carriage and drove by easy stages to the place of which he had dreamed so often during so many years. At last the carriage stopped suddenly outside a wayside inn, at whose doorway there lounged a slovenly peasant woman. He was told that he had arrived. There was not so much as a cottage anywhere near. The village was just a name on the map: what had charmed him as a boy and remained in his memory as a man was simply the invention of the novelist. —*London Morning Post.*

Important Copyright Decision.—In Chicago there is a literary institution known as the Daily Story Publishing Company, which makes a business of selling fiction to daily papers. The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* purchased the right to use stories furnished by this company, agreeing to print the usual copyright notice with each one. Accidentally this notice was omitted in the case of one story, which was clipped by the American Press Association. Thereupon the Daily Story Publishing Company sued the American Press Association. Both parties agreed to the statement of fact, leaving the question: Did the omission of the copyright notice by the *Globe-Democrat* give the American Press Association the right to appropriate the story? Judge Kohlsaat of the United States district court of Chicago decided in favor of the Daily Story Publishing Company. Therefore omission of the copyright notice does not deprive the owner of his rights. If this decision is sustained, literary highwaymen will be compelled to be more circumspect in their operations.—*Zion's Herald.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Enclosing an Envelope.—I have found by experience that in enclosing an envelope for possible return of a manuscript it is not well to use an envelope somewhat smaller than the

one in which the manuscript is mailed and to enclose it flat. If that is done and the editor receiving the package cuts off the end of the outer envelope with a pair of shears to open it, he is quite likely to cut the end off the inner envelope at the same time, and so spoil it. For this reason I find it better to use envelopes of only one size, folding the envelope to be enclosed once across the middle before putting it in with the manuscript. Lately I have discovered that it is a good idea to open the flap of the inner envelope before it is folded for insertion. It may be folded much more neatly thus. A. M. G.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THROUGH LUZON ON HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS. By Willis Bliss Wilcox. 235 pp. Cloth. Philadelphia: Franklin Book Company. 1901.

In October, 1898, when American military control was effective only in Manila and Cavite, Paymaster W. B. Wilcox of the U. S. S. "Monadnock" obtained leave of absence for the purpose of exploring the northern portion of the island of Luzon. Accompanied by Cadet L. R. Sargent, Wilcox succeeded in making a six-weeks' trip through the interior of the island, returning in safety to report to Admiral Dewey his experiences and observations — now embodied in a most timely and interesting work. It was no simple undertaking. Here were two white officers, without other protection than that afforded by their personal bravery and the then uncertain glamor of the name American; without passes of safe conduct, since upon application this favor had been refused by Aguinaldo, who then controlled through his adherents all this region, even the country between Manila and Cavite; and without other escort or guidance than that furnished by five native servants who had never penetrated the Luzon jungle. What they saw and how they journeyed, how with tireless persistence and pioneer courage they advanced from day to day, now on horseback, now by native boats and rafts, now by steers or buffaloes, or, failing other means of transportation, following the trail on foot, — all is portrayed in virile style. H. C. B.

A SUMMER JOURNEY TO BRAZIL. By Alice R. Humphrey. 148 pp. Cloth. New York: Bonnell, Silver, & Co. 1900

The experiences indicated in this pleasant little volume of travel were the result of three journeys to Brazil during characteristic periods *in its recent political* developments. The author first saw Brazil under the beneficent rule of Dom Pedro, who made the irretrievable blunder of attempting to play the role of republican emperor in a mixed society. Then she visited the country in the critical period following the revolution, and, lastly, when the era of discord had finally come to an end with the peaceful election of Brazil's first *civilian* president, Senor De Campos Salles. Mention should be made of the excellent collection of illustrations in the book, and of the valuable appendix of eight chapters containing much interesting information concerning economic and sociological questions as they present themselves in Brazil to-day.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. By Simon Newcomb, Ph. D. 240 pp. Cloth. $1.00. New York: American Book Company. 1900.

Dr. Newcomb unquestionably is the leading astronomer in this country to-day and among the foremost to be found in his field of science in the world. In the present volume of sixteen chapters he has had two objects in mind throughout: first, to condense those facts and laws of science that are of most interest and importance to an intelligent layman seeking to know something of the heavenly bodies and their relation to the earth, and, second, so to present the subject that as little formal mathematics, geometry, and physics as possible should be necessary to its mastery by a student who desires only a command of general ideas without purposing to make technical applications of the science. The exposition is remarkably clear and logical, and of especial value to the general reader is the last chapter, dealing with the history of astronomy. Dr. Newcomb's work will without doubt become a standard text-book for general use in the curriculum of high schools and colleges.

OUR FRIEND, THE CHARLATAN. By George Gissing. 386 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1901.

A powerful story of the rise and fall of a scheming degenerate, written in the Gissing vein of pessimistic philosophy, is "Our Friend, The Charlatan." Dyce Lashmar starts in life at the age of twenty-seven, with no capital except a stolen "bio-sociological" theory, to play the part of a political adventurer — to force his way into the company of "those great comedians who rule the world." A clever handling of his superficial ideas, combined with a certain power Lashmar possesses over a certain type of women, enables him to live on his wits, and nearly win an heiress and a seat in Parliament — nearly, but not quite. The inevitable crash comes, upon the discovery of his "philosophy" by a jealous woman. The character of Lashmar suggests another portrayal of the demagogue by a master hand in the shape of Hope's "Quisante." But the Zenda author

created in his masterpiece a fitful genius, a born leader of men, with whom the "Charlatan" is comparable only in the extent of his ambition. Although obscured by superfluous detail, both in narration and character sketching, Mr. Gissing's story never drags perceptibly, and Lashmar is swept on to his unmasking — his undoing by the powers he had challenged in playing the game. H. C. B.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS. Being the missing answers to "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." 249 pp. Cloth. New York: Lovell Book Company. 1901.

"As he who treated her so cruelly has given her letters to the public, I now give his, and may God judge between him and her." Reading this, one is interested at the outset to institute a comparison with the first collection of love-letters, the authorship of which is a secret still. This comparison results somewhat unfavorably to the man in the case. Although his letters may appear the cleverer bit of literature, they lack the genuine passion of the earlier series. Full of stray philosophy and literary criticism, they present no heart analogies, no spontaneity of the lover. His repeated declarations of passion and infatuation begin to weary one long before the inevitable rupture, and a love-letter seems no place for the exercise of such cleverness as is displayed in his theorizing. His head is better than his heart. As an unfeeling parody the book can be set down as a complete success. H. C. B.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. Herbert W. Horwill. *Forum* (38 c.) for July.

THE CASE AGAINST THE EDITOR. Edward W. Bok. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for July.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY. Harlan H. Ballard. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for July.

STORIES OF AUTHORS' LOVES. Dante Gabriel Rossetti and "The House of Life." With portraits. Clara E. Laughlin. *Delineator* (18c.) for July.

PARKMAN AT LAKE GEORGE. Francis Parkman. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for July.

SOME FAMOUS ORATORS I HAVE HEARD. George F. Hoar. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for July.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. W. C. Brownell. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for July.

RUSKIN IN HIS HOME. Anne O'Hagan. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for July.

THE LOVE MOTIVE IN CURRENT FICTION. Richard Burton. *Book Buyer* (23 c.) for July.

THE ART OF FICTION MADE EASY. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 1.

WILLIAM STUBBS, BISHOP OF OXFORD. Rev. W. H. Hutton. Reprinted from *Literature* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 1.

LITERATURE AND DEMOCRACY. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 8.

POETRY OF THE SEA. F. T. Bullen. Reprinted from *Literature* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 8.

NEWS AND NOTES.

There will be no authorized life of Jean Ingelow published, but three of the late poet's friends have written a volume, entitled "Some Recollections of Jean Ingelow and Her Other Friends," which will soon be issued.

The writing of the biography of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge has been intrusted to Miss Christabel Rose Coleridge, the granddaughter of the poet. Miss Coleridge, who is the author of no less than fifteen novels, was intimately connected with Miss Yonge in the editorship of the *Monthly Packet.*

The autobiography of Harry Furniss, the celebrated *Punch* caricaturist, will be published in London by Fisher Unwin in two volumes, including 300 illustrations.

The Neale Publishing Company, Washington, has the autobiography of Richard Malcolm Johnston nearly ready.

Thomas Wright, who is writing a biography of Charles Dickens, says that he has much material dealing with Dickens's boyhood and youth that never reached the first biographer, John Forster.

Maurice Hewlett has suddenly changed his plans, has postponed his journey to Italy, and has taken a house in Scotland, presumably for working on his new novel dealing with a Scotch historical subject. He has received an invitation to deliver a course of lectures before American universities, and will probably come to the United States next winter.

George Egerton wrote the "Love Letters of a Woman," published with the pseudonym "Rosa Amorosa."

Alleyne Ireland has been commissioned by the University of Chicago to spend two years in the East, studying questions of colonial policy, especially with reference to the Philippines.

Paul du Chaillu is going to Russia for three or four years to study high and low life, with an announced intention of setting the country right before the world.

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady has resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Overbrook, Penn., and will become a resident of New York.

Peter Dunne, with health restored, has returned from Europe, and once more Mr. Dooley's philosophy is making its appearance in weekly installments.

Charles Major is going on the lecture platform.

Charles Hemstreet, whose "Nooks and Corners of Old New York" has been successful, has resigned as night manager of the Associated Press local bureau in New York, after ten years' service, and will devote himself entirely to literature. He is at present writing a historical romance.

Herbert Spencer has adopted a strange device for the purpose of keeping the contents of his autobiography a profound secret — perhaps also for the purpose of stimulating interest in it. He has divided the work into six parts, and is having each part set up in a different printing establishment, lest some enterprising newspaper should get hold of it.

Emile Zola has just refused an offer of $100,000 for three books. "I once walked the streets of Paris in danger of starvation," he said, "but I am not starving now at the age of sixty-one."

J. M. Barrie and his wife are coming to the United States for a short visit in the autumn.

The minor poet and essayist known as A. Mary F. Robinson, and later as Mme. Darmesteter, has married a second time, and is now Mme. Mary Duclaux.

Tolstoy is in far from satisfactory health. He suffers from intermittent fever and has liver trouble.

The Penn Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, is desirous of securing good manuscripts of four classes: First, stories for girls from twelve to seventeen years of age; second, stories for boys from twelve to seventeen years of age; third, stories for children of seven to twelve years of age; and, fourth, adult fiction. This house is in good standing, and authors who submit manuscripts will be sure to get honorable treatment.

George Gissing has been staying at Sandgate with H. G. Wells, and the sojourn by the sea has done much to improve his health. Nevertheless, his doctors forbid him to return to Paris, where he has lived and worked for so many months. The lung weakness from which he suffers demands the open-air treatment, which has brought renewed strength to so many in like case, and he will probably spend the summer on the Cotswold hills.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, a fashion magazine for men, will be started in August in Chicago. It will have regular monthly fashion plates done by well-known artists. William Henry Baker is to be the editor, and the Wardrobe Publishing Company will publish the magazine.

With the June number *Modes* (New York) appeared in a new form, a little smaller in length and width, but with twice as many pages as before. Hereafter *Modes* will have a complete story each month, and new departments on home furnishing and decoration, seasonable millinery, health and toilet hints, needlework, cooking, etc.

Curious studios adopted by artists for their work are described by Mr. Walter Goodman in the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for June under the title of "Artists' Studios: as They Were and as They Are."

"The Great Scoop," by Molly Elliot Seawell, begun in the *Youth's Companion* for June 6, is a serial story of life in a newspaper office.

Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend died in Galveston June 7, aged sixty-nine.

Sir Walter Besant died in London June 9, aged sixty-four.

Robert Buchanan died in London June 9, aged fifty-nine.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1901. No. 8.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS: PAGE

LITERARY WORK AS ART, OR TRADE. *Frederick R. Burton.* 113
TOPICS FOR AUTHORS. *C. A. S. Dwight.* 115
TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS. *Eugene Parsons.* 116
EDITORIAL. 118
A Beautiful Mixed Metaphor, 118 — American Humorists. 118
THE SCRAP BASKET. 119
QUERIES 119
The Purpose Novel as a Permanent Part of Literature, 119 — Why Poetry is Hard to Sell. 119
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 120
Mary Applewhite Bacon, 120 — "Harold Ballagh," 120 — Christine Wood Bullwinkle, 120 — Harriet T. Comstock, 121 — Ethel M. Kelley, 121 — Lora S. La Mance, 121 — Elizabeth Morgan, 121 — Ina Brevoort Roberts, 121 — George S. Wasson, 122 — Harvey Maitland Watts. 122
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 122
Sir Walter Besant, 122 — Miss Braddon, 122 — Austin Dobson, 122 — John Fiske, 122 — Maurice Hewlett, 123 — George Moore, 123 — "Rita," 123 — Richard Henry Stoddard, 123 — Charlotte M. Yonge. 123
BOOK REVIEWS. 124
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 126
NEWS AND NOTES. 126

LITERARY WORK AS ART, OR TRADE.

Literary pursuit must be either an art or a trade. It can be both only to those rare individuals who have gained such renown that whatever they write is salable because they write it. An artist may employ his gifts and attainments in trade, but there is a broad difference between art work and artistic work. The more artistic work, the better. Let us encourage endeavor to attain the ability to say things well, even if the thing said is of no nobler purpose than the record of a horse auction; let us also consider the material conditions and observe how they affect the writer.

Nothing new or wonderful will be set down here. It occurs to me simply that it may be worth while to call attention to some familiar things, first of which is the discovery made by almost every young writer that the world does not want his best work. Earnest, thoughtful to a degree, with more or less of the artistic temperament, he moves upon the publishers, who constitute the ramparts of the literary world, with matter that reflects his high purpose and that fairly aches with the care he has bestowed upon it. I am not supposing that the matter submitted is a sermon, an essay, a novel with a purpose, a poem, or any other special form; but, whatever it is, it is the result of that inner compulsion that sends some of us to writing stories, some of us to composing music, some of us to painting pictures, some of us to inventing machinery. It embodies our particular view, it throbs with our distinct personality, and in all human probability it is highly original. We may not be conscious of all this, but we do know that we have done good work. We have kindled to the impulse and have thrilled under the effects that we expect to produce upon others.

This is art work pure and simple, and the publishers do not want it. They argue, with every appearance of authority, that the world does not want it. They are right, and there is good reason for it. I will suggest the reason, briefly, a little later. One day, the writer, under one impulse or another, "dashes off" something that is utterly commonplace, and his disgust quite equals his surprise when he sells it readily. This, doubtless, has been

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

artistic work. The habit of felicitous expression being upon him, he has made an effective setting-forth of a trivial subject, and he finds that it pays.

Plenteous repetition of these experiences teaches at last a lesson, which is conned with different results, according to the ambition, the temperament, and the circumstances of the writer. If he be content to write solely for the sake of revenue, he turns his literary work into a trade, or craft, and becomes a hack. By studious devotion to the taste of the day and by unflagging industry, a hack may earn a respectable living. He will do wisely if he takes a salaried situation in a newspaper office. If he be indomitably an artist, he may condescend to write pot-boilers, for the sake of winning time to turn out the precious art work in which his personality speaks; or, if he be rarely sensible, he will seek an occupation in which there is no demand upon his pen and devote the small leisure it brings him to patient production of a few good things. Better this than over-production of many commonplaces, not so much because dabbling in the commonplace may vitiate style of thought and expression; for the strong character will ever rise superior to the pot-boiling habit when the opportunity comes; but because as the responsibilities of life increase with years, the opportunities for art work grow less and less.

I should like to see more writers view their work as an art. It is from that inner compulsion that eventually come the books and poems that are valuable contributions to the world's literature. It grieves me to see so many young writers make the natural mistake of supposing that they can pursue their art and make a trade of it at the same time. There are some who can do so. They are peculiarly gifted. It does not follow that they are greatly gifted. Here is the point: success depends not so much upon the manner of saying as upon the thing said. This is a pity, if we are to view literature as an art, but it is a fact. Public taste changes from time to time. He who is so peculiarly gifted that he speaks for his time will succeed. The other, whose gifts and attainments may be immensely superior, will fail. His works may be, will be, greater than those of the successful man, viewed in their workmanship, but they will not be productive of revenue, because they lie out of the atmosphere of their time. Fortunate is the artist who naturally speaks in the current of his contemporaries.

It is possible for the artist whose individuality is not in tune with his time to force a recognition of himself. He may be a lifetime about it, or he may succeed soon enough to pass his last years in comfort; but such an artist must struggle incessantly. Is it not better that his struggle should not be complicated by necessity of making his living by his art works? Keep the art work free from the struggle for existence, that it may remain pure. The constant temptation is to subordinate one's personality to the demands of the time, that is to say, to the market. Better, then, not to be the "professional" writer, but a clerk, or a mechanic, or a school teacher, and devote leisure time to sincere production.

To recur to the attitude of the world as epitomized by the publishers, I have said that it is right, and I speak from experiences as bitter, probably, as any that fall to writers. It is nearly twenty years since I writhed under the humiliating conviction that my best work was condemned to the solitary admiration of myself. Pardon a personal note; I wish merely to make clear that I am giving no pulpit admonition. As I see it now, there are a few artists in each generation who are born; that is to say, they come to the maturity of their powers early, and they are gifted to speak for their time. In the vast majority of instances, the artist develops by stages. His powers grow. At twenty he is stirred mightily by the impulse to create, and that stirring is morally certain to mislead him, or at all events to befog his judgment, for at twenty he will produce the things of twenty. They may be as earnest and thoughtful as you will, but they will be the things of twenty, nevertheless. The world does want a man's best work, — a man's, be it understood, not a boy's, — but the boy must do his best work patiently, to the end that when he has become the man his mature expression may be worth while. And at that, he will have to force his mature work upon the

world, which is slow to appreciate a new, that is to say, a strange and perhaps disconcerting, presentation.

Every consideration of this matter leads me to much the same conclusion. Think for a moment of the wonderful spread of education. A writer is no longer distinguished by his vocation. Everybody writes. He who cannot is not educated; he who does not is singularly considerate of his fellowmen. To be distinguished as a writer, then, one must do immensely better work than might have made him fame and fortune in a past generation. That is perhaps the strongest reason of all why persons who are gifted should avoid making a trade of their gifts. That is, do not enter upon literature as a profession. Make it the avocation, to the end that fewer things shall be produced, each one of the few better for the longer period of gestation. I could write a book full of "practical" suggestions to those who aim to make their livings by writing. "The Ready Author"; "Plain Hints to Novelists"; "Easy School of Literature"; and so on. I like all those titles; but the first chapter in each one would be "Don't."

Do you tell me that writing is your one gift? that you would suffer if you could not give it exercise? You are yet very young if you do not realize that suffering is — not essential to success, maybe, but apparently inseparable from it. Better suffer the drudgery of shop work, the counter, the schoolroom, than let your gift suffer from misuse. But if you must write, if you are bravely content to endure poverty, years of fight for a small meed of appreciation, if as the true artist your greatest compensation comes from the doing of the work, then write away, and God bless you! You are in for a plenty of suffering, and such books as are suggested under the mentioned titles will be of no use to you.

Frederick R. Burton.

YONKERS, N. Y.

TOPICS FOR AUTHORS.

John Jameson Jenkins sat in the fourth-story back room of a third-class boarding-house on a side street of the great Babylon which a good many Nebuchadnezzars have built, disturbing with his hand the roots of his hair in a vain attempt to dig out a supremely masterful idea for a story which would prove of such entrancing interest that a dozen publishers would at once compete for its publication. The story idea, however, would not shoot, and Jenkins turned wearily away from his rough-penciled notes to contemplate for a disagreeable instant a by no means dainty billet from the landlady, reminding him that four weeks' board was in arrears. Inspired with desperate energy, Jenkins thereupon returned to his pad, when a bright idea struck him — an idea, however, quite apart from the story line. Instead of trying to find some one absorbing subject to write about, why not write upon all subjects at once? Stories are awkward things: it is difficult to invent one's characters, and hard to make them say or do anything after they have been found, and heartless to kill them off in the last chapter. Moreover, any one story is interesting only to one style of person. Why not, then, eschew stories altogether, and, instead of writing a tale, harrowing or otherwise, on a single theme, string a large number of themes together, so that each reader will be apt to find some topic among the lot that suits him? To be sure, the logical thread on which Jenkins purposed to string all these various beads of thought was rather tenuous, consisting, as it did, solely of the idea of suggesting, within the compass of a single article, topics

for authors, leaving either plodding author or else the brilliant reader to fill them out as he might. And this is what John Jameson Jenkins wrote: —

TOPICS FOR AUTHORS.*

The following are suggested as promising themes for literary treatment, either in periodicals or booklets. The list, as will appear from its perusal, is sufficiently varied to suit all tastes.

"The Function of Imagination in the Equipment of the Historian."
"Conjectural History in the Nineteenth Century."
"How Long has the Twentieth Century Been With Us?"
"Are Americans American?"
"The Value of Military Men as Lecturers on Peace."
"Idealistic Tendencies in Modern Agricultural Reports."
"Realism as an Art Well Worth Losing."
"Does Half the World Know How the Other Half Fights?"
"Seed-Thoughts for Toilers in Sweatshops."
"Literature as a Means to Polite Indigence."
"Love-letters of a Sioux Chief."
"Confessions of a Confirmed Dyspeptic."
"Ten Thousand Ways for a Woman to Make a Living."
"The Making of a Bonnet — in Three Chapters."
"Reminiscences of Noted Americans who Never Existed."
"The Heart of a Horse."
"The Utter Irreligiousness of the Religious Novel."
"Reflections of a Hotel Mirror."
"Idiots At Large."
"Fads, and How to Stop Them."
"Be Your Own Butler — in Twenty Lessons."
"The Age of 'Auto'-ism."
"The Passing of the Hat."
"Psychology as a Rational Explanation of Congressional Eccentricities."
"How to Bring up a Family on Five Millions a Year."
"Emigration the Hope of America."
"How to be Happy, Though an Editor."
"What will Cuba and the Philippines Do With Us?"
"Noted Collectors Who Have Met Me."
"Kindergarten Work for Old Men in their Second Childhood."
"Women's Clubs: What are They For?"
"Self-made Men, and How to Put up With Them."
"The Dialect of the Slums, and How to Acquire It."
"View-points in Criminology."
"Self-Realization and its Effect on Poor Funds."
"Comedy and Tragedy of a Contributor's Life."

"There!" said Jenkins, "I guess that that list is long enough to make an article." And he immediately despatched it — forethoughtfully accompanying it with the proper return postage — to the *Tri-Weekly Review of the Whole Universe.* *C. A. S. Dwight.*

CLOSTER, N. J.

*Copyright, 1901, by John Jameson Jenkins.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

Until a race of perfect mortals shall have been evolved, it is probable that printers will continue to make blunders. No matter how careful the writer may be to spell and punctuate correctly, sooner or later his manuscript will fall into the hands of a careless typesetter, who will perpetrate the most amusing rubbish out of serious things, and pervert the author's meaning into absurdity.

The printer is not always to blame. Sometimes it is the writer who is at fault by leaving words irritatingly uncertain. Often it happens that the printer improves the copy, inserts punctuation marks which the writer carelessly

omits, and puts in missing letters in misspelled words. Sometimes, however, he tries to improve copy, and bungles.

Quite common slips are in figures — a cipher being substituted for a six, or three and eight getting mixed. Proper names are apt to suffer severely unless written with unusual care. A word like "Republican" can be guessed, if not written out, but a name like "Cornwall" may easily be transformed into "Commell" or "Comwall." It may be said that "a" and "o" and "n" and "u" are offending letters about as frequently as "r." No matter how sharply the penman makes the tops of "u," the printer in his haste will misread it and make an "n."

The writer should note carefully the general appearance of a word and see whether it does not bear a dangerous resemblance to some other word not intended. It is to be expected that a printer will occasionally leave out a letter, as in "subsidary," but he ought not to be guilty of inserting a superfluous letter.

Some points are matters of taste, such as "Morte Darthur," or "Morte d'Arthur," when one refers to Malory's old romance. For my part I am willing to speak of Thomas Hughes' "Misfortunes of Arthur" without adding an extra "s" after the apostrophe.

In the case of quotations, it is better for the writer to use a pencil or another pen, so as to make a marked difference in the appearance of the writing. In indicating quotation marks, it is a good plan to use a blue pencil. There is no mistake about them then.

It is the rapid writer who gives the printer most trouble. The writer who is painstaking in his chirography saves time when he comes to proofreading, for he has fewer errors to correct. The printer ought to appreciate good writing and be careful in printing it.

An objectionable habit is that of inserting an omitted letter above the word. Better erase the word and rewrite it entire in legible form.

It has always been my endeavor to keep on amicable terms with the printer by giving him clean copy, distinctly written, and with no words misspelled or puzzling, and yet it has been my misfortune to fare sadly, at times, with the man of types. I recall some rather amusing instances.

A printer in New York City, who ought to be well educated, changed "fame" to "form" in the following sentence, much to my mortification: "Like his brother, Charles Tennyson Turner, he was not appreciated at his full worth, his fame being overshadowed by that of the distinguished singer of 'In Memoriam' and 'Idylls of the King.'" Another bad break in the same article was this: "He is to be classed with the signs of talent, but not of genius." "Singers" is easily mistaken for "signs," and it is not surprising that the printer misread the word, but the proofreader should have noticed that it made nonsense. Both printer and proofreader allowed "gloreis" for "glories" to stand unchallenged; likewise "Ariedne" for "Ariadne," and "Jaff" for "Japp." As my corrected proof was returned to the office too late, these blemishes appeared in the published article.

Another New York printer changed "vein" into "view" in this sentence: "His poetry was in a different vein."

In a passage from Tennyson's "Becket,"—

> "And there stole into the city a breath
> Full of the meadows, and it minded me
> Of the sweet woods of Clifford."

"woods" was changed to "words."

I mention some other slips in the proofs of notes to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King": "Compounded" for "confounded"; "Mennius" for "Nennius"; "explanation" for "exclamation"; "wora" for "word"; "Blays" for "Bleys"; "towns" for "towers"; "nightly" for "knightly"; "flesh" for "flash"; "Swineburne" for "Swinburne"; "Opollo" for "Apollo"; "as" for "is"; "1889" for "1859"; and "Endinburgh" for "Edinburgh."

One joke at the printer's expense is too good to keep secret. In a note on the lines from "The Passing of Arthur,"

> "And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
> Look in upon battle,"

I cited "old ghosts" and was astonished to find instead "old sports." I don't know whether this printer was a humorist or not; I suspect not.

Eugene Parsons.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),

P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. AUGUST, 1901. NO. 8.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The news that Alfred Austin is going to publish a volume made up of his laureate verse has not been received with unparalleled enthusiasm.

* * *

The literature of the mixed metaphor is enriched by the following sentence from a novel recently issued: "This cloud that tried to stand in the way of their youthful joy was only a false report, whose bitter taste could not splinter the radiance of their happiness." Very likely it is the best thing in the book.

* * *

One of the most common errors in manuscript-making is the omission of the hyphen in compound adjectives, such as "salmon-tinted," "half-suppressed," "clear-eyed." The hyphen is as necessary in such cases as a period is at the end of a sentence.

* * *

There are two Andrew Langs and two Robert Bridgeses and two Winston Churchills. But there is only one Laura Jean Libbey.

* * *

Armand Charpentier has defied superstition by having his latest book, which he calls "Les Treize Jours d' Annette," composed by thirteen compositors, bound by thirteen bookbinders, printed by thirteen machines in thirteen editions, and published June 13. He hopes, doubtless, that it will have more than thirteen readers.

* * *

Coupled with the announcement that J. M. Barrie is at work on a new book, comes the statement that "the greatest secrecy is being preserved as to its story and title." Perhaps the publishers will be persuaded to let out little tantalizing hints about it by-and-by.

* * *

The paragraph about *Success* in the "News and Notes" of THE WRITER for June was based on information which, it seems, was incorrect. *Success* is now published by the Success Company. James H. McGraw, president of the McGraw-Marden Company, has sold his interest to his principal partners, O. S. Marden and Edward E. Higgins, with whom the control of the property, together with the editorial and business management, will continue.

* * *

Referring to the death of "Orpheus C. Kerr," the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* names as the other American humorists of note Charles F. Browne ("Artemus Ward"), David R. Locke

("Petroleum V. Nasby"), and Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings"), and the *Boston Herald* remarks that the list is not complete, adding the names of "Max Adeler" (misspelled "Adler" by the *Herald*), the *Danbury News* man (James M. Bailey), and B. P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"). Certainly no such list is complete without the names of Edgar William Nye ("Bill Nye"), Robert Barr ("Luke Sharp"), Charles B. Lewis ("M. Quad"), Charles G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann"), Robert J. Burdette, and S. L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), not to mention Thomas C. Haliburton ("Sam Slick"), Peter F. Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), George Ade, and E. W. Townsend ("Chimmie Fadden").

***

A number of subscribers have written to THE WRITER to call attention to a typographical error in the July number that ought not to have escaped the editor's attention. The quotation from Poe's "Raven" in the article on "Some Ethics on Verse-writing" should read: —

"Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor."

Mr. Urmy, by the way, used the quotation to illustrate Poe's choice of beautiful and characteristic words. One might ask, however, how a foot-fall could well "tinkle" on a tufted floor. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Perhaps the reason why there are so few really successful juvenile periodicals is that the demand for juvenile literature is to a very considerable extent supplied by the religious press in the form of Sunday school books and publications. Then, too, many magazines and weekly papers, both religious and secular, contain children's and young folks' departments, as well as stories and other matter interesting to young readers and within their comprehension. The Sunday school papers and library books are furnished without any cost to speak of to those who want them. Thus the place for the secular juvenile periodical is comparatively small; still there is yet room for good publications of this kind, but to be successful they must contain the kind of reading that young people like, written by persons who have not forgotten what interested and pleased them when they were boys and girls. J. C. W.

KANAWHA FALLS, W. Va.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) Does the novel of purpose, admittedly such, find a permanent place in the literature of an age or of a nation? If so, cite instances.

(2.) Why is it that poetry finds so indifferent a market? Is it on account of its mediocrity? Or is the public taste opposed to poetry?

(3.) Are Edwin Markham's poems read mostly for their fine poetic touch, or because of the doctrines they are supposed to inculcate? I have heard critics state it both ways. D. M.

[(1.) There is no reason why a purpose novel, just because it is a purpose novel, should fail to become a part of enduring literature. If the author has sufficient talent and his story is worth telling for the story's sake, the fact that it elucidates a theory, or is written to bring readers to some particular way of thinking, or to urge them to some line of action, will not keep it from winning lasting fame. It is true that most purpose novels do not live long, but that is because in most cases the author, in writing, thinks more of his purpose than of the story he is telling. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is, perhaps, the best example in modern literature of a purpose novel that has outlived the time for which it was written; but while the sales of the book are large to-day, it is not read now so much because of its intrinsic value as because of its historical interest, and in many northern homes to-day children are not allowed to read it.

(2.) It is hard to sell poetry, unless it is of unusual excellence, or is offered by an author of established reputation, chiefly because so much good verse is offered gratuitously to editors. The public taste is not opposed to poetry, and never will be. There was never so much good poetry written and published as at the

present time — and some of the very best, by the way, is originally published in the newspapers.

(3.) Edwin Markham's poems are not read by any large circle of cultivated readers. His "Man with a Hoe" attracted wide attention both because of its felicity of expression and because of the idea which it advanced. It is doubtful, however, whether the great mass of the people who talked about it diligently really understood it. — W. H. H.]

I want to find out who were the first American publishers to reprint the works of Oliver Goldsmith as they appeared in England, and who were the first to publish a collected edition of his works. I do not imagine that Austin Dobson's bibliography at the end of his delightful Life of Goldsmith was directed to cataloguing such issues. Can any of your correspondents help me? C. W.

For "C. W." inquiring in the June WRITER: "The Child's Own Book," London, was reprinted in America from English plates in 1830. It has been "edited" and "revised and corrected" for successive editions over there. In the long period since this popular juvenile appeared among us the style of writing for children has been so revolutionized that more renovating is indicated for those wishing to use its contents for publication. A singular misfit in bulk for small hands, the volume is quite a treasury of German classical nursery and fairy literature. L. S. G.

BOSTON, Mass.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Mary Applewhite Bacon, whose story, "Larkspur," was printed in *Harper's Monthly* for June, is a native of Georgia, and for some years has been closely identified with the educational work of the state. In the midst of very heavy school duties she has contributed one or two articles to the *New England Magazine*, the *Sunday School Times*, and the *Living Church*, and she has written occasionally for Georgia papers.

"Harold Ballagh" (Mrs. Carrie Elizabeth Harrell), who wrote "A Chinese Cue" in *Lippincott's* for July, was born in Japan, in a Buddhist temple, of American parents. Mrs. Harrell has lived for years in the far East. In the United States her home has been in the mining camps and cities of the far West, as well as in New York city and the South. She has written short stories illustrating life in these widely different environments. Mrs. Harrell has long been a special correspondent of the *Japan Gazette* of Yokohama, which is one of the foremost English papers of the far East. Articles from her pen on the Orient and the South frequently appear in the *New York Tribune*. She has had a series of "Japanese Folk-Lore Tales," quaintly illustrated by old-fashioned Japanese artists, running for six months past in Cassell's *Little Folks*. In the February number of the *Pocket Magazine* is Mrs. Harrell's story, "Ushi Toki," which, she claims, is a more probable picture of what a Japanese woman would do when left by her "American husband" than is the delightful — but unconvincing — "Madam Butterfly" of John Luther Long. Mrs. Harrell says: "So small a part does sentiment (as understood in the Occident) play in the Orient, that it is with a feeling of despair that I receive requests to write 'charming Oriental love stories.' Problem plays and novels would be much nearer the truth of the matter." In *Pearson's* September number will appear one of Mrs. Harrell's Japanese fairy tales, and she has other Oriental work on hand, but, alas! — no "charming love stories."

Christine Wood Bullwinkle, whose story, "The Petunia Baby," appeared in the *New England Magazine* for June, is the wife of a young business man living in New York city. The descendant of generations of cultivated people, her talent is many-sided, and she has a natural taste for verse writing, prose writing, music, and art. A musician always, she began to compose music at the age of fourteen, and the manuscript was accepted for publication with good results. She is a graduate of the National Conservatory, and has won reputation as a composer, her specialty being Japanese music. She has contributed poems to many of the leading New York publications. "The

Petunia Baby" is a touching little story, and its appearance will lead magazine readers to look for other stories from Mrs. Bullwinkle's pen.

Harriet T. Comstock, whose serial, "A Boy of a Thousand Years Ago," began in the July number of *St. Nicholas*, has been writing for several years. Her first work, a little sketch of child-life, was published in the *Christian Register* of Boston, and has been followed in the columns of that paper, and in those of the *New York Observer*, the *Churchman*, the *Brooklyn Sunday Eagle*, and other publications, by a series of such sketches and stories for children. "The Bouncer" appeared in Munsey's *Puritan*, prettily illustrated, about two years ago. "Letters from Montauk" during the army encampment there and from the Pan-American exposition are in a different vein. "Cedric the Saxon," published first serially in the *Churchman*, has just been issued in book form by Whittaker of New York, and is based on an incident of early English history. "A Boy of a Thousand Years Ago" deals with the childhood of Alfred the Great, whose millennial anniversary is celebrated this year. It adheres as closely to history as is possible, in view of the meagre records of the time, and is intended to be of value in interesting the youthful mind in historical subjects. Mrs. Comstock lives in Flatbush, N. Y., and devotes to writing such time as she can spare from her children.

Ethel M. Kelley, who wrote the poems, "My Heart Hath a Song," in the July *Century*, and "The Promised Land," in *Lippincott's* for July, lives in Detroit, and is only twenty-three years old. Her family removed to Detroit from Massachusetts about five years ago. Miss Kelley has been writing for about five years, her first poem having appeared in *Munsey's Magazine*. Since then she has contributed to nearly all the standard magazines. The *Smart Set* publishes something of hers nearly every month.

Lora S. La Mance, who wrote the paper, "The Men Who Signed the Declaration of Independence," in *Lippincott's* for July, was born in Indiana, but claims Missouri as her home. She lives in a quiet valley, hemmed in by the oak-crowned hills of the famously beautiful South Ozark mountains. Mrs. La Mance drifted into literary work, rather than entered into it with a definite ambition to become an author. From her father's side she inherited a remarkable bent toward history and abstruse study, while from her mother, a poet of no mean order, she received the gift of expressing her thoughts with clearness. Mrs. La Mance's first contribution was to a technical journal, on a subject that she had been studying. It found an audience, and this led to work in other lines. Mrs. La Mance writes rapidly, but only after she has studied her subject from every point of view; and if she fancies that the finished sketch or story is obscure or inartistic, she will rewrite it three or four times over, if need be, to eliminate these faults. She has lately completed her most ambitious work — her only novel — a love story of the good old-fashioned sort, but with a setting of plot and incident entirely off the beaten track. In writing this story she lived it, and the characters became men and women of flesh and blood to her. It is this strong imagination and concentration of thought that gives her the liking for old, half-forgotten incidents of history, and sets her to telling them anew to the public.

Elizabeth Morgan, who wrote the story, "Elizabeth and Her Grandmother," in *St. Nicholas* for July, was born in Connecticut, and has lived for some years in Virginia. Her work has consisted entirely of short stories, which have appeared at intervals in *Harper's Weekly*, the *Evening Post*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other publications.

Ina Brevoort Roberts, whose novel, "The Lifting of a Finger," is the main feature of *Lippincott's Magazine* for August, lived as a child in Philadelphia, but during the last fifteen of her twenty-seven years she has lived in or near New York. She went to boarding schools from the time she was six years old until she was twelve, then to public schools until she was fifteen, when a period of ill health,

that lasted for several years, cut short her school education. At nineteen she took a position in the office of a firm of lawyers, where she remained until she was married — at twenty-one — to J. Edwards Roberts. It is four years since Mrs. Roberts began to write, and three since her first story appeared in print. Before the writing of "The Lifting of a Finger" her work consisted entirely of short stories and articles. "The Lifting of a Finger" is her first novel, and the J. B. Lippincott Company was the first publishing house to which she sent it.

George S. Wasson, who wrote the story, "The Works on the Schooner Harvester," in the July *Atlantic*, is a marine artist by profession, and twelve years ago built a house on the coast of Maine, where he has a small yacht and the sea in all its moods within stone's throw. His literary work has included a couple of articles in *Outing*, four or five in the *Boston Transcript*, and eight taken by the *Youth's Companion*, besides the *Atlantic* story. Nearly all are sea-stories of the Maine coast. Mr. Wasson has been on most intimate terms with the fishermen on the coast of Maine for eighteen years, and has accumulated material wholly unaccessible to the casual visitor. "The Works on the Schooner Harvester" is really his first attempt at boiling down his material into a story of any length.

Harvey Maitland Watts, author of the sonnet, "To a Butterfly in the City," in *Lippincott's* for July, is on the editorial writing staff of the *Philadelphia Press*, for which paper he also writes the musical criticisms. Mr. Watts is a member of the well-known Pegasus Club of Philadelphia, which includes in its membership a number of Philadelphia's well-known literary men, and his sonnet is one of a series depicting and philosophizing on city life.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Besant. — A visitor at Sir Walter Besant's house remembers one odd part of the novelist's method of composition. On a big card on his desk were written all the names of the characters in his novel, with descriptions, relationship, etc., written opposite to them, like elaborate descriptions of dramatis personæ in a play. On other cards were synopses of plots, chapters, and scenes. — *New York Tribune.*

Braddon. — Miss Braddon uses the ordinary living-room of the house as her literary workshop. The other members of the family come in and out, talk, laugh, sing even; but this, it is said, does not affect her in the least. The author of "Lady Audley's Secret" writes in truly feminine fashion, seated in a low chair by the fireside, using a pad held firmly upon the knee, the left hand grasping a little ink bottle, with the middle finger carefully protected against stains by a thimble. As to the speed with which Miss Braddon writes, "Lady Audley's Secret," which lifted her into notice and fortune, occupied her precisely two months. — *Philadelphia Times.*

Dobson.—Austin Dobson, who has retired with a pension from his position as principal of a department of the London board of trade, wanted to be an engineer, and was being prepared for that profession when his parents persuaded him to choose the civil service. He entered the London board of trade in 1856 as a clerk, and the poems and biographical works which have made him one of the leading English writers of the day began to appear soon thereafter in English periodicals. In addition to the board of trade pension, he will receive, through the efforts of Arthur Balfour, an annual allowance of $1,250 from the crown as a recognition of "his distinguished service to literature and his eminence as a poet." Mr. Dobson was sixty-one years old January 18.— *New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Fiske. — The late John Fiske, like many other philosophers, had absolutely no business ability, and knew nothing about the value of money. He had so much annoyance, indeed, about contracts, and royalties, and things of the sort, that finally his publishers made an arrangement with him which simplified his life and relieved him from the necessity of taking thought for the morrow. He agreed to let them have everything that he wrote, with a certain fixed minimum of production. The

publishers, on their side, agreed to pay him in their turn a definite and quite liberal annual income for the rest of his life. This arrangement worked very smoothly, and from the time when it went into effect Dr. Fiske was wholly free from monetary cares.— *New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Some time ago, in referring to the amount of work that he had done, Dr. Fiske is reported to have said: "It has always been necessary for me to earn money. I have had a use for every dollar I have earned. I have always written to support myself and family from the time I was graduated and began to look about for a profession. I wrote at first for the magazines and newspapers. I was not always able to do what I wished to do right away. I had to earn money to keep things going, and my magazine and newspaper writing for some time kept me from writing books. My first book was not published until I had worked eleven years as an active man of letters." — *New York Christian Advocate.*

Hewlett. — It is asserted that in the composition of "Richard Yea and Nay," Mr. Hewlett wrote the book completely and with all possible pains, then destroyed the manuscript, and wrote it over again from the beginning. Twice more he is said to have done this, being satisfied only when the romance had been four times rewritten. — *Current Literature.*

Moore. — George Moore prefixes a preface to the English edition of "Sister Teresa," his latest book, which is not included in the American edition. In it he says: —

After being engaged for two years on the history of "Evelyn Innis," I found I had completed a great pile of MS., and one day it occurred to me to consider the length of this MS. To my surprise I found I had written about 150,000 words and had only finished the first half of my story. I explained my difficulties to my publisher, suggesting that I should end the chapter I was then writing on what musicians would call "a full close," and that half the story should be published under the title of "Evelyn Innes" and half under the title of "Sister Teresa." My publisher consented, frightened at the thought of a novel of a thousand pages — 300,000 words.

A six-penny edition of "Evelyn Innes" has been issued in England simultaneously with the appearance of "Sister Teresa." It is much revised and ninety pages shorter than the original edition. "The story," says Mr. Moore in the preface, "has not been altered, but the text is almost entirely new. No one, perhaps, has rewritten a book so completely. I am aware that the alteration of a published text is deprecated in the press, but it is difficult to understand why, for have not Shakespeare, and Balzac, and Goethe, and Wagner, and Fitzgerald rewritten their works? Among my contemporaries, George Meredith and W. B. Yeats have followed the example of their illustrious predecessors."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Rita." — When "Rita" (Mrs. Humphreys) begins to write a new novel, she first thinks of the title, then starts right away, not knowing what her characters will be, or what she will make them do. The story develops as she writes, which she does at the rate of something like 3,000 words each day, till the novel is complete. Her usual year's work consists of two books, which she completes between October and February, having, as she says, the rest of the year to enjoy herself in. — *London Mail.*

Stoddard. — Richard Henry Stoddard believes that much of his best work is accomplished in the seclusion of his library at home after the hour of midnight. "My poems," said Mr. Stoddard, lately, "are all composed in my mind before I place them in writing. I may work out a particular subject in my mind sometimes for weeks and months before I attempt to transfer it into verse on paper." — *Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Yonge. — Full justice was done to the popularity of some of Charlotte M. Yonge's stories in the biographical notices which appeared at the time of her death. How successful the "Heir of Redclyffe" was is shown from a note appended to the sixpenny edition just issued by Messrs. Macmillan: —

Reprinted October, 1864, 1866, 1868 (colored illustrations added), 1870, 1871, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1879 with new illustrations), 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887. Reset September, 1888. Reprinted October, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1897, 1898, 1900. Sixpenny edition, 1901.

Not many books have to be reprinted almost every year for more than thirty years. The

great majority of stories, at all events, have much shorter lives than that. — *Westminster Gazette.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE ANNUAL LITERARY INDEX — 1900. Edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. 258 pp. Cloth, $3.50. New York: Office of the *Publisher's Weekly*. 1901.

The publication of the new volume of the "Literary Index" emphasizes the value of the work to all who wish to have easy access to the wealth of current literature published in American and English magazines. More than 130 different periodicals published during 1900 are indexed in this volume, both by subjects and by authors. In addition, a dozen large octavo pages are devoted to an index of general literature, and there are besides a list of bibliographies, American and English, published in 1900; a list of writers who died during the year; and an index to the dates of principal events in 1900, which is practically an index to any daily newspaper. Useful to all readers, to writers and editors the "Annual Literary Index" is almost indispensable. W. H. H.

EVERYDAY BIRDS. By Bradford Torrey. 106 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1901.

THE SECOND BOOK OF BIRDS. By Olive Thorne Miller. 209 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1901.

THE WOODPECKERS. By Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. 131 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1901.

Bird-lovers, young and old, will be delighted with these books. The first two are written mainly for youthful readers, but in bird study old and young meet on common ground, and an old beginner may not know as much about birds and their interesting habits as a young student.

Mr. Torrey writes in charming style of the common birds that are all about us — the chickadee, the blue jay, the humming-bird, and the rest — telling us many things about them that we have not known before because we have not watched them with the sharp eyes of this keen observer. His book has twelve colored plates in colors after Audubon, and two half-tone pictures made from photographs.

Mrs. Miller's "Second Book of Birds" is admirably designed to stimulate the study of bird life among young people. In each family the author treats of species to be found in the South and West as well as in the Eastern states, so that the book is adapted for study in all parts of the country. Mrs. Miller writes only what she has seen herself, and her notes about birds have the accuracy which comes from long and patient study in the woods and fields. Her book has eight colored plates and sixteen other full-page illustrations.

Mrs. Eckstorm's book is a study of a single group of birds, the woodpeckers having been selected because they are patient under observation, easily identified, resident in all parts of the country both winter and summer, and because, more than any other birds, they leave behind them records of their work which may be studied after the birds have flown. It is designed to make the reader acquainted with the woodpeckers rather than learned about them, and it admirably fulfills its purpose. It has many illustrations, including five colored plates. W. H. H.

THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS. By Jack London. 300 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

As Kipling gave us India, and Olive Schreiner exploited South Africa, so the virile writer who produced "The Son of the Wolf" may claim the Klondike for his own. Some critics of this latest work of London's over-emphasize his evident debt to Kipling, in some instances going so far as to suggest the charge of plagiarism. This is ridiculous. That a man may be so strongly influenced by the style of a master mind as to exhibit unconsciously the mannerisms of the writer in his early work is certainly not to be deprecated. What does it matter that one tale of "The God of His Fathers" inevitably recalls "The Rescue of Pluffles," or that in a few instances a straining for effect is evident in coined words and overburdened adjectives? In these powerful sketches one feels the icy grandeur of the northland and the primeval passions of man. That in the genius of this writer lies promise of great achievement is a conviction deeply rooted after reading the first tale of this collection. H. C. B.

MISS PRITCHARD'S WEDDING TRIP. By Clara Louise Burnham. 366 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1901.

To the countless readers who have enjoyed Mrs. Burnham's books a year is incomplete that does not add another to the list, and "Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip" has been received with a welcome that has already made a "second impression" necessary. It is not only a charming love story, but a delightful book of travel as well, the pleasant result of the author's recent trip abroad. Miss Pritchard and the daughter of her old lover, who make the "wedding trip" together, do not go much out of the beaten track of travel, but Mrs. Burnham has the faculty of making the reader see the old places in a new light that gives to them new interest. The old maid's jealous tenderness for her former sweetheart's charming daughter and her fear that her own fond affection will be overshadowed by a lover's devotion carry

along the warm sympathy of the reader from chapter to chapter. Mr. Champion is, like all of Mrs. Burnham's heroes, a sensible young man, with most attractive traits, and even such a jealous guardian as Miss Pritchard feels contented to yield her charge to him at the end of the long journey. "Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip" is a sweet, wholesome story, and without being in the least didactic, it is instructive as well as entertaining. W. H. H.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A PRINCESS. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." 379 pp. Cloth, $2.25. New York: Harper & Bros. 1901.

"The Martyrdom of an Empress" created something of a sensation when it appeared, and was criticised in many quarters as lacking in good taste. Yet the author was forgiven much, since the book was undeniably interesting. The present work has this same quality of possessing a vital interest, and in these days of love-letter editions can hardly attract attention unfavorably through a possible lack of delicacy in raising the curtain upon the domestic unhappiness of one "born in the purple." Here is an autobiography written from the heart, the story of a girl cruelly mismated at the age of fifteen, who sought relief from the wreck of her affections in a marvelous series of adventures, political and social. The Princess Muzzi was possessed of an astounding superabundance of passionate vitality, which, unnaturally cramped by the insincerities and conventions of the courts of princelings, found expression in ministering under a Red Cross uniform to the wounded, in securing the release of a Russian officer unjustly condemned to Siberian exile, and in the intrigues of international diplomacy. It is the theme of "The Gadfly," with a happier ending. A noble character is crushed to earth in early youth and permanently hardened — in the one case never to recover, in the case of the Princess Muzzi to arise triumphant after the incubus of a blighting alliance is removed by the death of her evil consort. A passage from the confession of the Princess will serve to illustrate her nature as it was during her unhappy days. "I do not like women," she says, "for I have no patience with their small vanities, their petty affectations, and their delinquencies where loyalty and truthfulness are concerned. . . . Men I do not like either, excepting when they distinguish themselves by extraordinary talents or qualities." The book has several fine portraits of the Princess Muzzi in different situations and is beautifully bound. H. C. B.

THE GARDEN BOOK FOR PRACTICAL FARMERS. By T. Greiner. 190 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Philadelphia: The Farmer Company. 1901.

Mr. Greiner's object in writing is to make his brother farmers see in the home garden all that he has found in it, to tell them how to get the greatest possible benefit out of it, and to add new comforts, new pleasures, and new profits to their calling. In an interesting way he points out the possibilities of the home garden, and shows practically how they may most easily be realized. He writes in an entertaining style, and he gives countless hints and suggestions that will help all who are interested in gardening.

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED. By Will N. Harben. 257 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1901.

Mr. Harben's story is an interesting tale of the struggles of a lad from Georgia, who comes to New York to win a foothold in literature. Wilmot Burian drifts out of a law office at his Southern home when he feels the call to write, and finds himself shortly in desperate circumstances in the precarious life of nether New York. Here his virtue passes the conventional temptations with flying colors — he rises superior to the siren song of an adventuress and the designs of wicked publishers, to reward the patience of the trusting Muriel. The theme of New York publishers has been similarly worked over in Chambers's "Outsiders," with a similar dash of color gained from experience. H. C. B.

STORIES OF ANCIENT PEOPLES. By Emma J. Arnold. 232 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: American Book Company. 1901.

"Stories of Ancient Peoples" is a welcome addition to the series of books designed for supplementary reading in schools. Mrs. Arnold has a peculiar faculty for writing in a way interesting to young people, and her sketches of the earliest peoples of whom we have any historical knowledge are as fascinating as fiction. She writes with ample knowledge of her subject, too, for she is a thorough student, and she has consulted all the best authorities in the preparation of her book. Successive chapters treat of the Egyptians, the Dwellers in Babylonia and Assyria, the Hittites, the Phœnicians, the Hebrews, the Medes and Persians, the Hindus, and the Chinese. The book will be as interesting to adult readers as to children, and it is excellently designed to stimulate an interest in the study of ancient history, and to serve as an introduction to the study of prehistoric archæology. Especially interesting are the chapters on How the Egyptians Wrote, The Cuneiform Writing, The Religion and Literature of the Vedic Hindus, and Language and Literature of the Chinese. W. H. H.

SONGS OF THE APPLE TREE, WITH KITH AND KIN. Gathered by Robert Mitchell Floyd. 95 pp. Cloth. Boston: Walker, Young, & Co. 1900.

Mr. Floyd has conceived the interesting idea of gathering all poems relating to the apple, the orchard, and kindred subjects, and this

handsome book is the first of a series of such collections that he intends to publish. It is astonishing to see how extensive the range of poetic apple literature is, and Mr. Floyd has certainly done good service in bringing together so many good poems on his subject from widely separated sources. He deserves credit, also, for the pains he has taken in verifying the verses that he has gathered, and in tracing the authorship of those that have become anonymous. The present volume contains poems treating of Harvest, Press, Cider, and Still. Succeeding volumes, it is hoped, will contain the poems coming fitly under the heads of Blossom, Tree, Orchard, Fruit, Kitchen, and Story. W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE SIMPLIFICATION OF ENGLISH SPELLING. Brander Matthews. *Century* (38 c.) for August.

JOHN FISKE. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

THE PRINCE OF BIOGRAPHERS (James Boswell). P. A. Sillard. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC. — I. Henry Austin Clapp. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

MOSES COIT TYLER. Professor W. P. Trent. *Forum* (38 c.) for August.

JOHN FISKE AND THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. *North American Review* (53 c.) for August.

A STUDY OF BRITISH GENIUS. IX. — Personal Characteristics. Havelock Ellis. *Popular Science Monthly* (28 c.) for August.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. With portraits. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for August.

JOHN FISKE. With portraits. John Graham Brooks. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for August.

OLD FRENCH ROMANCES. III. — King Florus and the Fair Jehane. Richard Le Gallienne. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for August.

THE LITERARY REDEMPTION OF INDIANA. Lew Wallace and James Whitcomb Riley. *Success* (13 c.) for August.

SOME KENTUCKY CATHOLIC LITERATORS. Charles J. O'Malley. *Donahoe's Magazine* (28 c.) for August.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE: AN APPRECIATION. With portrait. Gerald Stanley Lee. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

MAXIME GORKY. With portrait. Christian Brinton. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

SIR WALTER BESANT. With portrait. Elbert F. Baldwin. *Outlook* July Magazine Number (13 c.).

THE BUNYAN OF THE SEA. (Frank T. Bullen.) With portrait. Joseph Ritson. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine (18 c.) for July.*

THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS SISTER FANNY. Henry Woodcock. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (18 c.) for July.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Mrs. Aldrich sailed for Europe July 17. On their return they will go to Tennant's Harbor on the coast of Maine.

Dr. and Mrs. S. Weir Mitchell, who landed in San Francisco from Japan in the latter part of June, have been traveling in Southern California. They will pass the summer at Bar Harbor.

Bowdoin College has conferred the degree of Litt. D. on Sarah Orne Jewett.

Hall Caine has returned from Rome to his home at Greeba Castle, Isle of Man, where he is busily engaged with the proofs of "The Eternal City," which D. Appleton & Co. will publish in this country.

Louise Imogen Guiney is now residing at Oxford, England, where she is busily engaged in research at the Bodleian Library for the benefit of her elaborate edition of Vaughan's poems. She is likely to remain in England for about two years yet in pursuit of her Vaughan studies.

A biography of William Hamilton Gibson has been written by John Coleman Adams, and will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

John Morley, who is writing a "Life of Gladstone," gets on slowly with the work. It took him a long time to assort the vast accumulation of papers left by Mr. Gladstone in Hawarden Castle. By way of explaining the slow progress he is making, Mr. Morley says: "Imagine a life of nearly ninety years filled to the utmost capacity!"

It is settled that "the" biography of Robert Louis Stevenson will not be written by Sidney Colvin, but by Graham Balfour, Stevenson's cousin. The reason for the change is given as poor health and pressure of other work in the case of Mr. Colvin, who will, however, write a separate memoir of his friend out of his personal knowledge of the author of "Treasure Island." It will be largely the tribute of one man to another.

Onoto Watanna was married July 16 to Bertram B. Babcock, of New York.

No arrangements have yet been made for the publication of Sir Walter Besant's autobiography, the manuscript of which is still in the hands of the literary agent, A. P. Watt, who is also one of the deceased author's literary executors. The autobiography is written up to last February, and is said to be an elaboration of the daily journal that Sir Walter was known to keep. Speculation as to its contents is rife in London. In particular, it is expected that the history of the famous literary partnership will be intimately and sympathetically set forth, and that the mystery concerning "The Golden Butterfly" will be cleared up.

M. F. Mansfield & Co., New York, announce "Grant Allen: A Biography," by Edward Clodd; and "Edgar Allan Poe," by Professor James A. Harrison.

The autobiography of Gabriele Rossetti, the father of an illustrious family, is at last to be published. It was written in 1850 in rhymed sextets; William Michael Rossetti is translating this into blank verse, and adding, where necessary, connecting links in prose. It will be published in the fall.

"Payne Erskine" is Mrs. Charles E. Erskine, of Racine, Wis. She was formerly Miss Payne.

George Kennan has been expelled from Russia.

William Martin Johnson has become art editor of the *Delineator*.

Frank Putnam has left the *Chicago Record-Herald* and has removed to Boston, to become associate editor of the *National Magazine*.

William V. Alexander has been made managing editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Ye Quaint Magazine is a new bi-monthly published at 7 St. Paul street, Boston, by Amos W. Rideout, and devoted to "the collection of odd, queer, and curious things."

A new monthly publication, to be known as the *American Debater* will make its appearance in September. It will be devoted to instructions on public speaking and general literary work.

House and Garden is the title of a new monthly magazine published in Philadelphia, under the editorship of Frank Miles Day, Wilson Eyre, Jr., and Herbert C. Wise.

The *Applied Arts Book*, a new monthly to serve those who teach, is to make its first appearance in September, under the direction of Fred Hamilton Daniels, of Worcester, Mass.

The *Christian Century* (Chicago) is to be undenominational, free from sectarian bias, and in sympathy with modern Christian scholarship. The editorial management will be in the hands of Professor William D. Mackenzie, Rev. James M. Campbell, and Professor Herbert L. Willett. Scholars of all denominations, it is announced, will contribute to the paper.

The *Current Encyclopædia* is a new monthly magazine published in Chicago by the Modern Research Society. Its editor is Dr. Samuel Fallows, who is assisted by Eugene Parsons and Elizabeth A. Reed, and among its special contributors are a number of experts and many professors of the more important universities throughout the country. The purpose of the new publication is to present reliable information on subjects of current interest the world over, so that it shall be available sooner than in the year books and annual cyclopædias, which cover much the same ground. The arrangement of subjects is alphabetical, and there is a complete index, which will be cumulated from month to month.

A new magazine, entitled *America*, will make its appearance in New York August 15, under the editorship of James A. Garland and Arthur T. Vance. The object of the periodical, which will be issued monthly, is to reflect the genuine American spirit through special articles and short stories on intensely American themes, written in a thoroughly American spirit.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the London tea merchant and yachtsman, offers a reward of $250 for the best essay in Erse on Brian Boru. A similar prize will be given for the best essay written in English on "The Early Institutions of Ireland." The Irish Literary Society of London is to be arbiter.

The Shakspere Press, Westfield, Union County, N. J., announces the resumption on September 1 of *Shakespereana*, in quarterly issue.

The *Cosmopolite*, which makes its first appearance this month, and will be published bimonthly until arrangements for its various departments have been completed, is, according to its prospectus, "the outgrowth of several years' experience in publishing the *Parisian Magazine*." It is designed to contain the best and most recent features of European literature. It is published by the Cosmopolite Company, at 4 West 22d street, New York city. The managing editor is M. L. Dexter, founder of the *Parisian*, and A. L. Howard is associate editor.

The *Book Lover* and the *Book and News Dealer* have been removed from San Francisco to New York.

A friend of Sir Edwin Arnold's in New York city recently received from the poet a letter, in which he touchingly says: "I am now totally blind and able to walk only with assistance, but I never despair and go on with my work, thanking heaven for my unimpaired mental powers." Sir Edwin has recently dictated to an amanuensis an epic poem of 4,000 lines, entitled "The Voyage of Ithobal."

Miss Geraldine Anthony wrote "A Victim of Circumstances" when she was a schoolgirl of fifteen. Two years later she destroyed the manuscript and rewrote the story. Still unsatisfied with it, she put it away, afterward taking the old plot and characters and interweaving them in the story as it is now published by the Harpers.

A recently published "History of English Literature" says that Philip James Bailey, author of "Festus," died in 1856. Mr. Bailey is still living at Nottingham, Eng., at the age of eighty-five.

A New York jury has found that the phrase "book rights" does not cover dramatic or serial publication. It is understood that the case will be appealed, and it may eventually reach the United States Supreme Court for definite decision.

Beatrice Harraden sold the copyright of "Ships That Pass in the Night" for twenty guineas, with a promise of more if the book should be successful. In all she got one hundred guineas for it.

Kipling received for his "Seven Seas" $2,000 cash and a royalty of fifteen per cent., for his "Jungle Books" the same royalty, and for his "Captains Courageous" twenty per cent. royalty and $3,750 cash.

A remarkable set of twelve books will soon be issued by a New York publisher. Each book will be printed on parchment, with many inlays of leather, each page being especially illuminated and all being of different designs. Only thirty sets are to be made, and each one will cost $12,000. The venture is a success from a financial point of view, as most of the sets have already been subscribed for.

Compositors have many troubles with manuscript copy, undecipherable or otherwise, but it has been reserved for the Religious Tract Society to create a fresh grievance that has seriously disturbed the printers at the Oxford University Press. The compositors there have demanded a higher rate of payment for setting type in the Eskimo language.

The directors of the Old South Work in Boston have added The Hague Arbitration Treaty as No. 114 of the series of Old South Leaflets.

In a recent copyright case in Paris it was mentioned that the popular novelist, Emile Richebourg, had made $160,000 by royalties on his last eight books. His total fortune at his death amounted to nearly $500,000.

Joseph Cook died at Ticonderoga, N. Y., June 24, aged sixty-three.

John Fiske died at Gloucester, Mass., July 3, aged fifty-nine.

William James Stillman died at Frimley Green, Surrey, Eng., July 6, aged seventy-three.

Professor Joseph LeConte died at Camp Curry, in the Yosemite Valley, July 6, aged seventy-eight.

Robert Henry Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr") died in Brooklyn July 12, aged sixty-five.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION LIBRARY

THE WRITER.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1901. No. 9

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS: PAGE

THE AGRICULTURAL JOURNALIST AND HIS FIELD. *DeWitt C. Wing* 129
EXTENDING ONE'S VOCABULARY. *Arthur Fosdick*. . 135
EDITORIAL. 136
Notes, 136 — Injustice to Dead Authors. 136
THE SCRAP BASKET. 137
THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET. *Alice May Douglas*. . . 138
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 139
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 139
Katharine Holland Brown, 139 — Alice May Douglas, 139 — Minnie Thomas Boyce, 139 — George MacFarlane Galt, 139 — Wilbur Finley Fauley, 140 — Alice Morgan. 140
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 140
Samuel M. Clemens. 140
CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS. 141
Collaboration, 141 — Dialogue in Fiction, 141 — The Quest for New Writers. 141
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 142
Correcting Errors in Typewriting, 142 — Envelope Book-mark. 142
BOOK REVIEWS. 142
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 143
NEWS AND NOTES. 144

THE AGRICULTURAL JOURNALIST AND HIS FIELD.

There is no brighter or more promising field for bright, thoroughly-trained, industrious, ambitious young men who seek permanent, pleasant, and lucrative employment than that of agricultural journalism, a useful profession just beginning to attract much merited attention throughout the country. First, let me say that it is not an easy profession. On the other hand, it means persistent hard work, both in the office and out in the field, as well as a careful study of current agricultural problems, of which there are many. It demands one's most earnest and thoughtful efforts if success is to be attained. I have assumed that the journalist has already educated himself for his work, just as a physician prepares himself for the practice of medicine. Before leaving this vastly important phase of the subject, it may be of interest to discuss the training which the agricultural writer must receive before he can render that fine educational service which the millions of American farmers so greatly need.

The young man who has ambition to become an influential agricultural writer or editor must have a wealth of practical farm experience in order that he may enjoy the largest advantages of a subsequent course in an agricultural college. Born and raised on the farm, he enters upon scholastic work with that essential foundation upon which the scientific man is to be built. The keener his powers of observation during those happy days of boyhood, and the more familiar he becomes with animal, vegetable, and insect life by daily contact with it on the farm, the greater will be his true progress in college, and the larger his usefulness in after life.

Some farm boys reach manhood without even the most rudimentary knowledge of the ways and characteristics of the commonest plants and animals found on the farm. They cannot name ten of the fifty or more species of common weeds found in the neighborhood, and, when plowing up the delicious soil — an operation which brings man in close contact with his Creator — they never think why they do it. The fact is, they are not addicted to the habit of thinking. That is an effort which farmers, in their opinion, never need to make. Farming doesn't require brains, according to their ideas. Such boys can never hope to reach that lofty point in agricultural journalism to which thinking, observing, and reasoning farm boys may speedily ascend.

Just as an intelligent office boy quickly learns how things are done and what they mean in a

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

large commercial business, so the farm boy who is to be an agricultural journalist should acquaint himself with things on the farm, learning how, when, and why to do things, and what relation they sustain to one another. Having such a comprehension of the farm and its accessories, and possessed of an ordinary public-school education, an energetic eighteen-year-old boy who is thoroughly in love with farming and has well-defined journalistic inclinations may, by diligent study and painstaking work in a well-equipped agricultural college, develop into the well-paid, esteemed, and inspiring agricultural educator his mind had so long pictured. I use the word "educator" synonymously with "editor" and "journalist," since both must necessarily be educators.

It is difficult, however, not to believe that successful writers on agricultural subjects, and especially editors of rural publications, are born, and not manufactured in the mill of experience or in the theoretical college. Success in any kind of journalism depends (1) upon a clear knowledge of the subject to be discussed, and (2) upon the power of expressing thoughts forcibly, succinctly, and in enticing diction. The order given might be reversed, since there are many writers who depend upon others for ideas and facts, which they clothe with the smooth garb of their own vocabularies and set on the public table as original matter, — which it is, so far as its exterior is concerned, — but the writer who has his intellectual arsenal full of practical information, properly seasoned with scientific knowledge, which his versatility enables him to impart in an effective manner, is infinitely better equipped to win fame and fortune in the field of farm newspaperdom.

Some of the best modern agricultural colleges offer splendid courses of study, which include animal husbandry, agronomy, horticulture, olericulture, entomology, botany, dairying, farm machinery, tiling and drainage, soil physics, forestry, landscape gardening, etc., in any one of which the student may specialize, according to his inwrought leaning. It is best for him to know everything about some particular thing, and something about everything. This is the age of specialties, and in agriculture there is so much to know that one would better not attempt to master a number of subjects, except so far as they are taught in his regular college course.

Instructors in the agricultural schools require students to do considerable writing; in fact, nearly all classroom work consists of original papers on assigned topics. The student is given numerous references in agricultural books, experiment station bulletins, and farm journals, which he is required to study, incorporating the salient points in his paper on the subject in hand. Frequently students make visits to large stock, grain, and fruit farms, and to farm machine factories, taking careful notes of the points observed, and on their return to college they prepare articles giving their impressions of the farm or factory inspected. These articles, which must be properly paragraphed, punctuated, and free from misspelled words, are graded by the instructors, and constitute an important part of the regular class work. Some of the best essays are selected and sent to farm journals, which gladly publish them. It will be seen, therefore, that the agricultural colleges are doing resultful work in making writers of their students, and their graduates are, as a rule, competent to write a readable story on almost any farm topic, though many of them do not like to write. Of these, we of course cannot make successful farm journalists, for one must like his work and find satisfaction and pleasure in its performance.

After graduation from the agricultural college, the student who seeks entrance into the broad field of rural journalism should engage in that line of agriculture for which he has specialized, conducting his farm systematically and taking notes on the thousands of interesting capers of nature and recording them in a notebook, which will come to be a storehouse of knowledge and inspiration, furnishing facts and figures for the basis of valuable contributions on a variety of subjects. He also should keep a record of receipts and expenditures on the farm — in other words, a set of books: a ledger, a day book, and a cash book. He will find in them from time to time abundant food for the gratification of his journalistic appetite; and, moreover, they will enable him to know definitely whether farming under his adminis-

tration is paying or losing. His notebooks and books containing a record of his cash and credit business will be of incalculable value to him, both as a farmer and as a writer.

While it is fortunate for the farm journalist to be able to write of financial successes and how he brought them about, it is nevertheless true that the farmer-journalist whose pecuniary gains have been altruistically sacrificed in order to secure data of value to fellow-farmers and to scientific agriculture is a greater benefactor. Broadly speaking, a scientific farmer's success cannot be measured by the standard of sordid dollars and cents. The greed for lucre should not be compared with the true spirit of service which seeks the betterment of all. However, money is a necessity, and the technically-educated farmer should be able to make it out of his acres, though sight should not be lost of the fact that executive ability and business judgment are as important on the farm as in the head office of the steel trust. This explains in a measure why some highly educated farmers fail and ignorant farmers succeed: one lacks what the other possesses, though neither is normally balanced.

After ten years of the methodical farm work to which I have referred, the farmer-writer should be in position to contribute authoritative articles on at least one subject. It is probable that he will be prepared to discuss ably more than a dozen subjects, if he has made the most of his auspicious opportunities. He will have learned how to prepare "copy" which does n't need editing; it will go unmarked to the compositor; and he doubtless will have learned something about the mechanical part of newspaper-making. His work will bring him a fair monetary reward, and the high-grade farm journals will make frequent requests for special articles, and very likely some of them will offer him attractive propositions to become chief editor at a good salary. But it should be borne in mind that the work of an editor and that of a contributor, who has nothing to do with making up forms, reading proof, and revising manuscripts, are distinctly different, and it does n't necessarily follow that a successful contributor may be equally successful as an editor. The latter is an entirely different craftsman, and his style differs from that of the contributor, who makes lavish use of the perpendicular pronoun.

Salaries of agricultural editors are not yet attractive enough to draw competent men from the farms, where they are making handsome profits. Any well-managed farm of average size should give larger cash returns than many of the present-day farm editors enjoy. Work as a contributor is now preferable to editorial tasks, so far as compensation is concerned, but this cannot long be the case, because the blacksmiths who think they are editing the farm papers must soon vacate their places for trained minds of the "new school." The reading farmers will demand a better quality of pabulum than they are able to supply.

The situation is to be controlled by young men who graduate from agricultural colleges and get that practical farm experience of which I have spoken. For them there are golden opportunities, not only in the spheres mentioned, but in other places where an agricultural education and the ability to write fluently may be used to good advantage. The United States Department of Agriculture is constantly in search of such men, and there are fine openings for them in fertilizer concerns, in the land offices of railroads, in the agricultural colleges as instructors, and at experiment stations as experimenters. And if they combine with their ability to write well the art of effective public speaking, they are doubly fortunate, and are sure to hold good positions. Agricultural speakers are in demand at farmers' institutes and other rural gatherings, and are paid well for their services. The agricultural newspaper man should strive to be a speaker or a lecturer. The accomplishment will add to his success as a writer.

Facility of expression comes from zealous, long-continued effort to convey ideas in grammatical language on paper and in conversation. It is inherent in some writers, but most of us have to cultivate this element strenuously before it can contribute generously to the success of our literary work and its elevation.

Short, simple words are preferable to long, ambiguous ones in any kind of journalistic

work, but in modern agriculture, as in the so-called higher professions, occasion frequently arises for the use of technical terms, which are legion, and here the agricultural writer will appreciate an extensive vocabulary, a good memory, and a reliable knowledge of orthography.

Accuracy of statement is another foundation stone in the building of agricultural newspaper men. No subject should be treated until the writer has by careful study, and perhaps experimentation, thoroughly familiarized himself with its every aspect, and knows that what he writes is absolutely correct, according to the best authorities, whom he should quote, if force and weight might thereby be added to his article. He should never write on a theme which will force him to take a position not supported by the best current agricultural thought. If one does n't know his subject, he will soon exhibit his lack of light. He will write evasively and dryly, and in a style painfully devoid of that freshness, clearness, certitude, and charm which illumine the pages of the journalist who knows what he is writing about. As conducing to this desirable end, an extensive agricultural library is of inestimable value. Experiment station bulletins and the leading farm papers should form a part of it.

A willingness to dig out things from all available sources should be a cultivated habit of an agricultural journalist. The truth should be the object sought, and its statement so made as not to distort it. Personal bias should be locked up in a cool, dark place.

Verbosity is no evidence of erudition or journalistic industriousness. Better write a few timely, careful, thoughtful articles, the preparation of which requires hard work, than a newspaperful of slush that can neither instruct nor entertain.

Spend plenty of time on matter to be submitted for publication. Outline your subject, study its different phases, write it out carefully. In a day or two go over it and interline, mark out and alter wherever changes are needed, then rewrite it and again hunt for weak places.

Select a high-class farm journal which covers an agricultural territory or district in which farming methods and conditions are similar to those in your own state. This will give your contributions a practical value, and make them helpful to farmers generally. And this should be one of your foremost objects in writing. Write for one good paper if it pays satisfactorily, and do your very best for it.

In the early stages of the disease of journalism you will do considerable work for glory, sending frequent gratis articles to all the noteworthy farm journals, but ultimately your glory will lose its lustre and you will seek more substantial reward for your industry. After a time your printed name will fail to thrill you, and you will come to think that, after all, you are about the same as other human beings, having board, clothing, and laundry bills to meet and periods of financial depression to pull through.

At first you will lose your temper because the types make you say something you did n't write, and thereupon you will perhaps rush a long, scathing letter to the editor, and the next day look for an apologetic response, which never materializes. The linotypes will continue to make mince-meat of your illegible "copy," until you find out that the world will go on just the same as if you never had written a line. When you get to thinking along this line, you are growing into journalism, and there is evidence that the "wire edge is wearing off."

A writer's motto should be: —

> "Pregnant with thought, in expression brief,
> Let every sentence stand in bold relief."

In my own case I find that my best work follows the best preparation. I get my subjects from various sources; they are suggested by conversations and interviews with farmers and others, and even in the noisy streets of Chicago I find them by the score. When I have a sufficient number selected for a series of articles, I begin to "read up" — put my findings in a pot, as it were, and boil them into brief facts.

Original articles are sometimes no better than well-written reports of addresses on farm subjects, and some of my happiest hits were made with 1,000-word interviews with leading practical farmers, in whose success all farmers were interested. If one has the knack of getting an interview in good shape, he can make a fair salary by visiting noted farmers and

sending his story of their farming operations to a syndicate of papers.

The use of a typewriter adds to the attractiveness of a manuscript, and every writer should have a good machine.

Photographs of farm scenes and live stock often enhance the value of an article, and the agricultural journalist should possess and know how to manipulate successfully a good camera.

The journalist should never give direct or indirect free advertising in his articles to any firm or concern, unless he is asked to do so by the editor or publisher. If a writer wants to nip his career in the bud, let him become the tool of some proprietary medicine fake or fertilizer concern, and send ingeniously-written free articles, cunningly recommending the use of their wares, to the farm papers, of which he requests marked copies to be sent to headquarters for proper credit. Don't be a tool. No influential writer has ever been guilty of the error I mention.

If possible, attend every agricultural, live stock, poultry, or horticultural meeting held in your county, and as many as you can in your state and in adjoining and other states. There is always something to learn at such gatherings, and the farm writer never leaves without some new, fresh ideas that will serve him well in his work. Make all the visits and trips you can afford, and mix with the farmers, as Walt Whitman did. All of them know things that you may be interested to learn, and it is of great value to a writer to have a large personal acquaintance, particularly in his own state.

The agricultural journalist should be a frequent visitor to his state experiment station and agricultural college, and keep in close touch with the work they have in hand, knowing the kind and number of experiments under way, and their objects.

Numerous farm correspondents throughout the state will furnish to the farm press writer much valuable information. Their services may be secured by writing them for the facts sought, enclosing stamped envelopes for reply. You can in this way make of yourself a veritable state board of agriculture.

The best articles are those detailing personal experiences, with thoughtful comments and suggestions.

It is easier to get your matter published in a number of papers by first getting it pretty regularly published in one, than to get it in a particular one by first contributing to several publications. The writer who furnishes matter to a number of periodicals loses that personal interest of the editors, each of whom wants an exclusive service. The only acceptable excuse for appearing in several papers is that of a personal request from their editors for contributions.

Perhaps it will not be unpardonable to give a bit of my personal experience in climbing up (or down, I sometimes wonder which) to the position of agricultural editor. I reached my seventeenth year on the good old farm on which I was born in central Missouri, about nine years before THE WRITER was established. My boyhood days were not materially unlike those of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." Circumstances were such that at seventeen I had the management of our 334-acre farm, and the responsibility set me to thinking and planning. A weekly farm paper by chance came into my possession and I perused it with avidity, at once becoming a subscriber. Learning of others of its kind said to be good, I subscribed for two of them. Then I ordered a weekly local newspaper, published at the county seat, to be sent to my address. I had never written a line for publication, but oftentimes had thought that I should like to do so. (This may be taken as a manifestation of inborn journalistic proclivities.) I had never seen a printing press, type case, or keg of ink, and knew nothing whatever about the work of getting out a newspaper, only I did know that the editor of our local sheet was an important personage in the community, being styled "a walking encyclopedia," and I became ambitious to earn that rare distinction. This might have been the one thing that turned me in the direction in which I have since traveled.

I noticed in the local paper correspondence from various post-offices in the county, and observing that my village was not thus honored, I resolved to write a few items and send them to the editor, in the hope of "seeing them

in print" — which I did, just as they were written, in the very next issue. They were two-liners, set in double-leaded brevier, and made about a "stick," thirteen ems wide. Here is a sample: "John Smith sold a valuable Jersey cow last week to his neighbor Brown."

When I breathlessly beheld my items neatly printed over my pseudonym in bold "caps," my fate was decided; journalism was my chosen profession. The disease had taken a firm, unyielding grip. Thereafter I regularly sent a bulky batch of items to the county paper, paying postage, using my own stationery, and accepting as my reward the complimentary remarks made by neighbors and others who did n't know who wrote the items.

When commonplace or local material was scarce, I recklessly plunged into politics, literature, and art, and the editor let me go to the extent of about two twenty-inch columns every week. When I could no longer endure the limitations imposed, I let the farm press have free samples of my exuberance, which promptly came out over my printed name, thus lending me further encouragement — which I did n't need. I needed a "turn down" more than anything else, and, by the way, it came, too, when, one day, after reading a story on red foxes by William J. Long in the *Youth's Companion*, I had the enterprise to send that paper a twenty-eight-page penciled story on English sparrows, together with numerous drawings and illustrations, made in five minutes on five-cent tablet paper. A year's subscription was sent along as a sort of bribe, but the "charming" story met itself coming back, minus the year's subscription, and my feathers fell when the village postmaster delivered the huge envelope. But on opening it and reading the accompanying neat little slip signed by the editors, I felt much relieved, and hopeful. The rejection of the story was quite as agreeable as its publication would have been. I was led to believe that it was not "without merit," but not suited to the class of readers reached by the *Companion*. But I did n't send the story to any other publication. The paper on which it was written was so flimsy that about five long round trips to *Eastern publications would have* worn it out.

But I must get back to that local newspaper, of which, after eight months of experience as a country correspondent, I became, through a change in its management, "city editor" and bookkeeper, as well as office boy, pressman, proofreader, folder, mailer, the "devil," etc. I left the plow handles and took up my multifarious duties, which were to make me a Horace Greeley, for I sometimes slept on newspapers and ate ink. As city editor I attended the theatres, weddings, social functions, church entertainments, funerals, political meetings, school commencements, street fights, etc., and "wrote 'em up." I experienced considerable difficulty, just as all beginners do, in building sentences and in describing things. For instance, a livery stable was destroyed by fire, and a number of horses were burned to death. In writing an account of the disaster, I located the horses in the hay mow. The old editor was kind enough to help me get them down on the ground floor.

During my connection with the paper I continued to write for several farm papers, and from one of them was receiving one dollar a column for matter. I was also department editor for an agricultural semi-monthly, which was in its knee trousers — and it never donned any other kind. After two years' experience in my various capacities on the county paper, publication was suspended, and I lost a $2.50-a-week job, which, however, was fast becoming a bore to me, since it demanded my closest attention from early morning till ten o'clock at night. My journalistic fever at this time had gone down from 111° in the shade to about 45°, and I was not anxious for a relapse, but it came, the disease being, as you know, incurable; and I wrote six letters to as many agricultural publishers, making application for a position as editor, proofreader, advertising solicitor, subscription manager, or bookkeeper, — I knew something about the whole business of getting out a publication and was desperately anxious to let somebody know it. I asked for a "fair trial" to prove my proficiency, and reminded the publishers of my willingness to work hard and late at a bread-and-meat salary, thus putting up an alluring proposition. An Indianapolis farm journal publisher wrote me

that I was just the man for whom he was looking, and enclosed railroad transportation, with the request that I "come at once." I had never been out of my little county but twice, but I plunged out into the "cold world," to win or lose, and was soon writing grandilcquent editorials for the Indianapolis publication, filling space worth $10.50 an inch with matter worth less by the furlong. I took the place of an editor who had been receiving $200 a month. It is needless to say that I did n't enjoy such rich emoluments, but the differenee between my salary and $200 a month was compensated for by the fancied prestige the position gave me.

Things did n't run smoothly in the office, and in six months I was back home, wondering how it happened, and in quest of a job. After a prolonged vacation, I found one. A farm paper in Des Moines, Ia., employed me to read proof. I got the best of my eyes in three months, and began to feel for something else. Four linotypes ground out more nonpareil in a day than I could read for ten dollars a week. Just about the time I was getting ready to quit the Iowa publication, the editor of a Chicago weekly farm paper wrote me that he liked my contributions to the farm press pretty well, and asked if I was open to a proposition to do editorial work such as his paper required. I replied that I was wide open, and that I wanted to give up the position that I was then reluctantly holding. He made me an offer, and in ten days I was announced as the agricultural editor of the paper. The position required a more varied knowledge of agriculture and cognate subjects than I possessed, and I felt a weakness which no one save myself seemed to observe in my work. I felt the need of technical training in agricultural science, and by a happy arrangement I was able to hold my position and at the same time attend an agricultural college. That is what I am doing now—working my way through college and fitting myself to do better work.

I nearly forgot to say that the field of agricultural journalism is open to both sexes, and young women who bring with them the necessary scientific and practical training can find remunerative and pleasant occupation. Poultry and floriculture should be their specialties, though neither is more attractive or promising than domestic science.

CHICAGO, Ill. *DeWitt C. Wing.*

EXTENDING ONE'S VOCABULARY.

Somebody has said that the best way to get a complete knowledge of English is to study Greek and Latin. It is true that such study gives one information about the fundamental meaning of many words that cannot be so well acquired in any other way. Those who have not time to study the dead languages, however, can do much toward extending their stock of words by constant reference while reading or writing to three books.

These are, first, a dictionary; second, Roget's "Thesaurus of Words and Phrases"; and, third, a good book of synonyms. The dictionary should not be too large. Webster's International is plenty big enough, perhaps too big for constant handy use. A large abridged dictionary will answer most questions and may be kept on the desk for easy reference. Roget's "Thesaurus" is invaluable, because it gives all the words and phrases that are available to express a given idea, while the book of synonyms should be studied in connection with it to get at the varying shades of meaning that different words express.

Having these three books at hand, never pass a new word without making a study of it with them. If you use them diligently, you will find your vocabulary growing wider every day.

BOSTON, Mass. Arthur Fosdick.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),

P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. SEPTEMBER, 1901. NO. 9.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

THE WRITER is glad to announce that the reports that Miss Mary Harriott Norris had died since the publication of her book, "The Grapes of Wrath," are entirely unfounded. They arose from the error of a reviewer who confused her with the dean of the woman's *department of Northwestern* University, who succeeded Miss Norris in that position, and who died about two years ago.

* * *

The *Pathfinder*, of Washington, speaks of "Alfred Henry Lewis, better known under his humorous pseudonym of 'M. Quad.'" This will interest both Alfred Henry Lewis and Charles B. Lewis — and it is hard to say which will like it least.

* * *

A recent portrait of Owen Seaman shows him holding his pen between the forefinger and the middle finger. Some literary workers who have tried this method of holding the pen declare it to be the best for writing with ease and endurance.

* * *

The correspondent of THE WRITER who asked a while ago for the address of the *Thrush* is informed that the magazine is published in London by Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Perhaps it may seem fitting to some that a man named Simpkin should be interested in the publication of a periodical devoted entirely to poetry.

* * *

Leslie's Weekly published July 20 an apparently original story by Ella Starr, entitled "His First Call." Several readers at once wrote to the editor to say that the story was a plagiarism of Charles Dickens's story, "The Black Veil." Now *Leslie's Weekly* announces that the Dickens tale was published, with a new title, and slightly altered wording, in pursuance of a definite plan formed some time ago with Miss Starr, in accordance with which she was to prepare for publication in the *Weekly* several of the less-known stories of old and famous authors, and prizes were to be given to those who should first detect their real origin. What the authors of the stories might say to this novel undertaking can be only imagined, since they are all dead, and so not in a position to object.

* * *

Francis Marion Crawford fell over a cliff thirty-five feet high on the Island of Jersey recently, but as the ocean, luckily, was underneath, he was not injured. Mr. Crawford is so skillful in writing stories the action of

which occupies only a brief space of time, that he may be able to work up this exciting incident into a three-volume novel.

* * *

Perhaps the oddest of pseudonyms is that chosen by the author of "When a Witch Is Young" — "4-19-69."

* * *

It is interesting to know that Mr. Quiller-Couch pronounces his name as if it were spelled "Killer-Kooch." Alice French, by the way, pronounces "Thanet" in her pseudonym "Thane-it."

* * *

Those who were particularly interested in the article on "Typographical Errors" by Mr. Parsons in the August WRITER will be amused, perhaps, by the following paragraph, which appeared recently in a Worcester paper's report of the address of President G. Stanley Hall to the Ministerial League. The paper made President Hall conclude his address with this extraordinary utterance:—

> The heart has pantheistic impulses, but all these in an ideal theology are given due place and subordinated to personality, which is the supreme affirmation of the human soul. Tell "Mac" to send up the CIRCUS TICKETS.

Evidently the reporter had in mind other things besides the religious discussion that he was reporting, and his personal message to the office in some unaccountable way got by editor, compositor, and proofreader.

* * *

Skeffington & Son, of Piccadilly, have just been appointed publishers to His Majesty the King. This puts Edward VII. in the happy class of writers who do not have to seek a publisher.

* * *

Evidently there is no truth in the story that Charles Major's illness was caused by too much smoking. He says that while he is at work he smokes only twenty or thirty cigars a day.

W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Who can judge of his own merits? The weary and disheartened aspirant is told how many times "Lorna Doone" failed to find a publisher, how often "Helen's Babies" came back home, how long were the travels of "Vanity Fair," — the list is a long one, — he hears, and as the apostle when he met his friends "thanked God and took courage," so does he; and again a package of manuscript starts on a round of visits.

Friendly contributors have, through the columns of THE WRITER, advised the sending out of the rejected manuscript again and again, and yet again, — adding, however, the saving clause, "if you know it is good."

"If you know it is good!" How is one to know? What is the rule by which to decide? Who is to be the judge? Friends? Friends and families differ. Among some, "one's own geese are all swans"; among others, the swan is scorned as the "ugly duckling."

Publishers? Editors? Surely they can judge. "A grisly band, I see them sit" — those who scorned "Lorna Doone," those who for twenty years barred one magazine against the advance of the "Hoosier Poet."

"But," says a friendly listener, "can you not see for yourself that your work has merit?" Presumably this friendly listener has read few of the letters addressed to publishers which those sufferers occasionally allow to appear in print. Specimens may be seen in the June number of the *Bookman*.

THE WRITER some time ago gave its readers a letter from one who purposed publishing his own memoirs. He says: "I wish to put my life Before the puBlic if I Can Get Anuf out of it to give me a start in the world." As this gentleman adds, "I have consulted several company But I want the best I can get," — we may suppose that he had confidence in the value of his own literary work, as well as an eye to profit. It would be interesting to know whether he has had the success promised to the persevering.

C.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

Inasmuch as Shenstone wrote "The Schoolmistress," it by no means follows that he wrote nothing else. The quotation, "So sweetly she bade me adieu," as given in "The Troubles of Authors" (THE WRITER for May), is from "A

Pastoral Ballad in Four Parts." The style and metre of "The Schoolmistress" are totally different. C.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

In the interesting criticism of "Some Recent Novels," by Mary R. P. Hatch in the June number of THE WRITER, the author makes the error of referring to the sad ending of "To Have and To Hold," when she means the sad ending of "The Prisoners of Hope." She has confused the titles. It is in the story of "Prisoners of Hope" that Geoffry Landless — not "Lackland," as she puts it — is left in the wilderness by the woman who professed to love him, the fair Patricia of the tale.

In the story of "The Forest Lovers," by Maurice Hewlett, there occurs the sentence in Chapter III., "The Abbot of Saint Thorn has *sac* and *soc*, *tholl* and *theam*, catch-a-thief-in, catch-a-thief-out," etc. Will some learned reader explain the words "tholl" and "theam"? The Century dictionary gives "thowl" or "tholl" as a fir tree; "theam" cannot be found in the Standard dictionary, the Century dictionary, or Webster's International dictionary. For a writer whose style has been lauded by the critics as unique, Mr. Hewlett is prone to use words that are either archaic or obsolete, to an extent unknown in any other modern writer. In the quotation cited, "tholl" defined as "fir tree" does not make sense.

NEW YORK, N. Y. C. P. K.

The *Boston Herald* in an editorial about the bubonic plague declares: "But, like every other filth disease, prevention is the best cure." Now, *how* can prevention be like a filth disease? *Puzzled Reader.*

WINCHESTER, Mass.

THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET.

The *Advance* (Chicago), a weekly religious and family paper, devoted especially to the interests of the Congregational denomination, has just purchased the *Northwestern Congregationalist.*

Garden and Farm, formerly published at Reed City, Mich., is now published at Springfield, O., by the American Farmer Company, formerly publishers of *Womankind.*

C. A. DeGryse has purchased the *Voice of Fashion*, of Chicago, from W. H. Goldsberry, and has made some changes and improvements.

The *Echo*, published by the Echo Musical Company, Chicago, closed its existence with the December issue.

The *Nashville Christian Advocate* (Nashville, Tenn.) says that it is overwhelmed with contributions, and receives so many good ones that it is obliged to decline many that are just as good as those that it accepts.

The *Northern Christian Advocate*, the organ of New York Methodism, published for many years under the auspices of the Methodist Book Concern, was by action of the last general conference of the M. E. Church taken from the Concern and turned over to a committee. The *Northern* has long been one of the best religious weeklies, but it has had to compete with the *Christian Advocate*, the national organ, published by the same concern in New York city.

The *Portland Transcript* (Portland, Me.) pays at the rate of a dollar a column for children's stories and miscellany. The columns are long, and the needs of the *Transcript* are usually supplied for a long time in advance.

The *New Voice* (Chicago), the organ of the National Prohibition party, is now owned exclusively by John G. Woolley, late presidential candidate on the Prohibition ticket, Mr. Dickie having sold out his interest. It is understood that Mr. Woolley will form a stock company. The *New Voice* wants strictly Prohibition party news matter, but has a large accumulation of general articles on temperance and prohibition which it cannot use.

The *Western Christian Advocate* is now edited by Levi Gilbert, D. D., the former editor, Dr. Moore, having been made bishop. It is crowded with accepted matter.

The *Housekeeper* (Minneapolis, Minn.) reports that it is so overstocked with material that it is taking nothing for the next volume excepting for special issues.

The *Home Monthly* (Pittsburg, Penn.) has received so much more matter than it can use

that its editors say they can scarcely find time to examine new manuscripts.

The editor of *Collier's Weekly* says that he is always glad to examine manuscripts, but that many causes, lack of space being frequently one, prevent him from using considerable good matter.

The *Farm Journal* (Philadelphia, Penn.) does not use stories, but the editor promises to examine promptly short seasonable articles on farming, gardening, etc., especially if they are somewhat quaint or humorous.

BATH, Me. *Alice May Douglas.*

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

In the house in the city his feet only could pass beyond the outer courtyard to the women's rooms. — *Rudyard Kipling.*	In the house in the city no other man could pass beyond the outer courtyard to the women's rooms.
The verbal notification of the transfer. — *Rudyard Kipling.*	The oral notification of the transfer.
The attempt was only successful in the case of Ortheris. — *Rudyard Kipling.*	The attempt was successful only in the case of Ortheris.
He was beautifully taught in all that wins marks by a private tutor. — *Rudyard Kipling.*	He was beautifully taught by a private tutor in all that wins marks.
Her parents made Miss Gaurey marry Colonel Schreiderling. — *Rudyard Kipling.*	Miss Gaurey's parents made her marry Colonel Schreiderling.
His temper only failed him when he was being nursed. — *Rudyard Kipling.*	His temper failed him only when he was being nursed.
Governor Geer of Oregon is said to wish a renomination. — *New York Evening Post.*	Governor Geer of Oregon is said to want a renomination.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Katharine Holland Brown, whose story, "The Man from Mars," appeared in the *Woman's Home Companion* for August, did her first short-story work for college magazines. She has been writing for regular publication for the last two years. Her first story was published in *Lippincott's* for August, 1900. She has since contributed short articles and stories to the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *Overland Monthly*, *Truth*, the *National Magazine*, the *Criterion*, *Everybody's Magazine* and the *Critic*; also to the *Chicago Record*, the *Springfield Republican*, and other newspapers.

Alice May Douglas, whose story, "The Old Pine Tree," was published in the *New England Magazine* for August, was born, and has always lived, at Bath, Me. So far, the greater part of her work has appeared in juvenile publications, but she has written extensively for religious and educational journals. In the long list of magazines and newspapers to which she has contributed may be mentioned *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Round Table*, the *Independent*, the *Advance*, the *Living Church*, the *Household*, the *Housewife*, and the *National Magazine*. She has held editorial positions with children's and religious publications, and has filled important offices in connection with temperance and church work. As to her methods of literary work, it is interesting to note that she does all of her writing in shorthand. Two typewriters, who can read her script, copy this. She formerly composed upon the typewriter.

Minnie Thomas Boyce, author of the story, "The Sorrows of Jim Jamphry," in the *Woman's Home Companion* for August, is an Indiana writer, who for the past four years, since her husband's death, has spent much of her time traveling through the South. Five or six years ago she wrote a series of dialect character sketches for the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. Later, the *Peterson's Magazine* published two or three short stories in dialect. The best in the lot, entitled "Poor John Lawson," reappeared when the Munsey Company bought out *Peterson's*, and brought to the author a number of complimentary letters from strangers. Other short stories by Mrs. Boyce have appeared at infrequent intervals in minor periodicals.

George MacFarlane Galt, who wrote the story, "Merely a Matter of Business," in the *New England Magazine* for August, was born in Illinois. Before going to college, he was assistant local editor on a daily newspaper in his native town. His present occupation is preparing boys for college, and as he is not now con-

nected with any school, he has an opportunity to do considerable traveling. His story in the *New England Magazine* is the only one that he has published. "I have written a few other things," he says, "but I have tried them only on very warm friends."

Wilbur Finley Fauley, whose paper on "Literary Autographs" appeared in the *Critic* for August, is on the staff of the *New York Evening Journal*. He was born in Muskingum county, Ohio, in 1872. His first story was published in a Philadelphia religious publication, when he was fifteen years old, and his first verses appeared in a Cincinnati newspaper. His parents hoped to make him a skilled pianist, as he showed early talent for music and painting, and sent him to Philadelphia to study. After spending one-and-a-half years in the pursuit of harmony, meanwhile writing short stories, verses, and other things between lessons, he gave up his studies and went to New York, where he wrote for the smaller magazines and the newspapers — the *Times*, *Evening Post*, and *Journal*. In 1898 he published a book of four short stories, entitled "Passion Flowers." In 1899 he went to London, and remained there two years. He landed in the English metropolis with two dollars and fifty cents in his pocket and worked his way across the island and on the continent by substituting on provincial newspapers. He took every opportunity to make pilgrimages to literary shrines, and to collect data. In London he was fortunate in making many literary friends. He contributed to the *Academy*, and wrote stories for country newspapers. Mr. Fauley's present work on the *Evening Journal* is mostly writing special stories, illustrated with his camera. He has just finished a 100,000-word novel. It is called "The Terrifier," and is a story of passion. He has recently had contributions published in the *Bookman*, the *Book World*, *Harper's Bazar*, the *Clipper*, *Leslie's Weekly*, *Ev'ry Month*, *Ainslie's*, the *Criterion* and the *Home Monthly*.

Alice Morgan, whose story, "The U. S. M.," appeared in *St. Nicholas* for July, has her home in Asheville, N. C., but every summer she makes long visits in the country districts, to gather material for her literary work, which is mostly for readers between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one. Almost the first of her literary ventures was a short story which she sold, through The Writer's Literary Bureau, to *Worthington's Magazine*. The sale of this story led to a pleasant correspondence with Mr. Worthington, who bought several other stories from Miss Morgan; but *Worthington's Magazine*, being good, unhappily died young, and that market was therefore closed. Most of Miss Morgan's stories now are purchased by the *Youth's Companion* and by the *Interior*. She is fond of country scenes and people, is familiar with them North and as far south as North Carolina, and her stories are always of country life. "Preferring to portray pleasant things," she says, "I do not look for, and do not find, the utter degradation that many writers have discovered, except in isolated cases, and I regard it as most unjust to generalize from individual derogatory instances. I find our mountaineers a century behind the age, but the quaintest, kindliest, most hospitable — though most poorly-housed — people in the world. I represent them as I find them, and I am gratified by being told, by those familiar with my ground, that I write as one having the authority of personal acquaintance." Until recently Miss Morgan's work has appeared over the pseudonyms "Max Johann" and "Margaret Johann."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Clemens. — "Mark Twain" is spending the summer in an Adirondack cottage. At 10 o'clock promptly his working day begins. To the right of his house, about fifty feet away toward the lakeside, is a small tent. This tent is Mark Twain's literary camp. He works there regularly each day.

The floor of the tent is covered with boards, which in front are extended outward toward the lake, forming a small platform, railed off at the end. The sole furniture of this tent is a high-backed cane chair, on the seat of which are a couple of cushions. Seated in this chair, which is placed either within the tent or on the little platform, "Mark Twain" produces each

day the humorous phrases which make the whole world laugh. Perhaps you think his humor is dashed off with little thought, and that his sentences drop from the pen point as water flows from a fountain? Not so. No sentence ever leaves his hand without undergoing rigorous inspection. No word is used without first weighing its every import.

"Mark Twain" makes it a rule to write four hours each day. Four hours of writing may mean seven or eight hours of thought and meditation. So, after all, there is little time left for recreation when his self-imposed daily task is done. — *New York World.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Collaboration. — The methods pursued in the literary partnership of James Rice and Sir Walter Besant were very different from those of the other two famous collaborateurs. Erckmann and Chatrian. In the latter case both writers contributed an equal amount of work of the same kind, which was then combined. Between Rice and Besant, however, there was no such sharing. According to one of their friends, who has written concerning them to the *London Times*, Besant was the skilled writing partner — he did the descriptions, dialogues, and characters. Rice thought out the plot and construction. They used to meet at each other's rooms, and over a pipe and a glass of grog discuss the story chapter by chapter. Rice, having read his friend's daily portion of the work, would come furnished with many ingenious expedients for the complication or unraveling of a situation. These would be sifted down, Besant usually being the final judge, and then those chosen would be worked by the latter into the story. Given a suggestion, Besant had the gift of working it out and developing it into a readable episode. — *New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Dialogue in Fiction. — A Chicago lawyer who has a taste for literature said, the other day, concerning his practice as a reader of books: "I have never read a novel unless it is full of dialogue. When I pick up a new story, I run through the pages to see if it is liberally sprinkled with dialogue. If it is, I begin to read it, skipping all the descriptions and side remarks of the author. When I read a novel, I want to have the characters tell me about themselves. I don't want the author to bore me with his opinions concerning them, or with long descriptions of surroundings, or with dissertations on the mysterious ways of fate. A novel that does n't unfold itself by means of dialogue that is interesting enough to make me forget I am not hearing the conversation of real people is a failure, as far as I am concerned. I always skip the duel scenes in historical novels, because I know the hero has the other fellow — or fellows — licked before they begin. What's the use wasting time?" — *Chicago Record-Herald.*

The Quest for New Writers. — It may be questioned whether necessity exists for awakening among young Americans a desire for success in authorship, but there is no room for doubt that some discouragements in the way of ambitious but unknown writers may be removed to their advantage. One of these discouragements is the belief, common with many, that the beginner has little chance of a hearing — that a manuscript over an unfamiliar signature will not be given critical attention by the publisher to whom it may be sent. Many publishers have taken pains to declare that this belief is not founded on fact, but hesitating and unsuccessful aspirants remain in doubt. Evidence is seldom brought forward to sustain the assertion of the powers that accept and decline. Yet there is evidence, and it is conclusive. It is easy to prove that the largest publishing houses not only examine with care the manuscripts submitted to them, hoping to find distinctive productions, but that they watch closely the periodicals of literary standing for the appearance of promising work by new writers. Four authors whose first efforts appeared in the *Argonaut* during recent months received from Eastern publishers requests for contributions soon after their names appeared in print. In one instance the request came from Boston eleven days after the publication of the author's first story in the *Argonaut.* Each of the four writers has had manuscripts accepted by the publishers who asked the privilege of examining any new work from

their pens. One of the successful volumes of the past season grew out of the urgent appeal of a Philadelphia publishing house to the author of a striking story in the *Argonaut*, though the author was unknown to the publishers before his story appeared. The *Argonaut* violates no confidence in recalling these significant incidents. No stronger proof is required to establish the fact that the market is not flooded with acceptable literary wares. Originality, vigor, and graceful writing are in demand, and, whether from known or unknown writers, they will not be allowed to pass unnoticed by those whose business it is to put in print and sell such work.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Correcting Errors in Typewriting. — If in typewriting a manuscript two letters are transposed, — as, for instance, in "oragnes," for "oranges,"— a curved line drawn up before the "g," down before the "n," and up before the "e" will make the matter right.

If two words need to be transposed, circle each with a pencil mark and write above them "1" and "2," to indicate the proper order.

When you cancel a word in a manuscript, do it thoroughly. The best way is to draw a zigzag line with sharp angles through the word from beginning to end.

A comma in the wrong place is best canceled by drawing two short horizontal lines through it. A. L. S.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

Envelope Book-mark.— *St. Nicholas* for September reminds its readers that the corner of an envelope (any old one will do) makes the best of bookmarks, since it readily stays in place, does not injure the book, and makes it easy to find your place at a glance. Clip off the corner of the envelope and then fit it to the right-hand upper corner of the page you are reading. Don't clip the corner off too small.

NEW YORK, N. Y. A. L. R.

BOOK REVIEWS.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CONDUCT. By Charles Wallace Silver. 528 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Lawrence, Mich.: C. W. Silver. 1901.

Mr. Silver is fundamentally dissatisfied with modern civilization, though not with man himself, and, in a series of essays, deals with what he considers the more striking errors of present-day life and urges his ideas for their reformation. As to the world as it is, Mr. Silver is pretty much "agin" everything, but his condemnation seems to be the verdict of his antipathies rather than the result of any broad examination of laws, customs, or manners. "Law, medicine, theology!" he exclaims; "what a licensed trio of impostors!" "Vile commercialism" is his frequent phrase, yet one gathers from the book that Mr. Silver is a traveling salesman. His substitute for the present "commercial lust and greed" is the social state advocated by Edward Bellamy, and his plan of reformation of health and morals is the practice of "Mental Science," a philosophy based upon ideas something like those of Christian Science. Mr. Silver's book is earnestly and powerfully written, and is copiously sprinkled with personal experiences, which clearly show the origin of his likes and his dislikes. E. Y.

APHORISMS AND REFLECTIONS. By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. 292 pp. Cloth, 80 cents. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1901.

Bishop Spalding's thoughts are noble and pure, and the reader of his book will find in it inspiration to higher and better living. A few of the shorter paragraphs chosen from it at random will illustrate the epigrammatic force and chasteness of his style. Bishop Spalding says: —

The saying, "Beauty least adorned is most adorned," applies to style.

Employ as little as possible words or phrases of base origin, sprung from the hatreds and prejudices of barbarous peoples, or the gross sensations of the animal in man.

If thou canst be killed by critics, be glad to die.

To aim at producing effects is to begin to turn from facts.

The author's business is to utter truth, not to

Seek or find readers. If men do not know and love him, the loss is not his, but theirs.

Think less of doing more than of doing better things.

The natural style and manner is acquired. It is art become a habit, good taste through selection.

To love is to do good to those we love.

They alone do enough who keep doing.

The surest way to cultivate taste is to make one's life pure and high.

If thou wouldst get something done, go to the busy man.

One never thoroughly realizes his mortality so long as his mother lives.

What never happens is the chief cause of worry.

Only the forgotten are dead.

How many who pass through our colleges learn only to use big words to express little thoughts.

What we love to do we find time to do.

The man is worth what his leisure is worth.

The genuine aphorism expresses a truth which brings to mind many others, and enables us to discover at a glance what else had required much study.

Bishop Spalding's aphorisms fulfill the requirements of this definition. There is nothing narrow or sectarian about his book. It is well worth daily study by thoughtful readers.

W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

THE WORKING PRINCIPLES OF RHETORIC. By John F. Genung. 676 pp. Cloth, $1.55. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1901.

WITH THE THIBETANS IN TENT AND TEMPLE. By Susie Carson Riinhart, M. D. 400 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. 1901.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. No. 404.—The Memorable Thoughts of Socrates. Xenophon. 192 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Cassell & Co. Limited. 1901.

EDWARD CARPENTER: PORT AND PROPHET. By Ernest Crosby. 50 pages. Stiff paper. Philadelphia: The Conservator. 1901.

PLAIN TALK IN PSALM AND PARABLE. By Ernest Crosby. 188 pp. Cloth. Boston: Small, Maynard, & Co. 1899.

CHRISTUS VICTOR—A STUDENT'S REVERIE. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. Second edition. 186 pp. Flexible leather, $1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1900.

WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE. Founded on the play with the same title. By H. V. Esmond. 249 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1901.

WOMAN: HER QUALITY, HER ENVIRONMENT, HER POSSIBILITY. By Martha Moore Avery. 23 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Boston: Boston Socialist Press. 1901.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name—the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE ELIOT. With fac-simile letter. Frederic Harrison. *Harper's* (38 c.) for September.

MISS ALCOTT'S LETTERS TO HER "LAURIE." Edited by Alfred Whitman. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for September.

WITH SETON THOMPSON IN THE WOODS. Illustrated. Myra Emmons. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for September.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF READING. Margaret E. Sangster. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for September.

A STUDY OF BRITISH MEN OF GENIUS: Summary and Conclusions. Havelock Ellis. *Popular Science Monthly* (28 c.) for September.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.—II. Henry Austin Clapp. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE ESSAY AS MOOD AND FORM. Professor Richard Burton. *Forum* (38 c.) for September.

ENGLISH NEGLECT OF OLD INDIAN POETRY. Karl Blind. *Forum* (38 c.) for September.

SHERREAF'S EXCLUSIVE. A newspaper story. O. K. Davis. *Everybody's Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

PROFESSOR HERBERT B. ADAMS. With portraits. Dr. Richard T. Ely. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for September.

DANIEL WEBSTER—IV. Illustrated. John Bach McMaster. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

THE HUNT FOR THE WORD. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for September.

M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK, MORALIST AND ARTIST. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Eclectic* (28 c.) for September.

PAUL REVERE AND HIS ENGRAVING. William L. Andrews. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for September.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART. VI.—The Landscape Subject. Illustrated. Charles H. Caffin. *Everybody's Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

A SUCCESSFUL PAGE-PRINTING TELEGRAPH. Maximilian Foster. *World's Work* (28 c.) for September.

THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR AND THE PUBLISHER. By an Unknown Writer. *World's Work* (28 c.) for September.

THE BEST PLAN TO SAVE MAGAZINE LITERATURE. M. B. Corse. *World's Work* (28 c.) for September.

LITERARY DRILL IN COLLEGE. Gerald Stanley Lee. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

THE COMIC PAPER IN AMERICA. William H. Shelton. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

VICTOR HUGO, ROMANCER. Paul Bourget. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

"THE LITERARY ASPIRANT AGAIN." By an Aspirant Editor. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

WHERE ADAM BEDE WAS BEGUN AND ENDED. Curtis Brown. *Book World* (13 c.) for September.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.—V. Illustrated. Charles H. Caffin. *Everybody's Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

JOB LOTS IN LITERATURE. *Everybody's Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

CLIFTON JOHNSON AND HIS PICTURES OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE. Illustrated. Mary Bronson Hartt. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for August.

WALTER HUNT: ANIMAL PAINTER. Illustrated. Marion Hepworth-Dixon. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for August.

THE HOMES OF CARLYLE. Illustrated. Jane MacNeil. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for August.

THE HEROINE OF "THE INITIALS." W. D. Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for August.

WORD COINAGE BY LIVING AMERICAN AUTHORS. Leon Mead. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for August.

JOSEPH LE CONTE. With portrait. *Open Court* (13 c.) for August.

DANIEL COIT GILMAN. With port ait. G. Stanley Hall. *Outlook* (13 c.) for August 3.

A VISIT TO SIENKIEWICZ. Illustrated. Louis E. Van Norman. *Outlook* (13 c.) for August 3.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACOB A. RIIS. XI., *Outlook* (13 c.) for August 3; XII., *Outlook* (13 c.) for August 17

LITERATURE AT SEA. F. T. Bullen. Reprinted from the *Spectator* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August o.

ON THE GENTLE ART OF THINKING. Lilian Bell. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 10.

THE SERVING-MAN IN LITERATURE Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 17.

POETRY FOR CHILDREN. Florence MacCunn. Reprinted from *Good Words* in the *Living Age* (18 c) for August 17.

DILETTANTEISM IN FRENCH LITERATURE. Count S. C. de Soissons. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 31.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A new book on George Eliot is being written by Leslie Stephen, who was well acquainted with the novelist.

Hall Caine is the subject of a monograph by C. Fred Kenyon, which Messrs. Greening (London) have in preparation for their English Writers of To-day Series. The book, to which Mr. Caine will contribute an introduction, will contain many unpublished letters from Ruskin, Rossetti, Wilkie Collins, and other well-known men.

A. C. McClurg & Co. (Chicago) announce that their publishing department will hereafter be under the management of F. G. Browne, for the past twelve years business manager of the *Dial*.

According to the *Westminster Gazette*, John Oxenham takes immense pains with his work, some of which passes nine times under his eye before he allows it to go forth to the world.

S. R. Crockett chooses unusual hours for his literary work. He begins at four o'clock in the morning and ends at nine, and then rushes off to golf.

The *Publishers' Weekly* (New York) has just printed a list of the publishers in the United States, a grand total of 554.

The Library of Congress has published a union list of periodicals received by the libraries of the District of Columbia, a check list of American newspapers in the Library of Congress, and a calendar of Washington manuscripts in the Library of Congress.

J. M. Barrie's first attempt at literature, in the shape of a letter signed "Paterfamilias," appeared in a local Scottish newspaper. Ten years of age at the time, Mr. Barrie had just run away from school.

Everybody's Magazine (New York) offers a prize of fifty dollars for the most practical, novel, and effective suggestion for immediate self-support for untrained women, sent in before December 1.

Leslie's Weekly (New York) offers a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph sent in each week. One dollar will be paid for each photograph used, if it is not a prize winner.

Harper & Brothers offer $1,000 in prizes for the ten best cover designs for *Harper's Bazar* submitted before October 1.

The editors of *Everybody's Magazine* (New York) want good stories dealing in a vital way with American life and affairs, and they are always glad to consider any ideas for articles or features of interest.

San Francisco has a new magazine, *The Catholic Witness*, which is not Catholic, but Episcopalian.

A magazine for ministers' wives, the *Mistress of the Manse*, has just been started in Somerset, Ky.

Publication of the American edition of the *Church Review*, the paper that represents the ritualistic party in the Episcopal church, has been deferred till fall. Rev. Robert Ritchie, of Philadelphia, is to be the editor, while the management is in the hands of Rev. H. N. Wayne, who makes his headquarters in New York.

An appreciative article in the *New England Magazine* for August shows Clifton Johnson and his wonderful photographs, which have almost revolutionized modern book illustration.

Charles Nordhoff died in San Francisco July 14, aged seventy-one.

Cosmo Monkhouse died in London recently, aged sixty-one.

Professor Herbert B. Adams died at Amherst, Mass., July 30, aged fifty-one.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1901. No. 10.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

AUTHORS AS PUBLISHERS. *Archibald C. Gunter.* . . 145
AN APPEAL FOR BETTER LITERARY WORK. *Jane Whitcomb.* 146
THE SHORT STORY OF TO-DAY. *Evelyn Whitcomb.* . 149
EDITORIAL. 150
Sir Walter Besant's Rules for Writing, 150 — Fiction Founded on Fact. 151
QUERIES. 151
Omission of the Period After Titles, 151 — The Right Use of "That" and "Which." 151
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 152
THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET. *Alice May Douglas.* . . 152
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 154
Kate M. Cleary, 154 — William Frederick Dix, 154 — Cora A. Matson-Dolson, 154 — Jeanie Drake, 154 — Ida Eckert-Lawrence, 155 — Arthur Guiterman, 155 — Mary Boole Hinton, 155 — Lida S. Price, 155 — Ada Sterling, 156 — Frances Wilson. 156
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 157
Louisa M. Alcott, 157 — Rudyard Kipling, 157 — Sir Walter Scott. 157
CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS. 157
Author and Printer, 157 — The Work of the Manuscript Reader. 158
BOOK REVIEWS. 158
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 159
NEWS AND NOTES. 160

AUTHORS AS PUBLISHERS.

The editor of THE WRITER has asked me if I will write a little article on authors putting out their own books without the aid of a regular publisher. In reply, I would say that in my opinion no author can circulate a book successfully without getting the aid of a regular publisher, or establishing a publishing business himself.

For the placing of my books upon the market, I organized the Home Publishing Company, which has been in existence for fifteen years. Without it I do not think I could have handled the business successfully. The methods of the Home Publishing Company are probably about the same as those of all other book concerns.

In order to place his work upon the market successfully it is necessary that an author's business should be conducted in a systematic and regular manner. For this it is necessary to have all the conveniences of a regular publishing house. These can be obtained only by his becoming a publisher himself, or obtaining the assistance and imprint of some firm regularly in the business. Unless an author is fortunate enough to have written a book that will sell enormously, the profits of *one* fairly successful novel will be eaten up by the expenses of a publishing house — its clerks, attachés, office rent, advertising, and incidental outlay.

As a rule, an author had better pay a portion of the cost of producing his book to some well-known firm, if he can get such a firm to undertake the publication of it, unless his work becomes immensely popular. Then, of course, by putting his own book upon the market he will obtain the profits of both the author and the publisher.

With regard to the expense of making the plates for a book, printing and circulating it, these naturally vary so greatly that it is impossible to give any reliable data, except this one broad statement that cheap printing means poor books as regards their typography, binding, and paper.

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved

In addition, an author publishing his own work will find himself handicapped by the reluctance of dealers to handle a book that does not bear the imprint of some well-known firm — in fact, even with the name of a leading house upon the volume, an aspirant for literary fame will find it difficult to get any adequate circulation for his book. This is perhaps owing to a custom that, I am sorry to say, is becoming prevalent, among even reputable publishers, of producing a book if the author pays the expenses; consequently the imprint of publishers who do this has to a great extent lost its value with the general public.

The only general advice I think of that would be of use to authors who contemplate personally placing their books upon the market, is to be sure that they have capital enough to engage in the business and then become publishers themselves, following out the best methods of the trade.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Archibald C. Gunter.*

AN APPEAL FOR BETTER LITERARY WORK.

How many of our novels of to-day possess the qualities that ensure permanency?

How many of our current writers possess the power to create a masterpiece, or even a work of true literary value?

How many of the novels of to-day are worthy of even a careless perusal by a busy man? And how many, do you think, are worthy of a space upon a scholar's book-shelves?

You may not agree with me upon the exact number I should fix, but you must admit that it would be a pitifully small one.

These are questions to make a novel writer lay aside a too facile pen, and think awhile upon what lies behind these unpleasing queries which are so uncomfortable to answer.

I ask one more question: How many writers have we who show the unmistakable signs of literary cultivation and of sound training?

This ought to show us where we stand.

White, in offering to the reading public one of the most uniformly excellent editions of Shakespeare, opened his preface thus: "Good reasons only can justify the addition of a new book to the enormous mass with which the world is cumbered." If this was true in 1868, is it not even more forcible to-day?

This has been called, and for good reasons, the day of the young and unknown writer. Naturally, then, the young writer has hailed it as his own, and being endowed with all the energies and enthusiasms of his buoyant youth, — these qualities that have won for him his opportunity, — he has seized upon his hour, and is reaping a goodly reward. The public apparently enjoys the proceedings. It allows itself to be inundated with historical novels, or whatever the prevailing literary disease may at the moment be. It cheerfully pays its dollars for any book that is blatantly advertised, well printed, and atrociously illustrated. I grant there are exceptions in the matter of illustration — the Wenzell drawings, illustrating the divine Beau-Sourire and the Lucena in "Young April," the appropriate and charming pictures of "The Helmet of Navarre," and those of "Alice of Old Vincennes,"— with these I have no quarrel. But, generally speaking, any book persistently advertised, and bearing, under an outlandish title of vague meaning, the name of an unknown, unheralded author, has a good chance to make a record in editions. Ten to one, the ambitious sponsor is blissfully ignorant of the qualities which a

really readable book must have; and the result often seems a sad farce to a critic trained in the atmosphere of classic style, and fresh from communion with the master minds of the ages. The public, however, unbiased by such companionship, untrammeled by considerations of true merit, reads, and, if sufficiently amused, rates the unworthy production as "The book of the season." What, I wonder, becomes of the many books of each season, year after year? Do you think they are still read? Do you fancy they will live?

A man, supposedly an educated, well-read fellow, of average attainments, said to me recently: "I think 'To Have and to Hold' is a far greater work than 'Paradise Lost.' And I'd rather read 'The Pride of Jennico' than Shakespeare, any day. I guess all up-to-date people would, don't you?"

Well, that is pretty bad; but it might have been worse, for Miss Johnston and Mr. Castle are both doing enjoyable and commendable work, in their own lines, far and away beyond the usual run of current fiction. Still, it is disheartening to hear an "up-to-date" man decry the greatest name in all English literary history. Here, while it occurs to me, let me say that I would not belittle the really deserving writers of to-day; surely, they are not to blame that they live in an era when, to succeed, they must be "up-to-date." We have always room for readable novels that possess these requirements: a plot that can hold together, quick action, and a story that does not offend good taste. Far be it from me to cry down such refreshing romances as "Alice of Old Vincennes," "Like Another Helen," or that little gem of sweetest humor, "Young April."

Thackeray is gone, and so is the incomparable, if faulty, Dickens. George Eliot is gone; our American Hawthorne has long been silent. Their places are still vacant; whom have we among us capable of filling them? Besant and Black are gone, too. Even for these, whom have we to compensate? We have Barrie, to be sure. We owe him a debt of gratitude for "Sentimental Tommy" and "Grizel." For Tommy and Grizel we surely have room, "cumbered as is the world." But have we room for the never-ceasing, ever-increasing inundation of meritless volumes and magazine "padding" with which we are wellnigh overwhelmed?

Looking at the case from the laws of cause and effect, it seems to me that the fault lies here. In every profession and in every trade, from the ministry, medicine, and the law, down to bricklaying, an apprenticeship of a certain time must be served before the aspirant may try his hand at his life work. He is educated, trained for that, taught to study not only the method to apply to his work, but to study himself; and if he is of those who succeed, he learns to get outside of himself, and to study himself and the task that he has set himself to do, from the vast perspective of impersonal, studious analysis. Not so with the young writer. Often the profession of literature — than which there is no nobler if it be earnestly taken — is not the only, may not even be the most loved, profession that he attempts to follow. He may be a lawyer, he may be an engineer, a preacher or a soldier, a manufacturer or an idler; he may even — forgive my levity — claim kindred with the gentle sex, and be more accustomed to the broom handle than to the pen. Whoever and whatever he is, it matters little; nothing he recks, if the impulse moves him to "sully fair virgin pages with the dim opinions of a mind befogged."

If, at eighteen, without having undergone one week of proper preparation, he desires to try his unpracticed hand at a novel, there is nothing to hinder his attempt. Usually he chooses a psychological and emotional theme, or an analysis of character termed in literary parlance "a problem novel." It is to be hoped that he does not draw from his own callow experiences the situations that he evolves. From what, then? Imagination, vivid, and as yet untortured; and raw theories, formed by and on what? I doubt if he could tell you.

Yet from mental incompleteness of this order there sometimes evolves a plot of real merit, worked out with originality and some power, and always breathing such a wealth of youthful enthusiasm and self-belief that he can find a market for it, — such are the undiscriminating times, — and he is at once hailed as a new luminary by well-meaning, if unthinking, ad-

mirers. Perhaps he may have genuine native talent; if so, the more's the pity! Many an author who under thorough training might have accomplished work of permanent value is wrecked by his first shallow success. Instances of this are painfully numerous.

I have beaten long about the bush, I fear, in coming to the thing that I want most to impress upon the reader. It is this: the crying need of our novelists and story writers is, from the critic's point of view, sound literary training, self-repression, a higher standard of style, and a keener perception of what is good taste and good form. Will you accept from me a few guiding lines, and a word of warning as to the most obvious faults of the young literary workers of whom I have been speaking?

First, we find the fault of exaggeration, of an artificiality of style; second, a profuse splattering of local colors, dragged in perforce on all occasions; third, an abuse of adjectives. Our English vocabulary is rich in adjectives, so much so that many of our emotional writers have developed adjectivitis to an alarming extent. Watch yourself and avoid this open pitfall. It is pleasant to use many and unusual terms in the simplest description, but it is poor art. Fault four is morbidity: such novels as "Jack Raymond" or "The Way of a Man with a Maid" — to quote haphazard from recent lists — should never have been written. They are morbid to the degree that they become an affliction as well as an infliction; yet one sees in the former a natural talent, half undeveloped, half perverted, but, nevertheless, talent; and one feels also the grip of an intensely concentrated power behind all the nauseating details.

One more caution — avoid padding. This is sometimes unintentional, but often voluntary, and it is always pernicious in effect; nothing has a greater tendency to destroy the vitality of a book than the superfluous. I have been told that Irving Bacheller — who, despite his popularity and large first editions, is doing work of interest and value — is a careful workman, ever watchful of himself. "I challenge every word," he has been quoted to me as saying. "If I must have it, if I cannot spare it, *very well; it* remains; but not otherwise. I challenge it over and over again before I let it stand." There is a valuable hint in this.

Apropos, Edward Everett Hale's advice, his rules for writing, printed in THE WRITER for July, should be kept constantly in mind by every literary worker.

He who conforms strictly to these seven simple-seeming rules will have mastered the secret of his craft.

Another writer of no little fame once said to me: "Be natural, if you can, and learn to be simple, with that simplicity that is supreme excellence. Prove your ability before you attempt your greatest work."

Hold down your eagerness to "hoist your flag upon the Admiral's staff," like Keats.

I would advise every writer, ambitious of doing the finest work of which he is capable, to cease writing, cease creating — "clean joy" though it be — and for a short while at least to give himself up to close communion with the master minds of all time. Does the modern author know his Bible, that greatest literary monument of pure style in existence? Has he lived many years with his Shakespeare, that universal teacher? Does he know his Homer, heart to heart, and does he love his Milton, cover to cover? Is Horace his friend, the kindly, genial Horace? And is he a true lover of Dante? Is he an appreciator of the great Germans, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and are Rousseau and Voltaire, and other glorious old Frenchmen, more than mere names to him? How about Bacon and Macaulay? Our American Emerson he doubtless knows; I can conceive of no living man depriving himself of such rare company.

If his talent turns to poetry for expression, there are the inspired bards to study well, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Wordsworth, Spenser, Browning, Tennyson, and all the other masters whom the world reveres. Unless he knows all these great masters, intimately and with understanding, the author of to-day will, be he even greatly talented, make many a mistake that a knowledge of them would have saved him; and, if he is not talented, with a spark of the divine flame, his case, without their help, is hopeless. I say to him, earnestly and in sincere request: Put aside your pen, and be-

take yourself to these masters, who can teach you all that you are capable of learning. And when you return to your work, endeavor to make it a little more worthy of comparison with that of those who taught you. Above all, strive upward. Set your standard high, far beyond what you can accomplish as yet. Keep in mind Dr. Hale's valuable rules, particularly the first and the last. And remember that "Good reasons alone can justify the addition of a new book to the enormous mass with which the world is cumbered."

Jane Whitcomb.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE SHORT STORY OF TO-DAY.

That the short story of to-day is a vast improvement upon the production of a few years ago, there is not the shadow of a doubt. As the art of illustrating has advanced, from the crude wood-cut, with its stiff, unnatural outlines, to the present realistic half tones, zinc etchings, and brush work, the word pictures have advanced as well. We now recognize the characters and scenes depicted as those we see about us, and we read, so to speak, from the book of nature.

Healthy children in stories are no longer unnaturally good or precocious. The "heroine" does not spend so much time in weeping, but shows a commendable degree of spunk; and people use ordinary conversational language in addressing one another. Little weaknesses are allowed to crop out, enough to awaken a thrill of sympathy in the reader, or to make us see ourselves "as ithers see us."

We rejoice in this freedom and "expansion" of the fiction of to-day, and yet even our modern writers follow some of the old ruts, especially in literature for children and young people. Who among us has not laid down any of the leading youth's papers of the day with a little sigh of dissatisfaction, because of some improbable or unnatural ending to a good story, to make it serve a purpose? Virtue in the work of some writers is seldom allowed to be its own reward; and cupidity always meets its merited, though sometimes tardy, punishment. The "crippled child" is invariably sweet-tempered, in spite of unwholesome surroundings, is generally cured before the story ends, or dies young to avoid needless suffering. Girls who see no way to go to college suddenly have inspirations, and sell vegetables for fabulous prices; or a rich lady discovers them, and finds that she cannot get along without their services in the capacity of private secretary, and the way is paved at once. The boys, more often, fight their way, inch by inch, and are allowed to receive a good many hard knocks; but, as a rule, they reach the "end of the rainbow," where the pot of gold awaits them much sooner than might be expected in real life, and with a good share of honor and distinction.

Miracles are performed in these days, and Fortune, though coy, showers her favors sometimes in unexpected places. Things "stranger than fiction" do occur around us, but they are not common occurrences.

Wishing to impress a little matter upon my thirteen-year-old daughter, I referred to a story that we had been reading, in which the circumstances were somewhat similar. "Oh, well," she said, "that was a story. Stories always come out like that."

Perhaps this illustrates the view generally taken by our young people, who are very bright observers of human nature.

Evelyn Whitcomb.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9–14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

282 Washington street (Rooms 9–14),

P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. OCTOBER, 1901. NO. 10.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The *Century Magazine* is planning to make the next twelve months "A Year of American Humor." It has engaged contributions from the best known American writers of humorous stories and sketches, from Frank R. Stockton and "Mark Twain" down to George Ade and "Chimmie Fadden," and it will print also during the year contributions from new humorous writers and articles reminiscent of American humorists of the past. The idea is certainly an interesting one, and the *Century* for the next year is likely to be more entertaining than it has been, even though it be less instructive. Who would ever have imagined Mr. Gilder, however, in the role of editor of a monthly rival to *Life*, and *Puck*, and *Judge?*

* * *

Now that the *New England Magazine* has removed to New York and is published by the America Company, a change of title to something like the *American Magazine* will not be surprising.

* * *

In connection with the rules for writing by Edward Everett Hale, which were published in the July WRITER, these rules, which Sir Walter Besant drew up for his own guidance, are interesting: —

1. Practice writing something original every day.
2. Cultivate the habit of observation.
3. Work regularly at certain hours.
4. Read no rubbish.
5. Aim at the formation of style.
6. Endeavor to be dramatic.
7. A great element of dramatic skill is selection.
8. Avoid the sin of writing about a character.
9. Never attempt to describe any kind of life except that with which you are familiar.
10. Learn as much as you can about men and women.
11. For the sake of forming a good natural style, and acquiring command of language, write poetry.

* * *

People who are puzzled to know whether "To-morrow is Thursday" or "To-morrow will be Thursday" is the proper phrase will do well to consider the analogy of "yesterday." You cannot say: "Yesterday is Tuesday."

* * *

Mr. Kipling's power may be "declining," as some critics rashly declare, but it has not been observed that editors are declining Mr. Kipling's manuscripts, even at the fat round prices that he demands for them.

* * *

The ease with which an intelligent compositor can turn poetry into prose is illustrated by an apology which William J. Bryan offers in the *Commoner* to Joseph Battell, because in acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Battell's

book "Ellen: or, The Whisperings of an Old Pine," the *Commoner* made the word "pine" read "pipe."

* * *

It does not help a story with an editor when the author writes on the first page of the manuscript: "This story is based on fact," or "This incident actually occurred." Story readers want to be entertained and amused, and they do not care whether the fiction presented to them has a basis of fact or not, so long as it seems to them true to life and not improbable. Fact really is sometimes stranger than fiction, and many an author who has utilized fact in fiction has been criticised by people who said that his story was improbable. In such cases it does no good for the author to cry triumphantly: "But it actually occurred!" Whether it did or not, the reader does not care a rap. He demands probability in fiction, and having got improbability instead, he is disappointed.

* * *

In basing fiction on fact, therefore, writers should modify the facts to suit the fiction and not try to fit the fiction to the facts. Too close adherence to facts will often spoil a story. As Dr. Conan Doyle said once: "Damn facts! I know nothing so stale, flat, and unprofitable as mere 'facts'; for the purpose of fiction they are but gyves and impede the stride of fancy. They may compute the pounds avoirdupois of the moon, but they cannot 'draw it down with a purple thread,' as Fancy can. Away with facts! Bah! By the help of fancy one can allot his hours to Mohammed or restore the lost Pleiad and set her lover by her side!"

* * *

The *Glasgow Evening Times* for August 12 announced that "Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, poet, dramatist, and journalist, is holidaying in Britain." "Holidaying" is a lovely word!

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What is the basis of the now nearly universal practice of omitting the period after the title of a printed article and after the name of the writer? Is there a reason for it, or is it merely a fad? Was not the same custom in vogue once before, some time in the dim past?

L. G.

[The reason for the omission of the period in such cases is purely typographical. If a period is used after a title line, it throws the letters composing the title a little to the left of the centre of the page or column, thus offending to some extent the severely critical eye. When the name of the writer is printed under the title, the period is often omitted for the same reason. When the writer's name is printed at the end of the article, the period is used. — W. H. H.]

Some appreciative readers of THE WRITER want its editor's instruction relative to the use of "that" and "which," and to what extent they are interchangeable. Is the matter arbitrary, as has been authoritatively contended, or is it optional with writers, who, judging from the literature of the time, are either in the majority or entirely regardless? A city forester in a letter to the editor of the *Boston Herald* tells of "worms that are now at work and infest our elm trees, and which are rapidly increasing each year." What is the rule, if such there be, for discrimination and application of these terms?

G.

[No absolutely exact rules can be laid down for the use of "that" and "which." "Alfred Ayres," who is rabid on the subject, treats of it at length in his latest book, "Some Ill-used Words," and his chapter on "Why Use 'That'?" is well worth careful study. In a general way, Mr. Ayres has the right idea, and it would no doubt be a good thing if writers of English could all be induced to conform to the rules that he lays down. As a matter of fact, however, all rhetorical rules must be fitted to the English language, and no "authority" can hope to succeed in fitting the English language to his rules, however scientific they may be. Writing can never be counted among the exact sciences, and the man who tries to construct his sentences with mathematical precision is sure every now and then to make himself ridiculous. In a general way, the rule for the right use of "that" and "which" is illustrated by the two quotations, "Our Father, which art in Heaven, hal-

lowed be Thy name," and "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." In the first case, the relative clause might be omitted, and the sentence would still be grammatical; in the second case, the phrase "that hath ears" is essential to describe the pronoun, and its omission would destroy the sentence. "Alfred Ayres" says: "'That' is properly the restrictive relative pronoun, and 'which' and 'who' are properly the co-ordinating relative pronouns. 'That,' when properly used, introduces something without which the antecedent is not fully defined, whereas, 'which' and 'who,' when properly used, introduce a new fact concerning the antecedent." "Whenever," he adds, "a clause restricts, limits, defines, qualifies the antecedent, — i. e., whenever it is adjectival, explanatory, in its functions, — it should be introduced with the relative pronoun 'that,' and not with 'which,' nor with 'who' or 'whom.'" This, as has been said, is scientific, but the English language is not, and the strict application of the quoted rule makes some queer sentences. For instance, "Alfred Ayres" says that "Those who flatter too much" is bad, and that "Those that flatter too much" is good. Most writers probably would not agree with him. He would say also: "The curious inquirer that sets himself," instead of "The curious inquirer who sets himself." Again, most writers probably would not. In a word, "Alfred Ayres's" rule in the main is good, but writers may well reserve the right to make exceptions to it.

The use of "that" and "which" in consecutive clauses, as in the case quoted by "G.," is incorrect. "Which" in the second clause should be changed to "that." — W. H. H.]

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

One of the important features of the community are the holiday expeditions. — *Harper's Weekly.*	Important in the life of the community are the holiday expeditions
Big Anarchist Raid — Forty of Them, Including Most, Are Arrested. — *Boston Herald Headline.*	Big Anarchist Raid — Forty Anarchists, Including Most, Are Arrested.
Previous to their leaving.	Before they left.
Most truly do I sympathize with you and the whole American nation at the loss of your distinguished and ever-to-be-regretted President. — *Edward VII.*	Most truly do I sympathize with you and the whole American nation at the ever-to-be-regretted loss of your distinguished President.
Nothing could be proven against them.	Nothing could be proved against them.

THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET.

Perhaps there is no other branch of authorship which brings in such small remuneration as does the writing of stories for youngest readers. It is quite an art to interest children under five years of age, especially since their vocabulary is so limited, and the writer of their stories must bring not only his thoughts, but likewise his choice of words, down to their level. For this reason he should receive more, rather than less, pay for such stories.

The average price paid for stories for youngest readers is one dollar. An extra good story may bring two dollars. But of course some journals pay higher rates.

Nearly every juvenile publication uses work for the youngest children, sometimes printing it in larger type than that used in the other parts of the paper or magazine. The "Children's Page" is a prominent feature of the *Youth's Companion.*

All of the denominational and most of the inter-denominational publishing houses issue papers for the primary department of the Sunday school. These use many of the stories of the class that we are now considering. These houses, however, apportion out their funds to their several papers, and the little folks' paper receives small share for contributions, but a generous sum for illustrations. Some expert generally prepares the lesson, with its questions and answers, for these publications, and likewise writes most of the stories and poems — that is, all that are not selected.

The *Picture Lesson Paper*, published by the Methodist Book-Concern, New York, buys very little manuscript from outsiders, but its pictures are delightful, most of them being by Mary A. Lathbury. Formerly many of them were de-

signed by the wife of Stanley, the African explorer.

The Leonard Publishing Company, Albany, N. Y., issues the *Little Folks' Paper*, most of the material of which is furnished by the editor.

David C. Cook, Chicago, publishes a primary paper, the regular contributors generally furnishing stories to match the pictures used.

The *Mayflower*, published by the Congregationalist House, Boston, uses outside matter; so does the *Sunbeam*, issued by the Presbyterian House, Philadelphia. The matter for the *Shepherd's Arms* (Episcopalian), of the Young Churchman Company, Milwaukee, is furnished by the editor.

The Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago, reports that it does not desire manuscript for its children's papers, having in stock enough to last for two or three years.

Little Folks, published by S. E. Cassino, Salem, Mass., is an apparently successful children's magazine. The first number was issued about three years ago. The editors are Mrs. Ella Farnham Pratt for the literary, and Charles Stuart Pratt for the art department. The publisher and the editors believe that children should have the best of everything. No old matter or pictures have been used, all evidently having been prepared expressly for their publication. The reading matter is intended for children under ten years of age, and is such as can be easily understood by such readers. The publisher says that "Every story that gains entrance into *Little Folks* is of a kind to be distinctly remembered. Nothing is worse for the development of the child mind than to let it busy itself with a dull, unimportant, rambling, vaguely-told story. It is bad for the imagination, bad for the memory. The plot and incidents of a story to be read by a child ought to make so bright and distinct an impression that the child, after reading it, can clearly outline it for you, in its own words. Moreover, the mood that the story leaves should be a cheerful one. The morbid, the depressing, is rigorously excluded from the pages of *Little Folks*. No gloomy stories are given."

Little Folks also excludes all stories of bad children. It makes a specialty of animal stories, telling of bright and intelligent things that our dumb friends do. All stories of this kind are said to be true.

The Lothrop Company has issued a great many small volumes filled with short stories. Many of these toy books are made up from selections from the late *Pansy*.

Cassell & Co., and other firms, issue collections of stories for the youngest readers as subscription Christmas books.

The denominational houses publish such volumes in sets for the Sunday-school library.

Juvenile periodicals seem to be of mushroom growth. Some of them seem to live no longer than Jonah's gourd. This is hard to explain, for every year more and more efforts are made for the children, and many juvenile books have very large sales. It seems almost incredible that this great country supports but one first-class magazine for children — *St. Nicholas*. It is true that the *Youth's Companion* takes the place of a second, but this publication distinctly states that, although it has always had the reputation of being a child's paper, it is in reality a household journal. Even the publications for youngest readers seem fated to an untimely death. If any one in this age believes in foreordination, it must be the publishers of juvenile periodicals, for the majority of these issued have been bought out by reform or church organizations, which back them up financially in time of need; but I think that most of them must pay expenses, else they would not exist.

I mention a few juveniles, but am unable to speak of the literary needs of all.

The Leonard Publishing Company, Albany, N. Y., publishes several Sunday school papers. They once bought a poem of me and paid upon acceptance, but I do not think that they purchase so much manuscript as other papers of their class.

Our Little Folks, also *Our Youth's Friend*, are issued by the Friends' Publishing Association of Chicago. Their proprietor bought out the *Picture Gallery*, and the stories seem to be written to fit the cuts thus obtained.

The *Angel of Peace* is brought out monthly by the American Peace Society, Boston.

Our Little People, Farmington, Me., is a school paper for children.

Our Young Folks, St. Louis, is a weekly juvenile.

Young Idea is a juvenile monthly published in Boston.

Alice May Douglas.

BATH, Me.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Kate M. Cleary, who wrote the story, "The Stepmother," in *McClure's Magazine* for September, began her literary work at the age of fourteen, on the old Philadelphia and New York story papers. Her brother — two years older — was at the same time contributing to these papers, and to several Boston periodicals. When he was twenty and she eighteen, they found themselves once more associated on the staff of the *Chicago Tribune*, of which he was at that early age dramatic editor, while she did society reporting and stories. His name became widely known in his profession. It was Edward J. McPhelim. His sister, however, left the paper and the city to marry a Chicago man whose health obliged him to live in the far West. For fifteen years Mrs. Cleary lived in absolute exile on mid-prairie in Nebraska, not far from the Kansas line. The cares of a household, of young children, and many griefs — one of which was a tragedy — prevented her from carrying out the dear desire of her youth — to write. Nevertheless, she did work off and on for the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Youth's Companion*, the now extinct *Belford's*, *St. Nicholas*, *Puck*, *Judge*, and the comic syndicates, not to mention the five serial stories which ran through the New York story papers. The publication of a series of short stories called "Some Prairie Sketches," in the *Chicago Tribune*, brought to her a request for a book similar in style and subject. So, in 1897, Way & Williams published a Western novel from Mrs. Cleary's pen, entitled "Like a Gallant Lady." The critics were kind regarding the story, but the failure of the publishers soon afterward relegated the book to comparative obscurity. Three years ago Mrs. Cleary returned to Chicago, where she now has her home. About two years ago the *Chicago Tribune* published in consecutive Sunday issues seven Nebraska stories by her, averaging 4,000 words each. In a disastrous fire a year ago all her literary effects were burned, and it is only lately that she has felt encouraged to take up the tangled and broken threads of a once vivid ambition.

William Frederick Dix, who wrote the story, "While the Jury Was Out," in *McClure's Magazine* for September, is editor of *Town and Country*, New York city. He is a graduate of Princeton, and since graduation has been associated with literary work. He has contributed stories, poems, essays, and editorials to various periodicals — including the *Century*, the *Outlook*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Life*, *McClure's*, *Munsey's*, *Leslie's*, and the *Observer*. He was at one time literary editor of the *Churchman*, and a book critic for several papers. He has traveled extensively throughout Europe, northern Africa, India, China, and Japan. He now resides in East Orange, N. J. He is a brother of Edwin Asa Dix, author of "Deacon Bradbury" and "Old Bowen's Legacy."

Cora A. Matson-Dolson, whose quatrain, "Fireflies," was published in *Lippincott's* for September, lives at Floridaville, N Y. Her poems have appeared in the *Chicago Current*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Ladies' World*, *Good Housekeeping*, the *Northern Christian Advocate*, and other publications. During the past year Mrs. Dolson has written about forty poems. Of these, "The Wean" appeared in the *Boston Pilot* in February. A poem is announced for publication in the *Ladies' World* for October, and several have been accepted by leading magazines. In 1892 Mrs. Dolson published a book of poems, entitled "As the Cardinal Flower." This little volume had a wide circulation, and was favorably spoken of by the literary critics of the press. She was married in 1896 to Eugene C. Dolson, himself a writer of poems, which have appeared from time to time in the *Boston Transcript*, the *Springfield Republican*, and other publications.

Jeanie Drake, whose sketch, "Sylvan Solitudes," appeared in the September *Delineator*, was born in Charleston, S. C. Her first

essay in literature, a serial story, won, over many competitors, the prize offered by a prominent journal. Her more serious work consists of two novels. The first, "In Old St. Stephen's," published by D. Appleton & Co., is a picture of plantation life in the most prosperous days of the South. The second, "The Metropolitans," published by the Century company, is a story of modern New York. Miss Drake has also had many short stories published in various magazines, among them being a prize story in the *Black Cat*, called "On Pigeon River."

Ida Eckert-Lawrence, the Ohio poet, whose poem, "Launching the Ship," was copied in more than 1,500 newspapers in this country and England, is a Western author. She has risen rapidly to the front rank of women who are devoting themselves to literature. She was chosen to represent the American woman at the International Congresses in Paris last year, and her address, "The American Woman in Literature," won her marked recognition. She became a social favorite, and was entertained by President and Mme. Loubet. Mrs. Lawrence has contributed many stories to the newspapers and magazines, but her fame has come to her in the last two years. Her book of poems, "Day Dreams," went into a third edition within a year. Her dramatic poem, "Vesuvius," brought her many notices from critics commending her exceptionally glowing use of English. Her recent poem, read at San Francisco at the launch of the battleship "Ohio," has brought to her letters of praise from many prominent literary people.

Arthur Guiterman, author of the poem, "Peace of the Woods," in *Everybody's Magazine* for September, is a young man still on the "happier side" of thirty. He is a graduate of the College of the City of New York, and has spent several years in newspaper work. His literary work, aside from a few essays and special articles, consists of verses, lyric and narrative, — the latter mainly legendary and historical, — contributed to the *New York Times*, the *Mail and Express*, the *Criterion*, and a few other periodicals. His first attempt that attracted much attention was "The Call to the Colors," which had the good fortune to appear simultaneously with President McKinley's call for troops before the war of 1898. Probably the most popular thing that he has written is "The Rush of the Oregon," which many critics have called the best ballad of the war. Besides these, "The Kansas Volunteers," "The Rough Riders," "Sons of the Pioneers," "Taps," and several little semi-humorous ballads of old New York have had "better luck" (as Mr. Guiterman modestly puts it) than most verse of to-day. Others would say, however, that, rather than with luck, they have met with the recognition that true merit invariably brings. Personally, Mr. Guiterman regards "The Ballad of John Paul Jones" as the best that he has published. The verses, "Peace of the Woods," are reminiscent of camping days in the Adirondack forests, and were occasioned by one of the touches of homesickness for the woods and hills that come to every man who has spent some of the best days of his life in that glorious region. That literary pursuits and athletics are by no means antagonistic is well proved in Mr. Guiterman's case. He is an adept in most of the livelier open-air sports, believes that even now he can get down to 103-5 seconds in the hundred-yards dash, and declares that he is still ready to meet all comers on the tennis court.

Mary Boole Hinton, author of the poem, "Root and Rose," in *Harper's Magazine* for September, has been writing verse for many years, but it is only lately that she has sought to publish. Three short poems, including the one referred to, comprise the whole of her published literary work. The "Quest After Music" appeared in the *Atlantic* for October, 1900, and "Any Daughter to Any Mother" in the *Outlook* in December of the same year. Other poems of hers have been accepted, and she has a volume of verse ready for publication.

Lida S. Price, whose poem, "A Blot Transformed," was published in *St. Nicholas* for September, has done very little literary work. Nearly all her time is taken up with art, and

she has written only occasional verses. She expects to sail for Europe about October 1, to continue her art studies in Paris.

Ada Sterling, the author of "Lullabies of Many Lands," in the current number of *Harper's Bazar*, was born in Holyoke, Mass., in February, 1869, and was educated partially at Meriden, Conn., and partially abroad. Her family is English, and is well-known in beautiful old Kent. She was educated for a musical career, but renounced this five years ago for the field of literature. From the first she has occupied important editorial positions, though a continuous contributor to other magazines than those to which she has been attached editorially. She was editor of *Fashions*, a general magazine for women, for eighteen months, and from this position was called to a place on the editorial staff of *Harper's Bazar*, which position she still occupies. In 1898 Miss Sterling opened the department of musical criticism in *Collier's Weekly*, which she conducted for a year, in addition to her other regular editorial duties. She has contributed to the *North American Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Monthly*, the *Independent*, the *New York Evening Post*, and the *Chautauquan*, in which publication she has just begun a series of articles. Among other things that she has to her credit is a series of seven papers on the subject of "Woman's Voice in Speech," which was freely quoted in the press of two years ago. She spent a portion of the summer of 1898 in the hospital camps of Montauk Point, and wrote of the scenes there for the *Independent* and for *Collier's Weekly*. Miss Sterling's style is earnest and her work in more fanciful lines has won the highest praise from such critics as Edmund C. Stedman and W. C. Brownell. Numbering among her friends many artists, writers, and musicians, Miss Sterling's life is nevertheless absolutely devoted to her work, and her "atelier" in the Sherwood is remarkable for the air of worth imparted to it by a collection of important books and well-chosen pictures. The latter are, in many instances, the gifts of the painters themselves, and the former are all representative of some branch of favorite study in poetry, art, literature, and industry.

Frances Wilson — Mrs. Frances Wilson Starmer — whose story, "The Burglars at Miss Camp's," appeared in *Ainslee's Magazine* for August, has been a writer for many years. At the age of fourteen she was writing verses and stories which were published in the *Youth's Companion*, the Boston *True Flag*, and *Ballou's Magazine*. At sixteen she was a regular paid contributor of short stories to one of the popular New York story-papers; and at seventeen she had completed her first novel, for serial use in the same paper. She became interested in writing stories for boys, and acquired a wide and appreciative circle of boy readers. A number of serials and many short stories appeared in the early volumes of *Golden Days*, and were very well received. They were published under the pen-name, "Fannie Williams," and have since been reprinted under the same name. All of this early work was published under various pen-names, of which Mrs. Starmer had quite an assortment for different papers. Her first work published under her own name was an historical romance, "The Boy Duke," which appeared as a serial in the *National Tribune* of Washington. It was a tale of the tenth century, and was widely read, especially in the West, where it seemed to attract considerable attention. Later, Mrs. Starmer wrote several juvenile stories, which were published in the *Christian Register*, the *Young People's Weekly* of Chicago, and other papers. "Little Content; or, The Lonely Cabin at Rainy Gulch," which was published serially in the *Young People's Weekly*, will be brought out in book form soon. Mrs. Starmer's latest story for boys has been sold to the *Youth's Companion* for use as a serial, but as yet is unpublished. She has a new boys' story in preparation; and also it is her intention during the coming winter to complete a new romance of the tenth century.

The "burglar" story in *Ainslee's* was a dream. Mrs. Starmer had been racking her brain one evening in an unsuccessful effort to

evolve a story of a very different sort. Tired out at last, she went to bed, fell asleep, and passed through the exciting episode related by Miss Lois. This is not the first story that has come to her in dreamland; and her dream stories, when offered to the public, have almost always proved acceptable.

Since "The Burglars at Miss Camp's" was written its author has married, and her full married name will hereafter be appended to her published work. Her husband is a typical Western stockman. He has been a great traveler, and his life has been filled with strange adventure and varied experience. Mrs. Starmer's marriage therefore has opened to her a new field of literary work, which she has hastened to utilize. Her husband's cattle ranch in the Cascade mountains will be the scene of her next short story, already in course of preparation.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Alcott.—In a letter about story-writing, sent by Louisa M. Alcott to a young author in 1874, and now published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, she advises him to introduce his characters at once, as that instantly interests readers, and says of her own early work: "Instead of describing places or people, I plunged into the heart of my story and opened it with a conversation, letting the actors unfold the plot and themselves dramatically. From that time my goods sold well, and this was the secret in a great measure. Learning to 'write short' is another good thing, and the art of taking a very simple event of character and making it true to life with the mixture of the comic and pathetic that exists in what we call human nature. Put your own experience into your tales and they can't fail to be good."

Kipling.—Some interesting particulars concerning the early literary life of Rudyard Kipling have been given to the public by W. T. Spink, a member of the Calcutta publishing firm. Mr. Spink says that he received "Departmental Ditties" in manuscript, with a note saying: "I want 500 rupees to go on a shooting expedition, and you may have this in exchange." The bargain was made, and afterward in London Mr. Kipling offered Mr. Spink as many more poetical pieces as he chose to select, from a collection sent by him, at £5 each. Altogether eight editions of the poems were published by Mr. Spink's firm, after which Kipling bought back the copyright for £2,000.—*Newcastle (Eng.) Leader.*

Scott.—According to a writer in *Temple Bar*, Sir Walter Scott was at his best when his imagination was strongly impressed with the picture of some great historical scene, and his aim was to make his readers feel the whole as he conceived it. For this object rapidity of execution was essential, else the picture in his own mind might fade before the public could be admitted to view. "Guy Mannering" was written in six weeks; there was a still shorter interval between his recovery of the fragmentary commencement of "Waverley" and the completion of the novel. Scott was no artist in words, and the carelessness of his style has often been criticised, but if he had spent more time in elaborating his forms of expression, we should probably have lost his special inspiration. Strange to say, the work in which Scott gives most evidence of a plan carefully thought out from the first is that very novel of "Guy Mannering," with the carelessness of the execution of which so much fault has been found.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Author and Printer.—Some excellent authors cannot "cut" or "fill" to meet the usual typographic needs. I remember one good brother who said that he could n't, and that I should n't, but I cautiously did; and the fun of it was that he was unable to find the places where, to make harmonious work, a word or two had been cut out or added. He was entirely happy; so was I. It should be explained as one canon of good book-making that a paragraph must not end on the first line of a page. Where this happens, the printer asks the author either to "cut" the line, or to add some words to it. Also, a chapter may not end with but two or three lines at the top of a page; it must be cut down to not quite fill the last page, or "padded" to fill at least one-fourth of the short page. If the printer reluc-

tantly cuts or adds, he is religiously careful not to alter the sense in the least. — *J. H. McFarland, in the World's Work.*

The Work of the Manuscript Reader. — Five hundred novels a year is a record for one man's reading, but that is about the number that one of the regular Readers of a large publishing house in the city manages to examine annually. This examination is no superficial view, either, but one that gives a thorough knowledge of the plot, style, and general characteristics of the manuscript, for the Reader's opinion of each manuscript is written out and filed away for reference. One of the older firms here has nearly ninety bound volumes of Readers' opinions, with about 400 opinions in each volume. Perhaps forty out of the 400 are about books which have been published. Of the other 360 some few may have been brought out by other publishing houses, but most of them were returned to their authors, never to appear again.

A good Reader will look over at least four manuscripts in a day that begins at 9.30 and ends at 3 o'clock, and sometimes, when there is a rush of work, will get through twice that number. This "looking over," of course, is not the careful reviewing referred to above. Many manuscripts never get beyond the "looking over" stage. Most of the publishing houses do not keep manuscripts more than two weeks before giving a decision on them and returning them if possible. The manuscripts form a valuable charge, and have to be looked out for carefully, as in case of loss the publisher is sometimes liable, particularly if the receipt of the manuscript has been acknowledged. At least four or five out of every hundred manuscripts which are declined by a publishing house are left in the hands of the publisher by the author. They are carefully put away, and after a certain number of years, if no one claims them, are destroyed.

Once in a while an author incloses a five-dollar bill, with the object of propitiating the Reader, for there seems to be a widespread supposition among a certain class of authors that the Readers are all broken down and unsuccessful literary men, who dislike to see any one succeed *when they have failed.* If he does not send an inclosure, the author is apt to send a long letter explaining that the story "is founded on fact" or experience of the writer's grandfather, or that he has a great number of friends and relatives who will buy and assure it a large sale, or that his friend, the literary editor of the local journal, will give it a magnificent review, or that the author's friends have all pronounced it infinitely better than most of the novels published.

It is only infinite experience which can teach a man to know the public taste, and it takes a great many qualities besides literary perception. A Reader has to be not only a great critic, but also something of the prophet. The forecasts of the weather bureau are not more carefully prepared or more likely to be wrong than are the opinions of these men who try to foretell what book the public will like. — *New York Evening Post.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

HIRSCH'S TABULATED DIGEST OF THE DIVORCE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES. New revised edition. By Hugo Hirsch. Folding chart, cloth covers. $1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1901.

Any reader of THE WRITER who is thinking of getting a divorce, or who is interested in the divorce question, will find this chart a boon. It shows at a glance the nature of the divorce law in any state or territory of the United States, and is as plain to a layman as to a lawyer. Incidentally it shows the need of a national divorce law better than columns of argument could do. W. H. H.

GEOFFREY STRONG. By Laura E. Richards. 217 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1901.

Had Mrs. Richards no other object than to revive the fast-fading ideals of New England's ancestral dames, the story of "Geoffrey Strong" would merit a place in genuine literature. That she has done far more, the interest in the sweet, simple tale will generously attest. Geoffrey Strong, a young physician of pluck and spirit, determined to succeed, is a welcome and refreshing character. He is endowed with all the attributes of an attractive personality and a cultivated mind. Through his buoyant enjoyment of life, and his sympathetic insight into the needs of an old sea-board town, the reader is brought into close intimacy with many of the characters of an unprogressive colonial community. The story abounds in humorous episodes and spirited conversations, and there is much to give the reader an opti-

mistic view of life, since it is shown how much beauty and real happiness exist in the simple routine of earnest duty. One, for a time at least, lives up to the spirit of the by-gone exactness and courtesy which blossomed in the reign of prim gardens, polished mahogany, and a recognition of the stern and rather sturdy truths of life. C. M. H.

CHRISTUS VICTOR: A STUDENT'S REVERIE. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. Second edition. 177 pp. Flexible cloth, gilt top, $1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901.

Dr. Dodge, in a series of philosophical and reflective poems, elucidates the theme of life's mission and our relation to God and nature. The author, as poet, teacher, and companion, with the sure touch of sympathy so inspiringly dear, displays a talent given to but a chosen few. In "Christus Victor" the deepest queries of the soul find satisfying answer, and the onward march of eternal progress is masterfully portrayed in a series of poems of beauty and convincing strength. The reader finds throughout a high perfection of rhythm in exalted blank verse, and exquisite delicacy and directness in the lyrics which intersperse the more profound passages. The theme trends steadily toward the final triumph of good over evil, and humanity emancipated from sin. Immortality, birth, death, and the final consummation of God's divinest plan, the great, universal brotherhood of man, flow in upon the soul from a fountain rich in stores of learning and science, and replete with philosophical force and artistic grace. The printer and the bookbinder have done well their part in the making of a dainty volume, the ecclesiastical appearance of which will compel a reverential handling. C. M. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

SEVEN GREAT AMERICAN POETS. By Beatrice Hart. 323 pp. Cloth, 90 cents. New York: Silver, Burdett, & Co. 1901.

CAPS AND CAPERS. A story of boarding-school life. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. 287 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1901.

GALOP OFF, THE TALKING PONY. A story for young folks. By Tudor Jenks. 243 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1901.

WHEN LOVE IS KING. By Isabel Richey. 96 pp. Cloth. Philadelphia: George F. Lasher. 1901.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

AN EPISODE IN THE EARLY LIFE OF POE. Charles W. Kent. Topics of the Time, *Century* (38 c.) for October.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. With unpublished poems by Dr. Parsons and letters by Dr. Holmes. Maria S. Porter. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

THE PRESIDENT OF YALE (Arthur D. Hadley). With portrait. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

TITLED AUTHORS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Austin Dobson. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for October.

"COVERING" A WAR. Edward Marshall. *Pearson's Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

SOME HEROINES OF FICTION. W. D. Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for October.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC. — III. Henry Austin Clapp. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS TO READ. Eugene Wood. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

A PLEA FOR THE UNIMAGINATIVE. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON. Illustrated. William Wallace Whitelock. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Illustrated. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for October.

HERBERT SPENCER: THE MAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER. Illustrated. William Knight. *Bookman* (28 c.) for October.

THE NOVEL: ITS FRIENDS AND FOES. Gertrude Atherton. *Bookman* (28 c.) for October.

SAM WALTER FOSS. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for October.

ELECTRICITY AND LITERATURE. Benjamin Karr. *Arena* (28 c.) for October.

WRITING AND SPEAKING CORRECTLY. Miss Withey. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

MISS ALCOTT'S LETTERS TO HER LAURIE (Conclusion). *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

DILETTANTISM IN FRENCH LITERATURE. S. C. de Soissons. *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for October.

A FURTHER STUDY OF ZOLA. Arthur MacDonald. *Practical Psychology* for August-October.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FAMOUS EDITORS. III. — Horace Greeley. Noah Brooks. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for August 15.

A SKETCH OF JOHN FISKE'S LIFE. With portrait. W. R. Thayer. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for September.

JOHN FISKE AS A THINKER. J. Royce. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for September.

SOME ANOMALIES OF THE SHORT STORY. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (53 c.) for September.

SHAKESPEARE: AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY. Victor Hugo. *North American Review* (53 c.) for September.

FAMOUS HYMN WRITERS. XVI. — Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (18 c.) for September.

NIXON WATERMAN'S RHYMES. James Main Dixon. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (18 c.) for September.

OF AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS. William S. Walsh. *Literary Era* (13 c.) for September.

CONCORD: A LITERARY SHRINE. Illustrated. Caroline Edna Johnson. *Book World* (18 c.) for September.

THE LYRICAL POEMS OF ANDREW MARVELL. H. C. Beeching. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 7.

THE BORES OF JANE AUSTEN. Rowland Grey. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 14.

IBSEN IN ENGLAND. A. B. Walkeley. Reprinted from *Literature* in the *Living Age* (18c.) for September 21.

NEW LIGHT ON SHAKESPEARE. A. P. Sinnott. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18c.) for September 28.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"Sidney McCall," the author of "Truth Dexter," is said to be Henry Cabot Lodge.

Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch, who now lives at Hanover, N. H., is engaged in the preparation of a college guide book. An article by Mrs. Hatch, entitled "Dartmouth's Tribute to Webster," appeared in the September number of *Success*, and a similar one, although much more elaborate, is a feature of the *Granite Monthly*, the New Hampshire state magazine, for October.

All the winners of prizes in *Life's* short story contest are women. They are Kate Jordan, Mrs. Robert S. Chase, and Cora A. Hardy.

Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney ("Dinah Sturgis") has assumed entire editorial charge of the fashionable Morse-Broughton publications, *L'art de la Mode*, etc., which have headquarters in Paris and New York.

R. K. Munkittrick is now the editor of *Judge*.

Dr. Richard G. Boone, superintendent of schools in Cincinnati, O., assumed the editorship of *Education* (Boston) with the September number.

The Federation of American Zionists will publish a monthly magazine of Jewish life and literature, to be called the *Maccabæan*, the first number to be issued October 1. The Zionist movement and all efforts to build up the national Jewish spirit will receive especial attention. In addition, there will be essays on matters of general Jewish interest, stories, poems, and book reviews. The endeavor will be to establish a magazine that will be creditable to modern Jewish thought.

The *New England Magazine* is now published by the America Company, and its editorial office is in New York, although the office in Park Square, Boston, is retained. Mr. Kellogg, who has published the magazine so long, is president of the new company. Mr. Garland has succeeded Edwin D. Mead as *editor*.

The *Literary Era* (Philadelphia) will be known hereafter as the *Era*. The scope of the periodical has been widened, so as to include fiction, poetry, and matters of general interest, in addition to the purely literary topics with which it has heretofore dealt. Short stories by popular writers are to be made a feature, and arrangements are being made for a serial novel.

The *Household* has removed from Boston to 44 Times building, New York.

The *Arena* (New York) will print at least one piece of fiction in each issue hereafter.

St. Nicholas announces that it will no longer have serial stories, but every other issue of the magazine will contain a long story complete in that one number.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company (New York) and the publishers of *Leslie's Monthly* have formed an alliance for mutual interest.

Edward Marshall's article on "'Covering' a War" in *Pearson's Magazine* for October describes the costly methods of modern newspapers in war reporting.

An article by Dr. Garnett in the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for September should be of great interest to all students of Shelley. It deals with the portraits of the poet which have recently been added to the National Portrait Gallery.

"Some Real History in 'The Crisis'" in the *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (St. Louis) for September deals with the prototypes of some of the leading characters in Winston Churchill's book, and is illustrated with views in and about St. Louis, of places mentioned in the story or intimately connected with some of its characters.

Dr. Lewis G. Janes died at Eliot, Me., September 5, aged fifty-seven.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr died at Durand, Ill. September 7.

Bishop H. B. Whipple died at Faribault, Minn., September 16, aged seventy-nine.

William J. Drysdale died at Cranford, N. J., September 20, aged forty-nine.

Rev. Dr. William C. Gray died at Oak Park Chicago, September 28, aged seventy-one.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 11.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

FACTS FOR THE BIBLIOPHILE. *Vincent Van Marten Beede.* 161

ONE WRITER'S LITERARY EXPERIENCE. *Grace Whitton.* 164

EDITORIAL. 166

The Choice of a Pseudonym, 166 — Distinguishing Manuscripts, 166 — No Objection to Folded Manuscript, 166 — Over-worked Words, 166 — A Writer's Supplication, 167 — Books on Cats, 167 — Binding Manuscripts. 167

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 167

QUERIES. 167

WRITERS OF THE DAY. 168

Ada Woodruff Anderson, 168 — Anne Cleveland Cheney, 169 — John Erskine, 169 — Izola L. Forrester, 169 — Felix N. Gerson, 169 — Guy W. Green, 170 — Paul Shivell. 170

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 170

Ouida, 170 — R. V. Risley. 170

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS. 170

"Shall" and "Will," 170 — The Meaning of "Manuscript," 170 — Blunders of Authors. 171

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 171

Change of Position when Writing, 171 — To Separate Words in Copy. 172

BOOK REVIEWS. 172

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 175

NEWS AND NOTES. 176

FACTS FOR THE BIBLIOPHILE.

We who live in the days of daily book bargains, reprints, and cheap editions know nothing of the priceless value of books in ancient and mediæval days.

Plato, though poorly favored in this world's goods, bought three books for a price equal to twelve hundred dollars in our money.

Benedict Bishop made five journeys to Rome for the purpose of buying books, and King Alfred paid for a book on Cosmography "as much land as eight ploughs could labor."

The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of Homilies "two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet."

The Cardinal of Rouen once borrowed an ancient copy of Hilary on the Psalms and desired to keep it several months in order to copy it. He was obliged to release the monks of the Chapel of Bruges from excommunication by a formal letter of absolution, for an awful penalty was in store for any one who lent a volume from a monastery. The Cardinal's letter shows his ardent love for books, which for once got the better of his holy zeal.

Jerome said he ruined himself by purchasing one of the works of Origen. The "Roman de la Rose" brought over one hundred and fifty dollars in our coin, and often a book was worth double or treble its weight in gold. Fifty years ago, an author states that a copy of Macklin's Bible, ornamented by Tompkins, was worth $15,000.

When Louis XI. borrowed the works of Rhasis, an Arabian physician, in 1471, he was obliged to leave a large amount of plate in security with the faculty of medicine, and to draw up a deed with a nobleman, each binding himself to return the volumes, under penalty of an enormous forfeiture.

In the fifteenth century a learned Sicilian named Panormita sold his estate for a copy of Livy. In writing to Alphonsus, king of Naples, concerning the matter, Panormita says, "I entreat your prudence to let me know whether Pogius or I does better; he who, to purchase a farm near Florence, sells Livy, or I who, to purchase the book written by his own hand, sell my land?"

In 1821 the book on which the kings of England, from Henry I. to the boy king, Edward VI., took the coronation oath was in the library of a Norfolk gentleman. The writer does not know its present whereabouts. It is bound in boards of oak, nearly an inch thick, fastened with thongs, and the corners bossed with brass. On the right-hand side of the outer

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved

cover is a crucifix of gilt, which the monarchs kissed. The book is strongly fastened together by a "clasp of brass fixed to a broad piece of leather, nailed on with two large brass pins." Within, on heavy vellum, is the New Testament, written in a beautiful script, "nearly approaching to Roman capitals."

The first complete edition of the English Bible was Myles Coverdale's. There are many imperfect copies of this edition, but only one perfect one remains. It was accidentally found in the false bottom of an old oak chest at Holkham Hall, Norfolk, the estate of the Earl of Leicester. Many years ago a London bookseller offered five hundred dollars for the book, and now its value is probably quadrupled.

The first paper book printed in England was De Glanville's "De Proprietatibus Rerum." Caxton got out the edition in 1480. Dibden styles the work "a volume of extraordinary typographical beauty and rarity."

Among the books which the Hon. Thomas Greville, of London, bequeathed to the British Museum was the "Biblia Sacra Latina," the first book printed on movable types. Gutenberg and Faust printed the volume at Mentz, 1450–1455. Before twelve sheets were finished, $60,000 was expended, reckoning the florin at six shillings. The volume was called the Mazarin Bible, owing to the fact that a copy was found in the Cardinal's library. Four vellum copies and fourteen paper copies are extant.

In the second decade of the century a copy of the second edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" sold for $530, and now its value is enormous. But one other copy exists, and both are direct reprints, not the remaining volumes of an edition. The same day this book was sold, in London, a cup made from the felled mulberry-tree of the Bard of Avon went for fifty dollars.

The three volumes of Fox's "Book of Martyrs" (edition of 1641) which Bunyan read night and day in his confinement, and from which he declared he drew so much inspiration, contain Bunyan's name in each volume. On many margins are rhymes written by him. Arvine says, "It would not be possible to find specimens of more miserable doggerel. For instance: —

> 'The blood, the blood that he did shed
> Is falling one his one head;
> And dreadfull it is for to see
> The beginers of his misere.'"

The Jews were forced to maintain a constant vigilance to preserve the Talmud from destruction. So greatly was this book condemned, that in 1566 twelve thousand copies were burnt.

A Spanish missal, known as St. Isidore's, went through as great a martyrdom as did John Huss. When the Moors were excluded from Spain, the Pope ordered the Roman missal to be used in the Toledo churches in place of St. Isidore's. The Toletans would not come to terms, so each missal was represented by a champion, who fought with two-handed swords. The St. Isidore champion felled the Roman representative to the earth with his Toledo blade, but even then the Pope was not convinced, so a great fire was built and the two volumes were consigned to the flames. The Toletan volume (perhaps bound in iron) again was victorious, and to St. Isidore's missal was granted the supremacy.

The book world is still sorrowing over the loss of two inestimably valuable books, the lives of seven hundred illustrious Romans, by Varro, and a work concerning the doings of other great Romans. Pliny's twenty-volume history perished. Menander has left us but a few fragments of poetry, said to surpass Homer's; of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, only thirty-three out of three hundred dramas remain with us; while we have only twenty imperfect comedies of the immortal Plautus, who is supposed to have written one hundred and thirty.

The first book auction held in England of which there is any record occurred in 1676. In the catalogue is this announcement: —

"Reader, it hath not been usual here in England to make sale of books by way of auction, . . . but it having been practiced in other countries, . . . it was therefore conceived to publish the sale of these books in this manner of way."

In 1848 the announcement was made that there were from 150,000 to 200,000 copies of

D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation" in circulation in English translation, and but 4,000 in the original language, French!

These remarkable facts and figures appeared in a London book, many years ago: "Of the 50,000 books published in the seventeenth century, not fifty are now in estimation. And of the 80,000 published in the eighteenth century, not more than three hundred are considered worth reprinting. Since the first writings, 1,400 years before Christ,—i. e., in thirty-two centuries,—only about five hundred works have sustained themselves against the devouring influences of time."

The fine art of bookbinding, or bibliopegy, is now being revived to the fullest extent. In old times bookbinding was considered a wonderful art. Until the fourteenth century, books were bound in oak boards. Then came velvet and silk. Vellum and leather were introduced in the fifteenth century. Roger Payne was a bookbinder "at whose magic name the bibliomaniac rises in reverence." Sixty dollars was his usual price for binding—a large sum in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Halthoeber, Charles Lewis, and Herring were celebrities in their line. Thuanus and Grolier were deep-dyed book lovers, both as to the outside and the inside of the volumes they collected. Grolier's library was a marvel of beauty. The rarest designs were painted or stamped on book covers and backs, and many times appears the inscription, *Jo Grolierii et Amicorum*. To-day, the name of this amateur book-collector is preserved in the Grolier Club, of New York.

Waves of faddism pass over the book world at longer or shorter intervals. In the seventeenth century we find such titles as "Matches Lighted by the Divine Fire," "The Gun of Penitence," "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary" (a choice collection of religious passages), "We Have the Bank of Faith," and "The Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit." A sub-title to one of these works is: "Some Fine Baskets Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." A Puritan named Sir Humphry Lind published a book which was answered by a Jesuit in a work which he called "A Pair of Spectacles for Sir Humphry Lind." Then did Sir Humphry write again, this time on "A Case for Sir Humphry Lind's Spectacles." Luther was so pleased with his own commentary on Galatians that he called it "his Catharine," in honor of his wife. A fanatical anti-tobacconist, in the time of Elizabeth and James I., wrote a poem entitled: "Tobacco Battered, and the Pipes Shattered About Their Ears That Idly Idolize so Loathsome a Vanity, by a Volley of Holy Shot Thundered from Mount Helicon."

Butler said the title of his poem, "Hudibras," was taken from the name of the old tutelary saint of Devonshire, Hugh de Bras.

Young's "Night Thoughts," according to the author, possessed a most appropriate title, "for," he declared, "I never compose but at night, except sometimes when I am on horseback."

Cotton wrote a child's catechism entitled "Milk for Babes," and Lorenzo Dow, another "New England father," brought out "The Best Way to Kill the Devil." A volume entitled "Sermons to Asses" is supposed to have been written by Benjamin Franklin in 1768. Another book with the same title, by a preacher named Muarray, appeared in England that year.

At the end of the reign of George III., a club was formed in England which at first called itself the "Bibliomaniacs," and later the "Roxburgh Club," from the name of a nobleman in the organization. The members were possessed of a mania fully equal to the famous "tulip" and "picture" crazes. No matter how trashy the prose, how doggerel the rhyme, so long as the volume was rare,—often because it was so worthless as to have a "limited edition,"—these Bibliomaniacs would spend their last farthing for the priceless tome. And these men were by no means counted feather-brained in other ways. As a result of their mania, defective editions were printed for the benefit of the club, and the printer reaped a goodly harvest of gold. The craze finally wore off, as all crazes do, whether Bibliomaniac, Trilbyistic, or Napoleonic.

Cicero and Atticus owned book shops which were the marvel of their day. Some slaves

were detailed for preparing the vellum, others for copying and binding. No mean editions issued from these shops, for three slaves in three days were not able to erase a certain word in all the unsold stock of the speech for Ligarius.

Johnson was at one time engaged in translating a popular work for a coarse and comparatively ignorant bookseller named Osborne. Johnson took great pains with the work, which progressed too slowly to suit Osborne. He continually reproached Johnson for his seeming tardiness. One day Osborne came into Johnson's room and began his usual tirade. Johnson had heretofore been patient with the man, but now he picked up a heavy volume and hurled it full at the bookseller, sending him sprawling. He placed his ponderous foot on the fallen Osborne, and after allowing the assembled household to view him, left the room, saying: "Lie there, thou son of dullness, ignorance, and obscurity!" The identical book which Johnson threw at Osborne's head was seen by a writer at Cambridge, England, in 1812. *Vincent Van Marten Beede.*

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

ONE WRITER'S LITERARY EXPERIENCE.

My experience is n't much. I am not one of the arrived. Neither do I think that I shall ever get there.

I began as the majority do, when quite young. In one way my early experience is unique: I did not send my first effusions to the great and mighty magazines.

I began by writing rural society items for a rural paper. But my literary cravings for fame could not be satisfied with merely writing the factful statements that Melissa Day went a-visiting, and Matilda Ray arrived home safe. No, I felt an inward call to tell the world that William Hadley, Esq., better go to work and let his wife rest from supporting the family by washing; and that under the floor of the cross-roads grocery kept by Deacon Jones reposed an unlicensed jug, filled and refilled for the hilariously devoted.

The subscription list must be kept up, though the truth went veiled, and the rural editor put a boycott on my society items.

Then the editor of a rival sheet took me up, and bade me hie myself to the county fair and write him up the chicken and flower display. I went, but having no taste for either, I turned my back upon them. I was inclined to be joyous, but was at an age when one loves to cultivate the melancholy — and has nothing to cultivate with. I sauntered into the undertaking display, and wrote up the caskets, hearses, and funeral trappings. The editor took the mournful copy with a rueful glance, and gave me no further orders.

Somehow, such experiences never seemed to teach me anything. It remains with me yet that I must write just as I want to write, irrespective of what the editor may think he wanted. It may be that this is why I am so far behind in the jog.

Thus by fits and starts, I advanced to the heights of the State Weekly. I was very ambitious in my choice of subjects, going in for those dealing mainly with science and education. Spencer, Huxley, and Mill were nowhere beside me. Still, looking back, I find the crude views enunciated in my ambitious efforts not so blush-productive as the grammar flung in with them. It seems to me now that the editors should have looked after that part. I suppose they thought they were doing a great plenty when they provided space for me to spread my pen over.

There was one form of literary work that filled me with reverent awe. I wondered how it happened that any had been born smart

enough to write stories — to weave mystery and intricacy around love and villainy until my mind could not possibly unravel the tangle without reading the last chapter, which of course I would not do until I came to it. The awe, the fear of so much as touching the hem of this literary garment has long ago passed away; but even now, the high respect I held once still remains faintly expostulating, when my young friends, suddenly taken with literary aspirations, make their first efforts in this line, secure in the thought that they can write a story as good as any ever so far written. I never read a story yet by a young person, no matter how it was extolled by editors, that was not either a plain plagiarism, or really not a story at all, but a mere fanciful mix of sentences.

In that past, I was imbued with a strong idea that all editors struggled for a paltry existence, and merely edited for the good of the world, and that authors were not one whit behind them in this line, excepting that they wrote for fame, and earned their bread and butter between times at humbler work. No wonder, then, I never inquired if I was to get pay for what was accepted from my pen — if not my brain. But at last, by some fatality, one article fell into a place where they paid outside of the regular staff. I remember it was a medical article — so-called, at least. Strange coincidence, my first ordered article turned out to be one upon funeral accessories; my first paid one on something akin to these, and by the same chance I suppose my last will be of graveyards or obituaries.

But I had tasted the drop that inflates the literary imagination. No more papers that do not pay must stay upon my list. Better not to write at all than to write for nothing, whispered — something.

And since that time there's been trouble for me where all was peace before. I know editors wish that I had never been born to weary them, and sometimes I wish they had n't been born, either.

And yet, with perseverance and many postage stamps to help me on, I guess I have come to a place where I get my share, at least — as much as I deserve, no doubt. I am satisfied with small favors, and when I see the manuscript come sailing out of the mail, I do not do as a friend of mine has done, go crying from the office to her carriage: first, because I have no carriage to ride in; second, because I made up my mind not to care, and not to expect acceptance, but refusals.

I have some editors upon my list that — well, may the blessings of all time be upon them for their gentle kindness and sympathy. I have others who do not care how long they keep me waiting before they send my story home, or, if they accept it, how long they keep me waiting for my pay.

I have learned to know their likes and dislikes, and to know this is often a comfort, at least to the beginner. It shows him that the literary judgment of one or a dozen editors is not more likely to be the judgment of the public than his own. In fact, the more I know some of them, the surer I am that they consult their own tastes in the matter. Some day the public will rise against them. Not only this, but they are diverse in their tastes. One editor that I call Dear Friend, with all the meaning ever given in the name, has sent back stories to me with this enclosed: —

"Never write such a thing as this again. It has neither end nor beginning, point nor plot."

I cried for an hour after I got the first blow from him, because it was he who gave it. I care nothing for the verdict of a strange editor, but criticism from one whom I have learned to like till I believe that he can scarcely err in judgment is a different matter. But now, when I see manuscript coming back with his familiar letter-heading, I smile in sheer content, and hastily get out a long envelope to start the story off again. For there is a lady editor of a better magazine than his who will take the manuscript and say that it is good. She has never accepted one out of all that I have submitted to her but those that he has discarded. This is just the extreme difference in the ideas of two editors as to what is good. She pays three times more for a story than he does, also; but by some strange occult process, it must first pass through his hands before she sees the good in what I write — if good there be.

RALEIGH, Ind. Grace Whitton.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),

P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. NOVEMBER, 1901. NO. 11.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Nothing betrays the amateur to an editor quicker than the choice of such a pseudonym as "Wild Rose," or "Robin Adair," or "Jay C. Bee," or any of the other flowery or ingenious pen names that used to be in fashion once. Nowadays it is better for the writer to use his own name as a signature for his published articles, or, if he is ashamed of that, to choose a pen name that looks like a real name. A poem sent to an editor with the pseudonym "Wild Rose" attached is pretty sure not to get into print.

* * *

When two or more manuscripts are offered to an editor at the same time,—it is generally wiser to send only one,—the writer may guard against their getting mixed by numbering the sheets of each with a letter in addition to the page number. For instance, the first manuscript may be numbered through, "1-B," "2-B," "3-B," etc., and the second, "1-M," "2-M," "3-M," etc. Of course, if the manuscripts are written on paper of different sizes or colors, such distinction in marking will not be necessary.

* * *

In sending a short manuscript to an editor there is no objection at all to folding it. Some writers seem to think that it is necessary to mail all manuscripts flat, protected with sheets of pasteboard on both sides. In the case of a book manuscript this is advisable, but there is no sense in sending a short manuscript in this way. Editors object strenuously to rolled manuscripts, because the curl gets into the paper and it is hard to hold them for reading when they are unrolled, but nobody has any prejudice against a neatly-folded manuscript, and only amateurs send out very short manuscripts flat, between pasteboard guards. The necessary postage expense of a writer is large enough, under the present unjust law of the United States. What is the sense in paying postage uselessly to send pasteboard through the mails?

* * *

Philip Hale in the *Boston Journal* reminds his readers that there are certain words that are abused by all who write: "however," "moreover," "very," etc. They are thrown in to balance a sentence, to round a phrase, or by accident, or by a mistaken wish for emphasis, or as a cry to flagging attention. When John R. Green congratulated Freeman on the completion of "The Norman Conquest," he wrote: "When edition two comes, run your pen through two-thirds of the 'nows' and three-quarters of the 'thens.' The first always

makes me think you have just awoke from a five minutes' nap and set to again; the second is what I call the showman's demonstrative."

* * *

Writers generally may well join in the supplication of "A Writer's Request of His Master," which Henry Van Dyke prints as the introduction to "The Ruling Passion." It is as follows: —

Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story, nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people because they are both alive. Show me that, as in a river, so in a writing clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. Teach me to see local color without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can, and when that is done, stop me, pay what wages Thou wilt and help me to say, from a quiet heart, a grateful Amen.

* * *

Perhaps it is natural that authors who burn the midnight oil should have their attention called to cats. Whether this be so or not, it is a fact that books about cats have been numerous of late. The almost simultaneous appearance of "The Soul of the Cat," by Margaret Benson, "Pussy Meow," by Mrs. S. Louise Patteson, "The Fireside Sphinx," by Agnes Repplier, and "Madam Angora," by Harriet A. Cheever, is perhaps only a coincidence, but some people may consider the midnight-oil theory, and not impatiently say: "Fiddlestrings!"

* * *

It is better for a writer not to attach the sheets of a manuscript together in any way. A ribbon betrays the amateur. Loops of thread disclose the careful country housewife. A brass fastener in the corner of a manuscript looks businesslike, but the first thing the editor will do when he sees it is to take it out and drop it in the waste basket or throw it at the office cat. He wants the manuscript in such shape that, as he holds it up to read it, he can slip each sheet behind the package, or lay it face down on his desk, as soon as read, so that when he finishes the reading, the manuscript will be in proper order. A manuscript bound in any way is hard to read, and it pays writers to make the way of the editor as flower-strewn as possible.

W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

San Francisco has a new magazine, the *Catholic Witness*, which is not Catholic, but Episcopalian. — THE WRITER.	San Francisco has a new magazine, the *Catholic Witness*, which is not Roman Catholic, but Episcopalian.
A story raconteur. — *The Brown Book.*	A story teller.
It has indeed proven through the years to be too firm a literary work to ever receive such a popular and widespread circulation, etc. — *The Brown Book.*	It has indeed proved through the years to be too firm a literary work ever to receive such a popular and widespread circulation, etc.
They would like to have asked him questions about himself. — *Paul Leicester Ford, in "The Honorable Peter Sterling."*	They would have liked to ask him questions about himself.
It was Baretti whom he threatened as he left my room — not I. — *F. Frankfort Moore, in "The Jessamy Bride"*	It was Baretti whom he threatened as he left my room — not me.
Goldsmith shook his head doubtfully, and said he would try and hope for the best. — *F. Frankfort Moore, in "The Jessamy Bride."*	Goldsmith shook his head doubtfully, and said he would try to hope for the best.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) What is the cause of the present popularity of the historical novel? Is its success at all due to the richness of historical material at one's disposal? Has the fact that some bright literary minds have engaged in historical novel writing contributed to the success that has followed?

(2.) Which is the wiser business policy: For the author to own his copyright, or to sell it as part of the consideration for which his publisher pays? I have heard publishers and writers express opinions both ways.

(3.) If the amateur writer possesses average literary ability, is it not the better policy to seek literary recognition by some pretentious literary effort, rather than through writing for the periodical press? Is there any permanent literary success to be obtained in the latter way?

(4.) Is Rudyard Kipling likely to have any permanent fame in the world of letters as a poet? He appears to champion the gospel of force in most of his poems. Critics, generally,

regard this as inimical to sure success as a poet. Am I not correct?

(5.) What is generally regarded as an average price per folio for manuscript on current topics? D. M.

The historical novel has always been popular, and it is no more so now than it was in the time of Scott. Because two or three historical novels have lately won unusual success, one can hardly say that historical novels are particularly popular, and the writer who devotes his energy to writing historical fiction now is likely to find that his time has been ill-spent. All publishers know that whenever a novel of any kind achieves an extraordinary sale, manuscripts of the same kind will be submitted to them by the hundred. Some of these imitative productions may have merit, and are published. Then it looks for a time as if a certain kind of fiction was in vogue, when, as a matter of fact, most of the books of that class on the market are there not because the public demands such books especially, but because the authors and publishers hope to sell them to the people who have been pleased with the successful story. The success of "Sherlock Holmes," for instance, brings out a flood of detective stories; the success of "Robert Elsmere" is followed by a flood of theological novels; the success won by Winston Churchill and Mary Johnston brings on a rush of historical novels. In either case it would be foolish to say that either detective stories, or religious discussions, or historical novels are particularly popular. It is simply that enterprising authors and publishers try to work off on the public imitations of successful books, rushing them out as quickly as possible before the public taste for books of that particular kind is satiated. If any writer thinks that historical novels are particularly popular just now, let him take the manuscript of one to a publisher. The chances are a hundred to one that the publisher will reject it after barely glancing at it. Publishers know that the public has tired of historical novels, just as it tired of books like "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward, Preacher," and other sermons in the guise of stories. The writer who wants to win unusual success now must invent something new, or dress up something old so that it looks like new. People quickly get tired of books of a certain kind, just as they do of turkey a week after Thanksgiving Day.

(2.) It is best for an author to control his copyright.

(3.) There is no reason why a writer cannot try to write a novel that will be the sensation of the year and write for the magazines at the same time. The chance that he will succeed in the sensational attempt is very small. Writing for the magazines is good practice; it helps to keep the pot a-boiling, and it does something to make a reputation for a writer. Many writers have won very creditable reputations by writing for the magazines alone.

(4.) Nobody can tell whether any living writer will have "any permanent fame" or not. Kipling's "Recessional" seems to have lasting qualities, but it may not outlive "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." What a poet "champions" does n't matter so much as the way in which he "champions" it.

(5.) There is no recognized average price for manuscripts. All that can be said is that $2.50 a thousand words is fair pay for newspaper articles, and a cent a word is good pay for contributions to many magazines. — W. H. H.]

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Ada Woodruff Anderson, who wrote the Indian story, "The Agent's Wife," in *Ainslee's Magazine* for September, is well-known in the Northwest, and her descriptive material — always illustrated from photographs by Mr. Anderson — has appeared in *Outing*, *Harper's Bazar*, and other Eastern publications. Her first home on Puget Sound was at her uncle's mills near Olympia, at the head of tide-water. The place was picturesquely situated at the foot of a series of falls, and shut in by great, densely-wooded hills. When barges laden with wheat drew under the mill walls, it was the child's pleasure to climb the long flights of stairs to the fifth story, and watch the huge sacks of grain swing up through the open doors. There was among the workmen an old foreign sailor, who wore earrings and sang a quaint measure, and his big voice, drowning

the rush of the flumes and the noise of the running tackle, had for her a thrilling fascination. All her surroundings tended to develop a quick imagination. A promontory across the inlet from the village was used by the Indians for a burial-place. It was their custom to suspend the dead on scaffolding in the tree-tops, screening and marking the spot with a gay blanket. These patches of color caught and held her childish fancy. She liked also to follow the squaws, who came in berry time, carrying their fruit-laden, beautifully-woven, gently-flaring baskets suspended by a broad head-band to the shoulders. The papooses, too, borne in this way, but strapped tightly to a swinging board, filled the little girl with wonder and delight. The Indians became her tillicums: one of these brown babies was named for her. And before she was seventeen she had learned the intricate ways of the cayuse, and to paddle a canoe as well as she rode. It is still Mrs. Anderson's greatest pleasure to take the summer vacation with her husband—who uses his camera with the skill of the artist and the enthusiasm of the amateur—turning out of the beaten track of the tourist, into the heart of the woods and mountains.

Anne Cleveland Cheney, who wrote the poem, "Old Ragamuff," in *St. Nicholas* for October, lives in Brookline, Mass. Almost all her life has been spent in Boston, the most valuable part of her literary training having been gained from private study with Dr. William J. Rolfe of Cambridge. Both prose and verse of hers have appeared in *St. Nicholas*, *Truth*, the *Advocate of Peace*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Boston Herald*, and other papers. and she has had poems accepted to appear in *Poet Lore* and the *Critic*. *St. Nicholas* also has a story, of which a little colored girl is the heroine, reserved for later publication. Formerly, Miss Cheney used to write under the name of "Anne Cleve," but now she uses her own name entirely. Recently she has been engaged on a group of tales for children, which will appear in book form.

John Erskine, author of "Actæon," the prize poem for 1901 in the *Century* competition, is a native of New York city, twenty-two years old, and a graduate of Columbia University. While in college he was on the staff of the *Morningside*, one of the leading Columbia papers. He contributed also to *East and West*, the magazine started by Columbia graduates to further the literary ideals of their Alma Mater. Mr. Erskine was class poet, and upon graduation was appointed to the Proudfit Fellowship in Letters at Columbia, a position which he still holds.

Izola L. Forrester, who wrote the story, "Tom, Jr., Tomboy," in *St. Nicholas* for October, was born in Pascoag, R. I., twenty-three years ago. She has written stories since she was ten, and at that early age saw her first published story in the *Boston Globe*. Her family removed to Chicago, and, her father being a newspaper man, of course she drifted that way also, and started at fifteen doing book reviews, writing children's stories, and editing the women's department. "It was great fun," she says, "giving advice to old ladies on anything, from how to make bread pudding without eggs to what was good for the baby with measles." Then she began writing "scorching" love stories for the *Chicago Ledger*. One of them was "The Quadroon's Crime; or, The Mystery of the Secret Crypt." "I have them buried deep in the bottom drawer of my desk," she writes, "and regret the 'awful past'—but they all get it around sixteen or seventeen." Accidentally, she began on children's stories, and, finding the track clearer, kept at that line. The *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, the *McClure Syndicate*, the *Churchman*, the *Church Standard*, and *Ainslee's* have accepted her stories, and she has had two books published, "The Girls of Bonnie Castle," last year, and "Rook's Nest," this fall. The *Chicago Record-Herald* is running a series called the Babliola stories, which will appear in book form next year.

Felix N. Gerson, author of the sonnet, "Compensation," in *Lippincott's* for October, was born in Philadelphia in 1862. Graduating from the Boys' central high school, he spent some time in the study of civil engineering.

Afterward he was employed by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, being promoted rapidly, and finally becoming department chief clerk. In the mean time he had devoted some attention to literary work, as writer and correspondent for different journals. In December, 1890, he became managing editor of the Chicago *Israelite*. In 1891 he returned to Philadelphia, and since then he has been manager of the *Jewish Exponent* of that city. For some years past he has been also on the staff of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. He has written prose or verse for different publications, and has published a volume with the modest title, "Some Verses."

Guy W. Green, whose poem, "My New Foe," appeared in *Lippincott's* for October, was born in Ottawa, Ill, and is twenty-eight years old. He took the degree of B. S. from Doane College, Crete, Neb., in 1891, and that of LL. B. from the University of Nebraska in 1897. He is now interested in the threshing machinery business in Lincoln, Neb., and is the owner of the Nebraska Indian baseball team, "composed entirely of genuine red men from the Western plains and reservations." He has written prose and verse for various publications.

Paul Shivell, author of the poem, "On the Miami," in the *Century* for October, was born twenty-seven years ago at Indianapolis, grew to manhood in Springfield, Ohio, and is now living in Maine. He is a minister, and does not do literary work, but has always found pleasure in occasional reading and writing as a part of his natural life and happiness.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Ouida. — Ouida is said to have a curious method of writing. She makes the draft of a story, writing perhaps forty thousand words. This is apparently a complete story, needing only technical corrections. It is sent to a typewriter, who transcribes it upon paper of foolscap size, with three-quarters of the page left blank. The novelist goes over the manuscript, filling out nearly every page in her own handwriting, rounding out scenes, characters, and dialogues, making the story two or three times as long as it was originally; and so cleverly is this done that there is never the suggestion of a break. The first draft is the house-building, the second is the furnishing, and Ouida's plan guards against changing the architectural plan to suit the furnishings. The story is the main thing, the only really important thing, after all. — *Munsey's Magazine.*

Risley. — "I do my work at dawn, often getting up in the darkness and writing alone in a big robe for hours," says R. V. Risley, author of "The Anvil," the complete novel in the October number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. "I pass my afternoons taking notes in cafés, etc.," he adds, "and my nights on the streets, searching everything, — the fashionable, the gay, the sad, the odd, the disreputable, the commonplace, the significant — a bizarre life, but one that eats away prejudice like an acid, and drags the veil from the eye of our mind."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

"Shall" and "Will." — "At what time shall you be at liberty?" is the correct form when you "desire information, not consent or a promise." "At what time will you be at liberty?" is equivalent to "At what time are you willing to be at liberty?" It implies that being at liberty is dependent on the will of the person spoken to. "At what time shall you be at liberty?" is equivalent to "At what time are you going to be at liberty?" — being at liberty is regarded as simply a matter of the future, not dependent on the will of anybody. "Will you?" expects the answer, "I will"; it denotes willingness, consent, or determination. "Shall you?" expects the answer "I shall"; it denotes futurity, and nothing more. — *Elizabeth A. Withey, in the November Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Meaning of "Manuscript." — The singular and plural forms of the abbreviated word "manuscript" (MS. and MSS.) are the initials of the two Latin words, *manu scriptum*, whence our word is derived. Of course it means, literally, written by hand. After the introduction of printing certain books were spoken of

as *codices* (or *libri impressi*), printed books, to distinguish them from *codices manu scripti.* — *St. Nicholas.*

Blunders of Authors. — When Anthony Trollope pictured Andy Scott as "coming whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth," he not only proved that he had never made personal experiment of the double feat of smoking a cigar and whistling a tune, but he was unconsciously following in the steps of still greater writers who make their heroes do amazing and impossible things.

Those who remember their Robinson Crusoe may recall a most wonderful feat of this hero of childhood. When he decided to abandon the wreck and try to swim ashore, he took the precaution to remove all his clothes, and yet by some strange magic, of which the secret has been lost, the author makes him, when in this condition of nature, fill his pockets with biscuits.

The great Shakespeare himself had a peculiar faculty for making the impossible happen in his plays. One of the most remarkable of these feats occurs in the fifth act of "Othello," when Desdemona, after she has been duly smothered by the Moor, comes to life again and enters into conversation quite rationally, even inventing a generous falsehood to shield him from the consequences of his crime, before she decides to die. The improbability of a person recovering consciousness and speech after being smothered, and of dying after performing such a feat, scarcely needs pointing out.

Shakespeare, too, had a trick of introducing the most glaring anachronisms — so glaring, in fact, that there is more than a suspicion that they must have been introduced consciously for some unknown reason.

For instance, he makes a clock strike in ancient Rome, at a time, more than a thousand years before clocks were invented, when such an event would certainly have been the eighth wonder of the world.

Quite regardless of the evidence of geography, he transports Bohemia to the seaside; and he introduces a printing press long before the days of Gutenberg. He calmly introduces a billiard table into Cleopatra's palace, and makes cannon familiar to King John and his barons.

Thackeray was no mean rival to Shakespeare in vagaries of this kind; but in his case they appear to have been the result of pure carelessness and forgetfulness. The most flagrant case, perhaps, is where, after burying Lady Kew and effectively dismissing her from the story, he brings her to life again to help him out with his plot; and in other cases his capacity for mixing up the names of his characters is as confusing as it is wonderful.

Emile Zola, in spite of his carefulness, makes the astonishing statement in one of his novels ("Lourdes") that the deaf and dumb recovered their hearing and sight, an event which savors very much of the miraculous.

The moon has innocently been the cause of much blundering on the part of authors. Wilkie Collins in some mysterious fashion made it rise on one important occasion in the west; Rider Haggard in "King Solomon's Mines" contrives an eclipse of the new moon for the benefit of his readers; and Coleridge ingeniously places a star between the horns of the crescent moon as she rises in the east. — *Tid-Bits.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Change of Position When Writing. — When writing under pressure that required prolonged work I have found it a relief to change chairs, however well my preferred chair and I agree. A seat a little higher or a little lower, with ever so slight a tilt forward or backward from dead level, or vice versa, will considerably invigorate tired muscles, supply a lost segment of the spinal column,

and quicken thought and pen awhile. The cushion, arms, rockers, headrest of a writer's pedestal are other things worth adopting or discarding in such emergencies, where permissible. L. S. G.

BOSTON, MASS.

To Separate Words in Copy. — In making copy, if you want to make sure that two words will be printed separately — as "mean while," "under ground," — write the printer's sign for a space (‡‡) between them. B. R. S.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PRACTICAL AUTHORSHIP. By James Knapp Reeve. 287 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Cincinnati: The Editor Publishing Company. 1900.

Mr. Reeve's book, according to the title page, is "a work designed to afford writers an insight into certain technical, commercial, and financial aspects of the profession of letters as followed by the writer for current publications." In his first chapter, headed "Literary Beginnings," he points out the need of thorough preparation for literary work, and shows how necessary it is for practical success that the writer should from the outset make a study of the editor and his needs. A manuscript is merchandise, and must be adapted to help a publication to success, or the editor does not want it. The law of supply and demand also governs the manuscript market, and the magazine that receives 15,000 manuscripts a year, and can use only 250, must send 14,750 back. While there is a demand for good short stories and good poetry, there is no sale for mediocre matter of either kind. Writers who cannot win success in writing fiction or poetry may do useful and profitable work for the class periodicals, — for instance, the agricultural papers, the religious papers, the trade journals. Having chosen his line of work, the writer should study not only the topics on which he intends to write, but also all publications that use material of the kind he means to furnish. It is easy to do this at the large libraries. Having once begun sending out manuscripts, he should not be discouraged by rejections, which are a part of the experience of all. Editors cannot undertake to explain why manuscripts are unavailable, but writers will do well to study to find out for themselves. Incompetence and carelessness are the two chief causes of failure. Every manuscript that leaves the author's hand should be ready for the printer. Editors reject manuscripts every day simply because they have no time to "edit" them.

"Literature as a Profession" is discussed by Mr. Reeve in his second chapter. He quotes the true saying that literature is a good crutch, but a poor staff. Hard and regular work at writing may in time bring a good income, but authorship is a poor dependence at the start. Genius is rare. The writer should work steadily and regularly, and study always as he works. Mr. Reeve cites as an example the case of De Maupassant, who toiled for seven years in the study of his accepted master, writing little stories that were written only to be destroyed. "The more stories one writes,' says Mr. Reeve, "the more will be conjured forward from the recesses of the brain. Work ever develops the mind and the imagination. The writer who has his harness steadily on is never at a loss for 'something to write about.' . . . Do not be afraid of writing too much, but do have a wholesome fear of offering too much for publication. . . . Do not be afraid of an accumulation of manuscripts. A writer is hardly seriously in the field unless he has a half hundred manuscripts of various sorts ready for and seeking publication. . . . Write constantly and carefully. Write, even though you have no thought of publication, to see how your thoughts and ideas look when expressed in words. Get them before you in good typewritten copy, then read, revise, and amend, until each thought and each sentence stands clear and concise. Strive for absolute perfection in the choice of every word and in the construction of every phrase. . . . Among the things that one may write for practice rather than for publication are: Short critiques of books read; or a synopsis of a paragraph or chapter of a book, or of an article or short story. By practicing this conscientiously one may gain much toward succinctness. In preparing such briefs give the contents, the vital essence of the paragraph, or chapter, or story read, and nothing more. After it is written, revise and cut out every superfluous word, until you have a compact, but clear and intelligent résumé. In doing this it is well to choose for subjects the work of masters in the various walks of literature. Ruskin may be chosen for style, Addison for clearness, Thackeray for sarcasm, Kipling for originality and strength, and Macaulay for the combination of elegance and strength."

Read constantly. "A writer should read to keep pace with the world's work, he should read to increase knowledge, and he should read to bring his mind into that state where it will best be able to perform the work which is demanded from it."

"Macaulay once remarked that when he was a boy at college he read enthusiastically, but at the foot of every page he stopped and obliged himself to give an account of what he had read on that page. In this manner he

early formed the habits of attention and memory."

Most readers prefer simple writing. Ruskin says: "When I was young, if I thought anybody's house was on fire, I said: 'Sir, the abode in which you probably passed the delightful years of your youth is in a state of inflammation,' and people called me a good writer then; now they say I cannot write at all because I say: 'Sir, your house is on fire.'"

The style of the great masters should be studied. "One element of style consists in the choice of just the one right word where various synonyms would serve more or less perfectly the aim of the writer." First of all, however, "a writer must have ideas, and he must then have construction before his need of style will come into play. . . . Among models of construction Hugo and Thackeray stand in the first rank; for models of style, Ruskin and Kingsley; yet there are a hundred others who may be read with profit by the young writer."

To a large extent the style is the man. "The young writer may not go far wrong if he begins to study for his life work by studying life itself. And a writer's style will grow with his growth."

Chapter III. Mr. Reeve begins by discussing the relations of writers with editors, and showing that editors want writers to succeed. The rest of this chapter includes a miscellany of hints of what writers should and should not do in their intercourse with editors. In addition to the ordinary advice about not rolling manuscripts and enclosing return postage, he says: "Never ask an editor to examine a manuscript upon which you have not exhausted the final effort. Do not expect him to waste his time reading a manuscript that you know is not as good as you can make it. Bear in mind that he has plenty of others upon his desk, the product of past masters in the art of literature, who have left nothing undone that their knowledge of the craft can suggest to make the work perfect. . . . Leave as little 'editing' for the editor as you can. Study closely the pages of well-edited magazines. Observe their methods of punctuation, learn the art of correct paragraphing, understand the correct use of quotation marks, and make use of the knowledge thus acquired. If you do not attend to these matters, the editor must, —if he accepts your manuscript,—before it can go to the composing room. Do not leave this because you think he knows best how it should be done. Editors are busy men, and we have known manuscripts that were otherwise acceptable to be returned solely on this account. The editor will not do the work that the writer should do—especially if he has ready to his hand another manuscript that is properly finished."

"Do not send to an editor a number of manuscripts at one time. This is apt to give the impression that you have a lot of unsalable stock, and that you are endeavoring to unload on him. Even if you are satisfied there may be something good among them, you have no right to throw upon a busy man the burden of reading a lot of material that he cannot possibly want, upon the chance of finding one thing that will meet his needs. He will feel that you should have separated the wheat from the chaff yourself. The majority of editors are so constituted that when they feel themselves imposed upon in this way, they will bundle up the entire consignment and send it back without even attempting to discover if there be one good thing among it all."

"Tools of the Craft" is the subject of Mr. Reeve's next chapter. He shows in it the value of the study of the dictionary and other works of reference, and of text-books on literary work, and points out how clippings and references may be most conveniently filed for use. Newspaper work is discussed in Chapter V. In Chapter VI. Mr. Reeve takes up the short story, which affords, he thinks, "the widest possible opportunity for writers—both new and old." "Of course," he says, "the supply is illimitable, but the demand is so large that it may fairly be said that any short story, correctly written, and having a definite motif and development, may find place if one will be persistent in sending it the rounds. . . . The length of the short story is an important factor toward its success. As a rule, no short story that is to be used in a single number of any publication should exceed 6,000 words. This will make about eight pages of any of the larger magazines, if without illustrations; with illustrations, of course more space will be occupied. For the household and domestic journals, stories may run anywhere from 1,500 to 5,000 words. For the literary weeklies, 2,000 to 3,000 words is a fair length. For syndicate or newspaper use about 3,500 words is the extreme length, and from this down to 1 000 or 1,500 words. All other things being equal, a story which does not run to the maximum length permitted stands the best chance of acceptance; for with shorter stories, an editor may use in each number of his publication two or three instead of one, and so make up with greater variety, and with material that will fit varied tastes."

The cheerful story is the one that most editors are glad to consider. The Harpers give this summary of conditions that seem to them to be of essential importance in fiction: 1. A well-developed plot. 2. Good characterization. 3. Good, vigorous English. 4. A moral tone.

5. A happy or artistic ending. 6. A well-selected title, perhaps one which would arouse curiosity.

In regard to the technique of the short story, it cannot be too much emphasized that conversation should play a most important part. A professor of Rhetoric and English Language in one of our leading universities said lately that the story of the future would be made up almost entirely of conversation. "Write your story as long as you please," he said, "then substitute conversation for description wherever you can." Another, commenting upon method in short-story work, said: "It is not necessary to say that a woman is a snarling, grumpy person. *Bring the old lady in and let her snarl.*"

In Chapter VII. Mr. Reeve takes up the literary hack, and shows how some writers make a fair income by general literary work. The next chapter relates to the specialist in literary work. Chapter IX. is devoted to the descriptive article, and Chapter X. to verse-writing. After showing that while the market for verse is limited, genuine poetry is always salable, Mr. Reeve says: "Do not attempt to write verses for publication unless you have made something of a study of the technique of poetry. There is no branch of literature which can so nearly be measured by metes and bounds, as regards form. Imperfect metres and rhymes are not allowable, even among second-rate publications. Long poems are not wanted by publications of any sort. It requires only a glance at the publications on any news-stand to show that the poems accepted are, almost without exception, brief. And it would seem that the more brief they are, the better chances of editorial favor."

Writing for the trade journals is the subject of Mr. Reeve's next chapter, and in it he gives a list of some of the trade papers that buy manuscripts, with a memorandum in some cases of their rates of payments. Chapter XII. is devoted to joke writing, with some discussion of the market. "In offering humorous work for publication," says Mr. Reeve, "it is well to observe some system. Send in your jokes in batches of half a dozen or more at once. Typewrite each separately on a slip of paper, having your slips of uniform size. Have your name and address on each slip. Enclose a return stamped envelope. The editor then can select those which he cares to retain, and send the others back to you without much trouble."

Chapter XIII. discusses the needs of the agricultural press, and includes "a partial list of agricultural journals." Chapter XIV. gives advice about "juvenile work," and indicates to some extent where manuscripts of interest to children may be sold. Chapter XV. takes up the English literary market, and succeeding chapters, mostly very short, are devoted to Choosing a Market, The Typewriter, Preparing Copy, The Question of Timeliness, Syndicates, The Ethics of Postage, A Neglected Field (Editorials), Articles of Information, The Literary Critic, The Value of Work, The Profession of Authorship, The Writer of Travel, Song Words and Hymn Writing, and Don'ts for Writers. W. H. H.

SHORT-STORY WRITING. By Charles Raymond Barrett. 257 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. 1901.

The first edition of Mr. Barrett's book was a pamphlet, published three years ago, which was reviewed at length in THE WRITER for January, 1900. This new edition is practically a new book. The author has rewritten his work from beginning to end, with much amplification and addition. and he has greatly increased its value. His chapter headings now are: The Short Story, Short Stories Classified, The Plot, Titles Good and Bad, The Use of Facts, The Characters, Methods of Narration, The Beginning, The Story Proper, Climax and Conclusion, The Style, The Labor of Authorship, and The Quest of a Market. Writers of short stories will get many useful suggestions from the book. W. H. H.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC DICTIONARY AND PHRASE-BOOK. By Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. 552 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1901.

The Benn Pitman system of shorthand is used very generally in this country, and it is fully equal to all the demands that are made upon it in actual practice, from slow office dictation to the most rapid verbatim work. The thousands of writers who are using the system to-day, and the thousands who may study it hereafter, will welcome this new dictionary and phrase-book. It is a very comprehensive work, including in its vocabulary every live word in the English language, together with many proper names and words from foreign languages in common use. It contains, in short, every word which the practical phonographer is likely to meet with in ordinary work, and gives him in each case the best shorthand form. Besides this extensive word-list, the book includes a phrase-list of several thousands of useful English and foreign phrases. The preface gives some helpful advice regarding the best use of a shorthand dictionary. Altogether, the work is one of great value, and no student or writer of Benn Pitman shorthand can afford to do without it. W. H. H.

THE ANNUAL LITERARY INDEX—1900. Edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. 258 pp. Cloth, $3.50. New York: Office of the Publisher's Weekly. 1901.

This indispensable index to periodicals for 1900 gives easy access to the contents of 131

English and American publications, including 210 different volumes. Articles are indexed by titles in a list occupying 140 pages. Following this is an index to fifty volumes of essays, proceedings of societies, public reports, etc., published during the year, covering twelve pages more. Then comes an author index, covering seventy-six pages, with an average of at least sixty names to a page. This means that at least 4,500 different writers, English and American, got into print in the leading magazines last year, and the list shows just how, and when, and where. Following the author list is a list of bibliographies, American and English, published in 1900, and this is followed by a list of the writers who died during the year, and an index to the dates of the principal events of 1900, which is practically an index to any daily newspaper. The successive volumes of the Annual Literary Index, supplementing Poole's Index to Periodical Literature, show just what the magazines have published on any subject, and their value to writers is literally immense.

W. H. H.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH SENTENCE. By Lillian G. Kimball. 244 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: American Book Company. 1900.

Miss Kimball's book is not intended to supplant any text-book in grammar, but rather to provide for a profitable continuation of grammar study in high schools and normal schools. The whole book is a study of the sentence in English, showing the relation of its parts to one another, and guiding the student in analysis. The illustrations are sentences from the works of well-known authors, and many of them are worth quoting for their own sake, independent of any language study. Miss Kimball's book serves a useful purpose, and any one who studies it intelligently will speak and write better English afterward. W. H. H.

FERNLEY HOUSE. By Laura E. Richards. 240 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1901.

"Fernley House" is the fifth in a series of popular books for girls, called the Three Margarets Series. It tells the story of a merry party of young people, gathered in the summer time at a delightful old country-house as the guests of a delightful old bachelor,—"Uncle John,"—whose one aim in life seems to be to make young folk happy, and who has all the resources of wealth at his command to aid him in his benevolent intentions. "Uncle John" is indeed the ideal "good uncle" of juvenile fiction. The story moves briskly, and has many surprises. In writing it, Mrs. Richards has shown taste, vivacity, and imagination—particularly in her handling of the incident of the fire. All of her characters are original, but very real, her knowledge of the ways of speech of the modern boy, especially, being quite extraordinary. The character of Grace Wolfe stands out as particularly original and fertile in suggestion, and as susceptible of unlimited development. One cannot help feeling that Mrs. Richards might well make it the nucleus of an effective novel. The young people are all of the age at which sentiment begins to appear, and the author has added a wholesome touch of it. Altogether, the book cannot fail to be entertaining, as well as uplifting and inspiring to young men and women. A. G. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

A YEAR-BOOK OF FAMOUS LYRICS. Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. 392 pp. Cloth, in box, $1.50. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1901.

CHATTERBOX—1901. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M. A. 412 pp. Boards, $1.25. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1901.

THE LITTLE LADY—HER BOOK. By Albert Bigelow Paire. 315 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1901.

FOLLY IN FAIRYLAND. By Carolyn Wells. 261 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1901.

TOMMY FOSTER'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE SOUTHWEST INDIANS. By Fred. A. Ober. 248 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1901.

MAPS OF AMERICA. A list of maps of America in the Library of Congress. Preceded by a general bibliography of cartography. By P. Lee Phillips, chief of the Division of Maps and Charts. Washington: Library of Congress. 1901.

THE AFFIRMATIVE INTELLECT. By Charles Ferguson. 204 pp. Cloth, 90 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1901.

THE LOST GALLEON OF DOUBLOON ISLAND. By W. Bert Foster. 363 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company. 1901.

HOW TO REMEMBER, WITHOUT MEMORY SYSTEMS, OR WITH THEM. By Eustace H. Miles, M. A. 278 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Frederic Warne & Co. 1901.

MINETTE. A Story of the First Crusade. By George F. Cram. 397 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: John W. Hiff & Co. 1901.

A JOURNEY WITH THE SUN AROUND THE WORLD. Rev. William McMahon. 676 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Cleveland: Catholic Universe Publishing Company. 1900.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name—the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A RETROSPECT OF AMERICAN HUMOR. Illustrated. W. P. Trent. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTEMUS WARD. James F. Ryder *Century* (38 c.) for November.

THE AUTHOR OF "SIR RICHARD CALMADY." James L. Ford. *Bookman* (28 c.) for November.

BOSTON IN FICTION.—I. Illustrated. Frances Wiston Carruth. *Bookman* (28 c.) for November.

ISAIAH THOMAS, THE PATIENT PRINTER. Frank Roe Batchelder. With fac-similes. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT BUTIRATARI. Will M. Clemens. *Modern Culture* (28 c.) for November.

THE DRAMA AND THE NOVEL. Ingram A. Pyle. *Modern Culture* (28 c.) for November.

KEEPING A NOTE-BOOK. Temple Bailey. *Modern Culture* (28 c.) for November.

HUSBANDS AS PORTRAYED BY WOMEN NOVELISTS. Nina R. Allen. *Modern Culture* (28 c.) for November.

AMERICA IS STILL RICH IN POETIC INSPIRATION. Edwin Markham. *Success* (13 c) for November.

EDMUND ROSTAND. Henry James. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

A MAN OF LETTERS IN THE WHITE HOUSE. Illustrated. J. B. Gilder. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

STORIES OF AUTHORS' LOVES—TENNYSON. Illustrated. Clara E. Laughin. *Delineator* (18 c.) for November.

PAUL BOURGET. With portrait. *Era* (13 c.) for October.

THE SOLITUDE OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Paul Elmer More. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for November.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.—IV. Henry Austin Clapp. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for November.

MODERN MURDER TRIALS AND NEWSPAPERS. Charles E. Grinnell. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for November.

THE DRAMA'S TENDENCY TOWARD THE UNINTELLECTUAL. Illustrated. Richard Stearns. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for November.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROSSETTI. Herbert H. Gilchrist. *Lippincott's* (28 c) for November.

THE MAKING AND FINDING OF RALPH CONNOR. With portraits. Josephus Stephan. *Methodist Magazine* (18 c.) for November.

THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS SISTER FANNY.—II. Henry Woodcock. *Methodist Magazine* (18 c.) for November.

NEW YORK AS A LITERARY CENTRE. *Junior Munsey* (13 c.) for November.

THE ETHICS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. *Junior Munsey* (13 c.) for November.

FROM A WRITER'S HEART. The frank confessions of a hard-working toiler of the pen. Karl Fyte. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for October.

JOHN HARVARD AND THE EARLY COLLEGE. Illustrated. W. R. Thayer. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for October.

BAYARD TAYLOR AND CEDARCROFT. Illustrated. William S. Walsh. *Era* (13 c.) for October.

THE TRUE REWARD OF THE NOVELIST. Frank Norris. *World's Work* (28 c) for October.

NEWS AND NOTES.

According to Mrs. Mary Fenellosa, "Truth Dexter" was written in collaboration by her divorced husband, Ernest Fenellosa, and May Ledyard Scott, of Mobile, Ala.

A. C. McClurg & Co. announce for early publication a life of Herbert Spencer, by Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University.

Wayside Tales is a magazine of short stories published by the Detroit Monthly Publishing Company, Detroit.

Action and Utterance is a new bi-monthly review of elocution, oratory, physical culture, and pantomime, published by the New York School of Expression in New York.

The *Bohemian* (Boston) for November appears in a new shape and dress, with an enlarged table of reading contents.

The control of the American edition of *Pearson's Magazine* has been transferred from London to New York, J. J. Little having purchased C. Arthur Pearson's shares.

Everybody's Magazine (New York) offers to pay liberally for short stories (preferably of less than 1,000 words), verses, jokes, anecdotes, or any other form of literary endeavor which contains genuine humor not spread out so thin as to require a chemical analysis to detect its presence.

The article, "The Book Life of a Girl," in the *Delineator* for November, shows how, with a little assistance, a girl's book reading can be so manipulated that she will be broadened out by her reading, without the necessity of later being obliged to unlearn or forget pernicious books that may only be pernicious by having been read in advance of the time when she could comprehend their deeper and fuller meaning.

Mrs. Richmond Richie's "Blackstick" paper in the *Critic* for November treats of George Sand during the days when she resided at Nohant.

The twenty-page "Retrospect of American Humor," by Professor W. P. Trent, of Columbia University, in the November *Century* has portraits of Lowell, Warner, Holmes, Harte, Hay, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Stockton, Harris, Bunner, Field, Bill Nye, Riley, F. P. Dunne, George Ade, and a score or so of other humorists.

With its November number *St. Nicholas* begins its twenty-ninth year and volume, and takes the occasion to make a new departure in its manner of publishing fiction. Instead of printing, as usual, a large number of short stories, it makes room for a long story complete in itself, and filling more than half the magazine.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1901. No. 12.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE.
AN APPEAL TO NOVELISTS. *W. J. Lampton.* . . . 177
THE SPECIAL COLUMN. *S. E. Kiser.* 178
THE LITERARY VALUE OF ENTHUSIASM. *Clara Louise Burnham.* 180
EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.—XXV. By the Editor of *Leslie's Monthly. Ellery Sedgwick.* 182
EDITORIAL. 184
Usefulness of Shorthand to Writers, 184 — A Personal Word. 184
THE POET-TOUCH. *Clarence Urmy.* 185
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 185
Florence Brooks, 185 — Margaret Mary Hills. . . 186
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 186
William H. Prescott, 186 — Theodore Roosevelt. . 187
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 187
NEWS AND NOTES. 188

AN APPEAL TO NOVELISTS.

Is it possible to write a natural novel — one that, while not absolutely true to nature, is not absolutely untrue to nature? I understand the difference between a photograph and a picture, and I know that the picture has points of pleasing all tastes that the photograph has not, and that all of us like the picture better, but there are pictures and pictures. That there are novels and novels, in the same sense, I question, for whereas there are pictures which never tire the observer, is there a novel in which there are no pages which readers for pleasure — and they are the greatest number — do not gladly skip?

This is especially true of novels in which the characters talk at interminable lengths, and in such wise as no natural man or woman ever talked or could talk, or, if they could, would be permitted to do so by any listener who knew his rights in a conversation. I do not forget that an author must idealize his people, but why should they be idealized until their like is something unheard-of beyond the covers of a book? Is n't there a limit? Is n't there reason in the creating of idealized men and women? Because they are the offspring of a brain and an imagination above the average power and inspiration, does it follow they are to be like their progenitors and still pass for people of the natural kind?

Heroic deeds and phenomenal sacrifices are not dissatisfying to the taste, because we like to imagine such things as something beyond our own doing; but all of us can talk, and the man or woman who talks a whole pageful or more without anybody else getting in a word edgewise is simply a monstrosity beyond all acceptance. It does not exist anywhere in natural life, and why should the novelist take advantage of the situation and thrust it upon his helpless readers? Talking is really something too common to be idealized much beyond ordinary limits. We can permit a character to talk for half a minute straight away on some topic that he may have been studying, but think of a man making a ten-minute speech to a woman as a declaration of his passion! No man who ever made one, — and all have, — and no woman who ever listened to one, — and all have, — could think of such a thing without horror, not to mention the impossibility of it. Yet the novelist feels that he is not doing his subject justice if he permits him to make a natural declaration. I fancy there is not a novel declaration extant that, if some bashful swain were to learn it from the book and say it to the "hope of his life," would n't make her look upon his suit with scorn, and give him the everlasting ha-ha — to quote from the classics. Lovers don't deliver dissertations on love to

Copyright, 1901, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

each other outside of the books, and why inside of them? Nor is love the only subject so handled by the novelists.

The novelists' thinkers are quite as impossible as their talkers. Whole pages are devoted to what some simple-minded man or woman thinks of some situation or other, emotional, moral, or physical, in which the characters may find themselves, their previous conversations in the book showing not the slightest evidence that they could possibly so analyze their feelings. As a rule, average persons are the novelists' most profound analysts, and how many average persons do we find in real life stopping to think profound and complicated thoughts of their emotions, either of the heart before those of the opposite sex, or of the head before some object of artistic or natural beauty or grandeur? The novelist's farmer, for example, will stop in deep contemplation of a magnificent thunder storm, while the natural farmer would objurgate the Weather Bureau for sending rain while his hay was in the field, or he would rush wildly to get his unprotected stock under cover before the storm broke, quite forgetting to stop to think, in awed wonder or rapturous admiration, of the magnificent meteorological mix-up.

I feel quite sure that the readers for pleasure — and they are they who constitute the class that buys books, thereby making it possible for authors to live and write — do not want raw realism in the depiction of character, but they do prefer to be introduced to possible persons acting under possible conditions in a possible manner. If the author wishes to create beings of the impossible type, let him do so, but let him put them in his own private museum of fancy, where they belong, to which the critics have free admission at any and all times, and into which the pleasure-seeking reader need not go unless he wants to. In line with my argument for naturalness, I should like to inquire how many of the books selling more than one hundred thousand copies are of the abstruse and involved variety?

New York, N. Y. *William J. Lampton.*

THE SPECIAL COLUMN.

I call it the special column because there seems to be no general name for it. Sometimes it is published under the head of "Sidelights," sometimes it is "Sparks from the Wheel," and frequently, instead of being a column, it is only three-quarters of a column, or it may be but half a column. Some people are unkind enough to say that the shorter it is the better, and there is probably more truth than sarcasm in such a statement. The special column — that is, the column of verses, sketches, jokes, stories, paragraphs, etc., now published on the editorial page of nearly every prominent newspaper in the West and Middle West — is an important or an unimportant feature, according to the ability of the man who writes it and the freedom given to him by the editor. A man who is unable to write good verse, who lacks the imaginative powers that are necessary for the production day after day of stories and sketches, or whose work is devoid of originality, will, of course, fail to produce an entertaining column, no matter how much freedom he may have in the selection and treatment of his subjects.

On the other hand, I know of newspaper offices in which a man with the humor of a Mark Twain, the verse-building ability of a Swinburne, and the imagination of a Shakespeare would be unable to make a hit. He would be so hampered, so hedged about by conditions and regulations, and limited to so narrow a range of subjects that he might as well be a toy engine running on a little circular track.

Happy is the newspaper rhymester and joker who is associated with an editor possessed of a sense of humor and a disposition to permit the saying of things in his paper. For him there is a chance. If he fails to make his column a worthy feature, it is his own fault.

I know a man, now widely recognized as a humorist and story writer, who was employed several years ago to "grind out" a "funny column" for a paper that need not be mentioned here by name. He began by writing a ludicrous account of a wedding in which an imaginary English nobleman and a mythical American heiress were chiefly concerned. He indulged in a description of the costumes and the presents, and running through the narrative was enough truth to make it a laughable burlesque on a splurge that had just been made over the marriage of a proud title and a big fortune.

His manuscript went to the printers and a proof of the story fell into the hands of the editor, who was also the proprietor of the paper. That gentleman, who probably had the smallest sense of humor ever allotted to a human being, went to the funny man, after reading the skit, and wanted to know what it meant. Here let me say that the humorist who is called upon to explain one of his own jokes is like the man who was on the limb of the tree when the bear started out after him. He has no case to present. All that there is for him to do is to back off and trust in Providence.

Well, the editor wanted an explanation. He said it was "perfectly ridiculous to try to get any reader to believe that the pearl necklaces presented to the bride would if tied together have reached from Newport to Kittanning, Penn.," and he absolutely refused to believe there was any ground for the statement that the groom hung his coronet on the doorknob as he walked into the room where the ceremony took place.

The humorist tried to explain, but gave it up at last and presented his resignation, which was cheerfully accepted. Then only did that humorist succeed in making the editor smile. Since that day the paper has been running down, and the man who failed to amuse the editor has been mounting upward. But this may be owing to circumstances rather than to poetic justice. I shall refrain from judging.

The special column is a product of the West. James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field were among the first men who produced it. For a time Riley was on the staff of the *Indianapolis Journal*, where his poems were made a daily feature of that paper. Field wrote humorous paragraphs and sketches first on St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Denver papers, and finally came to Chicago to make his reputation as a writer of the column known as "Sharps and Flats," in the *News* and the *Record*. It may be said that he was practically unrestricted in the use he made of his special column while he was employed by Mr. Lawson. He said about what he pleased; nobody was exempt from his satire, and he varied the make-up of the column according to his whim. Undoubtedly it was this freedom that enabled him to make his work so valuable to his employer and at the same time to win success for himself.

Mr. Riley was less fortunate. His employer thought, after giving it a brief trial, that poetry did n't pay as a special feature in a newspaper, and the bard was discharged. This made it necessary for him to publish his poems in books and read them in public. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that Mr. Riley has managed to pull through.

At present the special column has been pretty generally adopted as an editorial page feature by important papers west and south of New York. Some day the New York papers will find out the value of this Western idea, and make use of it, as they have made use of so many other Western ideas that enter into the so called metropolitan journalism of to-day.

No rules can be set down for the making of a special column. It must depend altogether upon the man who writes it and the paper for which it is written. My own opinion concerning it is that it should not always be funny, even if it could always be made so — and I don't believe it could. Sentiment and pathos, as well as timely jingles, paragraphs relating to affairs of the day, and little sketches from life may, I think, be mixed with good effect.

It is important, also, that the writer who is endeavoring to get up a special column should

work. He should never be afraid that he is giving too much of himself. There may be, and properly should be, a limit to the volume of matter he produces, but there never should be a limit to its quality. It can't be too good, no matter how small the price that is paid for it.

Lastly, he must be willing to suffer. When he gets the paper in the morning and feverishly scans his verses he must be brave and try to bear it like a man. The stanza that he worked and worried over for hours may be made ridiculous by the changing of a singl letter, or the omission of a little word ma dull the point of his best story; but let th stricken poet or humorist, whichever he i pleased to think himself, take heart. Nobod but himself is likely to notice it, and if any on else does chance to see that the verse or sketc is meaningless, he will forget all about it be fore he puts the paper down.

S. E. Kiser.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THF LITERARY VALUE OF ENTHUSIASM.

I have been asked to talk about myself, — a dangerous permission surely, — and in casting about mentally for such facts in my experience as might furnish assistance or suggestion to another, I come upon the realization of how much I owe to enthusiasm.

The measure of success which my work has attained is not the result of conscious preparation for that work. I was a piano-playing girl, whose chief interest in life was music, when one day, as the result of a talk about Blanche Willis Howard's "One Summer," my brother insisted that I, too, could write stories if I tried. I felt flattered by his confidence, but, considering it utterly absurd, took no interest in the suggestion.

To my surprise and at last vexation, he brought up the subject again and again, and, in spite of my protestations, continued his urgency. I shall never understand his persistence, for he was exceedingly busy with his own affairs, but as a matter of fact he renewed his efforts at intervals for a year before I, on the verge of tears with annoyance, consented to silence him by a sincere effort which would be fruitless.

Later, when time had vindicated his confidence, he was once asked in my presence what made him so certain of his sister's ability. He replied: "Oh, Clara always had a picturesque way of telling things, and was not too mucl hampered by the truth!"

The usual early cravings to write and th systematic work to gain a technique wer absent in my case, and yet scarcely an obstacl beset the path to authorship. The acceptanc of my stories and verses was immediate, an of course there was a reason for this. To pu it into one word, I believe the reason was *en thusiasm.*

You remember that luminous bit of advic in Dr. Van Dyke's "Footpath to Peace" "Be governed by your admirations rather tha by your dislikes."

"Josiah Allen's Wife" says of one of he friends that she was "a dretful admirin woman." I have always been "dretful ad mirin'," and I am persuaded that that attitud of mind is more developing to one's power than a superior and critical habit of thought.

Like many children, I was an omnivorou reader. My long-suffering mother complaine that she could not even send me for a news paper pattern, because I would stop to rea every word on it before I brought it to her When I was eight years old I caught the infec tion of my father's profound love for Dickens I read his books continually, and that enthu siasm governed until I was in my teens, whe

I transferred my affections to another idol: namely, W. D. Howells. I have not the honor of Mr. Howells's acquaintance. I used in my girlhood to yearn for the privilege of becoming tongue-tied in his presence, and once after I had begun writing I did spend an evening in his company, but I had no opportunity to tell him what a ruling influence he was in my life, and had the opportunity presented itself, I should probably not have ventured; for gentle and responsive as his manner is, he has a habit of sighing heavily. Ah, he had not learned to sigh when he wrote "Venetian Days"! What a privilege to read the recorded enthusiasm of such youth as his, with all the delicate, discriminating word-painting, all the fresh power and humor welling up and effervescing in every line.

My father, George F. Root, whose war songs and other popular melodies have made his name familiar, used to say that his early enjoyment and study of Mendelssohn had had an influence upon his whole musical life. My father was "governed by his admirations" during the whole of his useful long and successful career, and I would say to all incipient authors: Cultivate your enthusiasms. When dissatisfied with your own work, sink yourself in that of some one else for a time, and gain an inspiration. Inspiration is not imitation. My father knew that his simple melodies, familiar in every Sunday school in our land, bore no relation to the oratorios of "St. Paul" and "Elijah," yet he was convinced that the fount of Mendelssohn's genius had nourished his gifts. Similarly, I know the differing status of "Next Door" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham," but — I thank Mr. Howells.

I remember once reading a review of one of my earlier books in some unimportant paper where a comparison was instituted between my characters and Mr. Howells's to the latter's disadvantage. The sacrilegious statement made me gasp, and I wondered if a thunderbolt from heaven had not descended on that reviewer. I was young then. I have learned since that if the lightning were expected to mete out punishment to every presumptuous critic, there would be no power left to run our trolleys.

In answer to the request to state my methods of work, I can say only that they arose from the perfunctory start which I made in authorship. I never have any plot to begin with, and, as my readers know, not very much to end with. It has often been said to young writers, "Don't attempt to write unless you have something to say." Does the child who climbs into your lap and begs for a story demand that you shall have some "mission" or "call" to tell a story? Not at all. He only demands to be amused, and is perfectly willing you should "make up as you go along." That is what I do. It is n't much of a "method," is it? I make up as I go along; and it is seldom when I go to my desk in the morning that I know what that day's telling is to be, any more than does the reader who afterward opens the book.

It comes right back again to the matter of enthusiasm. I have a delightful time at West Point, and I write "Miss Bagg's Secretary." I worship at the shrine of the White City, and "Sweet Clover" follows. I spend a breezy summer at Bailey Island, and write "Dr. Latimer" in a "dretful admirin'" state of mind; and speaking of "Dr. Latimer" reminds me of the question of advisability of choosing real persons to figure in novels. It is seldom indeed that an author meets an individual who does not need considerable alteration and embellishment to serve such a purpose, and yet it is astonishing how determined are the dwellers in the locality in which a story is laid to discover the original of each character. They will seize upon one familiar trait and make their decision with the same certainty that a naturalist exhibits in constructing the complete bird from a stray feather which he picks up, and this is sometimes disagreeable for the author. I am unpopular to this day with certain good folk on Dr. Latimer's island for this cause; but there is one octogenarian there who is an impressive physical specimen, and does not object to the suspicion that he shines in my pages. He lends the story to each newcomer, and discusses its characters with a most musical drawl. Rev. Elijah Kellogg, whose tales of that locality are well known, was his boyhood friend, and the old captain told an acquaintance that he had "often asked Lije to confess who the folks was in his stories,

but Lije allers said they wa'n't no special person, but he'd mixed 'em all up so's no one could tell who was who; and I guess," added the old man, "I guess, come to 'Dr. Latimer,' that's jest about what Aunt Burnham done."

He had guessed right, and "aunt" being a term of affection on the island, I accepted his estimate and my honors gratefully.

But, speaking of methods, you must have a plan of work, says some one. Yes, I have adopted a plan which helps me. It is to commence as if I were going to write a play—commence with the characters themselves. I choose a group of people, name them, give them positions of some sort in life, and cultivate their acquaintance. Then I write a story about them, and of course, as every writer knows, I have only to start them, when they take hold and do their share of the work. In my last book, for instance, "Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip," I wished to utilize a recent journey, but did not wish to write an avowed book of travel. I knew I must not have so many characters that they could not be naturally and logically moved from place to place. Then next I must think of some reason for them to go abroad which should work a thread of plot into the narrative.

This occupied my thoughts for some days, and at last the idea came to me one morning in a little black pigeon-hole of a room in a hotel at Nuremburg. I wrote the first chapter at once, mostly on the train, and put it into my bag with the certainty that the seed was planted and the book practically written, although I could not touch it again for three months.

To write something every day, in the mood or out of the mood, is the best rule for young workers. No less a person than Ruth McEnery Stuart confesses to nibbling her pencil half the morning sometimes without capturing an idea, but she remains at her desk until something comes, and something always will come to us all; but *regular* application and industry are indispensable to success.

Add to Dr. Van Dyke's words of wisdom already quoted the advice of Miss Muloch: "A writer should go to his desk as regularly and systematically as the carpenter to his bench, and with as little idea of waiting for an inspiration." *Clara Louise Burnham.*

CHICAGO, Ill.

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

XXV. — BY THE EDITOR OF *Leslie's Monthly.*

The editor of THE WRITER has asked me to give a few words of advice which may help any friend of *Leslie's Monthly* to become a contributor to the magazine. If what little I

*This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued. The articles that have been published so far are as follows: September, 1895, by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent;* October, 1895, by Robert E Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger;* November, 1895, by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook;* December, 1895, by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly;* January, 1896, by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin M. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine;* February, 1896, by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer;* March, 1896, by Nella I. Daggett, editor of the *Home;* June, 1896, by Amos R. Wells, managing editor of the *Golden Rule*, now the *Christian Endeavor World;* September, 1896, by Rosa Sonneschein, editor of the *American Jewess;* October, 1896, by the editors of the *Youth's Companion;* May, 1897, by A. R. Doyle, editor of the *Catholic World Magazine;* June, 1897, by Arthur T. Vance, editor of the *Home Magazine;* March, 1898, by Arthur W. Tarbell, editor of the *National Magazine;* October, 1899, by Howard A. Bridgman, managing editor of the *Congregationalist;* December, 1900, by William W. Hudson, editor of *Modern Culture;* February, 1901, by James E. Tower, managing editor of *Good Housekeeping;* March, 1901, by Frank Chapin Bray, editor of the *Chautauquan;* June, 1901, by Harrison S. Morris, editor of *Lippincott's Magazine.*

The numbers of THE WRITER containing these articles may be had separately or together. Numbers published before January, 1901, will be sent postpaid for fifteen cents each; numbers beginning with January, 1901, will be sent for ten cents each.

have to say can serve to guide the right talent in the right direction, I am only too glad to comply with his request.

First of all, let me deal with a few important generalities. THE WRITER has given you good advice. Keep it constantly in mind. If you have nothing particular to say, it is all very well to tell it to your friends, but don't put it in writing, and if you do, don't mail it to *Leslie's Monthly*. Of course, it is commendable to write for practice, but remember that editors do not find it necessary to read for practice. No matter how fair-minded a man may be, it is not in human nature to read four useless manuscripts from one person and then open a fifth with a mind predisposed to favorable consideration.

This suggests something important. Never lose sight of an editor's frailties. Don't send him very much very often, but send him the best you have to offer, and let the form of the manuscript be worthy of its substance. If it is inconvenient to have a manuscript typewritten, let your handwriting be legible, and of good size. Then let the contribution go on its merits. If you are unknown, all the greater is the editor's satisfaction in discovering you —that is, if you will pardon the expression, if you are worth discovering, and always provided that he has the intelligence to know it. This last contingency you must leave in the hands of Providence. No matter how rich you are in friends, you cannot arouse the least interest by assuring an editor that every one of them will buy the magazine in which your production is embalmed.

Now to be specific. No magazine is worth its salt that has not an individual flavor, all its own. Just what the flavor of *Leslie's Monthly* is it is hard to tell in words. You had best read the magazine and remember to keep in touch with it. The magazine is developing. What was acceptable two years ago may not be so to-day, and of to-morrow I can give you little hint. That must take care of itself.

Let me speak, then, of to-day. First of all, *Leslie's* is an American magazine, and seeks in its articles to describe and interpret the most interesting and important phases of American life. It is a practical magazine, and had rather deal with the industries which have made this country rich and powerful than with the thousand and one trivial pursuits which have served to support an occasional man or woman. It had rather deal with copper mines than with basket weaving; with the settling of strikes than with the making of "cozy corners." It is a progressive magazine, interested in new inventions, new improvements, new developments. We do not want descriptive articles, nor in general articles of travel. We do want articles that will prove helpful, instructive, and stimulating to the men and women of this country.

As for stories: the first requisite of a story is that it shall entertain; the second, that it shall have a definite plot; and the third, that it shall be fresh, both in idea and in execution. In 999 cases out of 1,000 a character sketch is too slender to hold the reader's interest to the bottom of the second page. In the thousandth, it is a work of art.

When you have your plot, make your story short. If it is but 1,500 words long, its chance of acceptance is twice as great as if it were 3,000, and at least ten times as great as if the manuscript exceeded 6,000 words.

In general, make your stories true to life. A test of a story which we often apply in this office is to ask ourselves, when it has been read, whether it is not possible that the writer borrowed his facts from the life about him. I don't mean that a story should be humdrum; far from it. Beyond question every one of my readers knows of actual occurrences quite as dramatic, quite as spirited, quite as comic, as any story that we may hope to publish.

Occasionally send us a romantic story, frankly fanciful, trusting to the vim and confidence with which the story is told to carry the reader unquestioning to the end. Here is a rare chance for a writer of real imagination.

As for poetry, that is governed by the rules for falling in love. Never write poetry if you can help yourself. If you simply can't, then write it by all means. It will probably be worth writing. *Ellery Sedgwick.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),

P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIV. DECEMBER, 1901. NO. 12.

Any writer will do well to give the time necessary to acquire a working knowledge of some good system of stenography. This does not mean that it will pay him to fit himself to report a public address verbatim. The writer's purpose in learning to write shorthand is to save his own time, and he needs only to know shorthand well enough to write it accurately and to read it without trouble. Such knowledge can be gained by spending an hour a day for six months in studying a text-book and in writing and reading shorthand. The 180 hours thus spent will save a busy writer years of time in after life.

* * *

The writer who knows shorthand has no reason to dread the labor of writing, and he can produce a "first draft" in much less time and with much less trouble than the ordinary writer can. Rewriting an article in shorthand is simple work, and the writer who knows stenography can revise and re-revise with very little labor. Shorthand is useful to a writer, also, in taking notes, or in copying extracts from books or papers. It is often valuable as a help in taking notes of living speech, where it is desirable to preserve the exact language of the speaker. A knowledge of shorthand, in short, will be worth to almost any writer many times the time the acquisition of it costs.

* * *

In closing the fourteenth volume of THE WRITER the editor offers the compliments of the season to all his readers, and trusts that Christmas-time a year hence will find them all still subscribers for the magazine. Nobody knows the shortcomings of THE WRITER better than he does, and nobody appreciates better its opportunities for usefulness. He has been able to give to the magazine from month to month only a small part of a very busy life, and the magazine has often suffered because he has been compelled to neglect it in the performance of other daily duties. Still, so many compliments and encouraging words have come from those whose judgment he values that he feels that THE WRITER has not altogether missed its mark, while countless letters from readers whom it has helped in the fifteen years of its existence have been sufficient reward for the labor that he has expended on it. Before THE WRITER was started, no publication of the kind had ever come into existence, or apparently been thought of. Since its appearance it has had a number of imitators, most of which have fallen by the wayside. The editor realizes that THE WRITER itself has never been what it ought to be, mainly because he has had so little time to devote to it. He is grateful for the coöperation of contributors and subscribers who have helped him to make the magazine as useful as it is. With more help in the way of more subscriptions he could make it much more helpful than it has ever been, and larger, as it ought to be. The publication of the magazine has always been with him a labor of love, and an increase of receipts would mean immediately a better and

a larger magazine. THE WRITER for a year is a good dollar's worth now, but it would be a much better one if it had twice as many names on its subscription list.

* * *

Now that the renewal season is at hand, it is hoped that the present subscribers for THE WRITER will send in their renewals promptly, and that they will send other subscriptions together with their own. THE WRITER for a year will make a Christmas present that any one who is interested in literary work will be certain to appreciate, while a set of bound volumes of THE WRITER is a gift that any writer would be more than glad to get. Friends of THE WRITER will help the editor to improve the magazine if they will do all they can to extend its circulation and lengthen its subscription list. The editor has not been much given to making promises, but he thinks he can safely say that THE WRITER for 1902 will be worth to any literary worker many times its subscription price. Practical articles on the various phases of literary work by well-known writers have been promised. Each month the latest news of the literary world will be given, including announcements of new publications, to which manuscripts may be sold, as well as news of failures, suspensions, and changes in the magazine and book publishing fields, and announcements of prize offers for manuscripts. In addition there will be articles written by the editors of leading publications, telling what they want and do not want in the way of contributions; answers to literary queries from subscribers; sketches and portraits of successful writers, and authentic information about writers who are making their way to prominence; book reviews; news and notes about authors and their work; helpful hints and suggestions, resulting from the practical experience of writers, as to means and methods of making literary work easier and more profitable; suggestions regarding the correct use of English and exposure of common errors; a monthly reference list of literary articles in periodicals, that gives to readers of the magazine easy access to all articles on literary topics in current magazines and newspapers; reprints of important paragraphs on current literary topics; editorial suggestions, and advice to writers intended to be practically helpful to them in their work. These will be the features of the magazine, and perhaps it is not too much to say that every writer will find something in every number that will be worth more than its cost to him.

* * *

Suggestions for the improvement of THE WRITER and helpful articles on literary topics are no less welcome than subscriptions. The editor desires to make the magazine a medium of mutual help, and its pages are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say.

* * *

The bound volume of THE WRITER for 1901 will be ready for delivery about December 20, and orders for it may be sent in at any time. The book will be substantially bound in cloth, with gilt lettering on back and side, and the price will be $1.50, postpaid. A complete set of bound volumes of THE WRITER should certainly be in every public library. Friends of the magazine will do a helpful thing if they will use their influence to get complete sets of the magazine into libraries that do not have them now. The number of complete sets available is not large, and anybody who buys one, either for a library or for himself, will make a good investment. W. H. H.

THE POET-TOUCH.

What is the poet-touch? Ah me, that every bard
might gain it,
And having once attained the prize, forever might
retain it: —
*To touch no thing that's vile, unless to teach the world
to scorn it,*
*To touch no thing that's good or beautiful, save to
adorn it!*

SAN JOSÉ, Calif. *Clarence Urmy.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Florence Brooks, author of the poem, "Individuality," in the *Bookman* for November, is Mrs. Edwin Emerson, Jr. She was born in Ann Arbor, Mich., daughter of the late Dalus

Chase Brooks, once connected with the Michigan University, and afterward for years a prominent Western journalist, and of Harriet Beecher Brooks, one of the most energetic of the pioneer "women's rights" leaders in the West, a woman of tremendous will and courage, coming from early Dutch settlers of New York. Almost as pioneers these two attained education and prominence by their own efforts, even from childhood. Small & Maynard, of Boston, have just issued a volume by Mrs. Emerson, entitled "The Destiny," from the title poem, a study of the wandering, fighting spirit, latent or active, in man. A lighter work, published last year by the same publishers, was called "Vagaries,"—a number of prose episodes daintily executed. Several sonnets from a series of "Thirty Love Sonnets" will soon appear in some of the leading magazines.

Margaret Mary Hills, who wrote the story, "The Purple Opal," in *Modern Culture* for November, has but recently begun literary work. Within the last two years a number of her short stories and verses have appeared in the *Smart Set*, *Modern Culture*, *Ev'ry Month*, and other publications. Miss Hills was born in Delaware, Ohio. She received her early education in the college of that town and afterward spent several winters in New York and Boston. She is now in Mexico, doing some journalizing, and collecting color and material for future work.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Prescott.—The story of Prescott's first book, "Ferdinand and Isabella," is interestingly told by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell: "Toward the end of 1825, Mr. Prescott began to approach the choice of a subject and the application of his accumulated stores of thought and reading. Histories of Spain from the Arab invasion to the consolidation of the monarchy under Charles V.; of the revolution which converted the Roman republic into a despotism; of Italian literature, were thought of and dismissed. An entry in a notebook, dated January 19, 1826, records his decision in *favor* of a history of Ferdinand and Isabella, and is accompanied by a penciled annotation, 'A fortunate choice. May, 1847.' . . . He could use his eye so little that he was obliged to engage a professional reader, and, for some time, had to listen to Spanish books read by a person who did not understand a word of Spanish. Better aids were, however, soon found, and after some practice he taught his ear to perform the work of the eye, and his memory to serve the purpose of a notebook. His reader used to attend him for six hours daily, from ten till two and from six to eight. They worked in an upper room of his father's house in Boston, with two windows; one to the west, which was carefully shaded with several blinds of blue gauze, any one of which could be drawn up separately, so as to temper the light with a nice gradation, and another window to the north, set higher in the wall, and left uncovered. Mr. Prescott sat with his back toward the western window, with a green screen in front of him, to darken the opposite wall. The fire in the grate was of coke, to avoid flame and glare.

"As the reading proceeded the reader was requested to mark any passage which seemed important, and the listener, when his eye permitted, would himself sometimes make a note of the reference. These notes the reader afterward copied out in a bold hand. Sometimes, when his eye was stronger, Mr. Prescott would himself read for a while, sitting near the window at a reading-desk, and frequently raising or lowering the blue blinds. It was not until October, 1829, three years and a half after he had set himself to the subject, that he commenced the actual composition of his work, and wrote the first chapter of 'Ferdinand and Isabella.' Three chapters were then accomplished in three months, but they were wholly rewritten before they were sent to the press. The manuscript was, in a great measure, written by his own hand, by the aid of a machine called a noctograph, in which the paper was laid under a series of stout wires, sixteen to the page, which guided the hand in forming the lines. Ink was superseded by the use of a blackened paper, the back of which being pressed with a stylus left an impression on the white sheet placed beneath it. The apparatus,

as its name imports, was available by night, but the manuscript produced by it was very faint, and required copying before Mr. Prescott could use it for reference. The mechanical difficulty of writing induced him to practice the art of mental composition, of which he acquired so great a command that he could arrange and carry in his head as much matter as would fill fifty or sixty printed pages. His hours of exercise on foot or horseback were frequently the hours when large portions of his works assumed their definite shape.

"At length, on June 25, 1836, 'Ferdinand and Isabella' was sent to press. In 1833, during the progress of the work, he had caused four copies of it to be printed as it was written, in a bold type, and on only one side of the leaf. One of these copies was now carefully revised, and the care bestowed upon this revision may be judged of from the fact that the first chapter was written thrice, and privately printed twice, before it was considered by the author as fit for publication. Perhaps this exceeding care may have been in some degree attributable to a plan of publication which Mr. Prescott appears to have followed in all his works. The sheets were at once stereotyped, at his own expense, and from these stereotype plates, which remained his private property, the various American editions were printed, upon terms agreed upon in each case with the publisher.

"The first edition of 'Ferdinand and Isabella' appeared at Boston at Christmas, 1837. The American Stationers' Company, which undertook it, was allowed four years to sell 1,250 copies, and the number of those at first struck off was only 500, so modest were the expectations of all concerned. Four weeks exhausted the stock which had been calculated to supply the demand of four years, and the work became famous on both sides of the Atlantic. In the summer of 1837, one of the four large-type copies had been sent to England to be offered to London publishers. Refused by the elder Murray and by the Longmans, it was accepted by Bentley, to the great and permanent advantage of that bibliopole's pocket and reputation. The book at once obtained the suffrages of the most intelligent critics in England, Germany, France, and Spain, and the author was at once — as his biographer had the happiness to foretell — 'placed quite by the side of Irving' in the estimation of Europe."

Roosevelt. — The only thing that unnerves President Roosevelt is literary composition. He brings to the task of writing a book the same absorbing and untiring energy that he displays in warfare, the chase, and political campaigning; the work is necessarily confining, and prolonged confinement and close occupation become irksome and debilitating to a man of robust build and sanguine temperament, accustomed to being much in the open air. It suits some people perfectly. One well-known author of my acquaintance, not far from seventy years of age, works in his library from twelve to fifteen hours a day, setting foot outdoors but once a week; yet he has never known a day's illness, and is one of the least nervous men in America. Sedentary occupation agrees with him; he thrives on it. Not so the President; yet with characteristic grit he has faced the ordeal of authorship to such good purpose that a dozen works from his pen have made their appearance within the past nineteen years. And this in the course of an arduous public career covering almost the entire period of his literary activity. — *Joseph B. Gilder, in the November Critic.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor of they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

NEW LETTERS OF R. L. STEVENSON. Introductory note and comment by Horace Townsend. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for December.

CAMPOAMOR, THE GREAT SPANISH POET OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Arthur Symons. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for December.

ROSA BONHEUR. An appreciation. Illustrated. Jules Claretie. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for December.

LITERATURE AND THE CIVIL WAR. Henry A. Beers. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for December.

MAETERLINCK AND MUSIC. Ernest Newman. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for December.

THE PRAYER OF THE LITERARY MAN. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for December.

THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES. I.—The First Visit. Illustrated. James Grant Wilson. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

THE APPEAL OF THE BOOK-PLATE, ANTIQUARIAN AND ARTISTIC. Charles Dexter Allen. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

MR. SWINBURNE AND MR. WATTS-DUNTON AT "THE PINES." Illustrated. William Armstrong. *Critic* (28 c.) for December.

ANARCHISM IN LITERATURE. Lionel Strachey. *Critic* (28 c.) for December.

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED. Agnes H. Morton. *Critic* (28 c.) for December.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD AND HER BOOKS. With new portrait. *Critic* (28 c.) for December.

COLONEL THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Illustrated. Abraham Willard Jackson. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

BOSTON IN FICTION. Frances W. Carruth. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

WRITERS OF JUVENILE FICTION. Carolyn Wells. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH. Emile Zola. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

THE EDITOR. Ethel M. Kelley. *Criterion* (13 c.) for December.

REAL PERSONS AND PLACES IN FICTION—JOHN G. WHITTIER. Illustrated. William S. Walsh. *Era* (13 c.) for December.

HORATIO W. DRESSER. With portrait. *Mind* (23 c.) for December.

SIENKIEWICZ AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURY POLAND. J. H. Oswald Marling, M. D. *Modern Culture* (13 c.) for December.

THE POETRY AND CRITICISM OF 1901. With portraits of William B. Yeats, Stephen Phillips, the late Richard Hovey, Arthur S. Hardy, George Meredith, Barrett Wendell, Brander Matthews, Edward Dowden, and George Edward Saintsbury. William E. Payne. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for December.

KATE GREENAWAY, THE ILLUSTRATOR OF CHILDHOOD. Illustrated. Ernest Knaggs. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for December.

PUBLISHERS AND THE POSTAL DELIVERY. General C. H. Howard. *Arena* (28 c.) for December.

THE BEST BOOKS. Edmund Gosse. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for December.

GREAT READERS VS. GOOD READERS. Sallie Joy White. *Woman's Home Companion* (13 c.) for November.

ISAIAH THOMAS, THE PATRIOT PRINTER. Frank Roe Batchelder. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November.

IBSEN IN ITALY. Reprinted from the *Athenæum* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November.

THE SECRET OF EMERSON. Dr. Richard Garnett. Reprinted from *Literature* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November.

THE GLITTERING STYLE. Reprinted from the *Academy* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for November.

THE NOVELS OF PETER GATES. W. Miller. Reprinted from the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 23.

LORD LYTTON'S NOVELS. Walter Frewer Lord. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 30.

THE NOVEL—WHAT WILL IT BECOME? J. G. L. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 30.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The will of the late Sir Walter Besant shows that the gross value of his estate was $44,000.

The *Black Cat* (Boston) offers $10,285 in prizes ranging from $100 to $2,100 for short stories. Particulars will be sent to any one who will write to the Short Story Publishing Company, Boston, mentioning THE WRITER. The publishers of the *Black Cat* treat authors liberally, and they will do whatever they may promise.

The *Brown Book* (Boston) offers a prize of $100 for the best story of from 4,000 to 6,000 words submitted before February 1.

The *Men's Magazine*, devoted to subjects supposed to be interesting to men, is a new monthly, published at 309 Broadway, New York.

The *Authors' Magazine* (Detroit) is a new monthly which accepts contributions only from authors who hold at least one $10 share of stock in the company by which the magazine is published.

Home and Flowers (Springfield, O.) has a new editor—Louis E. Van Norman. D. J. Thomas, who started the publication under the name *How to Grow Flowers*, will hereafter give his whole attention to the business interests of the magazine. *Home and Flowers* will now broaden its scope, and every topic of home interest will be treated in its columns.

Explaining the title of his article in the December *Critic*, Andrew Lang says that "The Old Blackguard Slating" is a very severe review in very bad taste.

Of the Christmas number of the *Delineator* (New York) 690,000 copies have been printed.

Kate Greenaway died in London November 7.

Professor Richmond Mayo-Smith died in New York November 11, aged forty-seven.

MAETERLINCK AND MUSIC. Ernest Newman. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for December.

THE PRAYER OF THE LITERARY MAN. Contributors' Club. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for December.

THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES. I.—The First Visit. Illustrated. James Grant Wilson. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

THE AFFRAY OF THE BOOK-PLATE, ANTIQUARIAN AND ARTISTIC. Charles Dexter Allen. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

MR. SWINBURNE AND MR. WATTS-DUNTON AT "THE PINES." Illustrated. William Armstrong. *Critic* (28 c.) for December.

ANARCHISM IN LITERATURE. Lionel Strachey. *Critic* (28 c.) for December.

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED. Agnes H. Morton. *Critic* (28 c.) for December.

MR. HUMPHRY WARD AND HER BOOKS. With new portrait. *Critic* (28 c.) for December.

COLONEL THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Illustrated. Abraham Willard Jackson. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

BOSTON AS FICTION. Frances W. Carruth. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

WRITERS OF JUVENILE FICTION. Carolyn Wells. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH. Emile Zola. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

THE EDITOR. Ethel M. Kelley. *Criterion* (13 c.) for December.

REAL PERSONS AND PLACES IN FICTION. John G. Whittier. Illustrated. William S. Walsh. *Era* (13 c.) for December.

HERBERT W. DIRCKS. With portrait. *Mind* (25 c.) for December.

SIENKIEWICZ AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURY POLAND. J. H. Gerard Muller, M.D. *Midland Monthly* (13 c.) for December.

THE PLAYS AND CRITICISM OF [illegible]. With portraits of William [illegible], Stephen Phillips, Richard Hovey, Arthur S. Hardy, George Meredith, Bliss Carman, Brander Matthews, Edward Dowden, and George Edward Saintsbury. [illegible] *Advance in Review of Reviews* (25 c.) for December.

KATE GREENAWAY, THE BEGINNING OF [illegible]. Illustrated. [illegible] *Advance in Review of Reviews* (25 c.) for December.

[illegible] *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for December.

GREAT REVIEWERS. [illegible] *Woman's Home Companion* (25 c.) for November.

[illegible] *Popular Science Monthly*. Frank [illegible] *New Lippincott's* (25 c.) for November.

[illegible] Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November.

[illegible] *Living Age* (18 c.) for November.

[illegible] *Living Age* (18 c.) for November.

[illegible] *Living Age* (18 c.) for November.

[illegible] *Living Age* (18 c.) for November.

[illegible] *Living Age* (18 c.) for November.

[illegible] from the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 23.

LORD LYTTON'S NOVELS. Walter Frewer Lord. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 30.

THE NOVEL—WHAT WILL IT BECOME? J. G. L. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 30.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The will of the late Sir Walter Besant shows that the gross value of his estate was $44,000.

The *Black Cat* (Boston) offers $10,285 in prizes ranging from $100 to $2,100 for short stories. Particulars will be sent to any one who will write to the Short Story Publishing Company, Boston, mentioning THE WRITER. The publishers of the *Black Cat* treat authors liberally, and they will do whatever they may promise.

The *Brown Book* (Boston) offers a prize of $100 for the best story of from 4,000 to 6,000 words submitted before February 1.

The *Men's Magazine*, devoted to subjects supposed to be interesting to men, is a new monthly, published at 309 Broadway, New York.

The *Authors' Magazine* (Detroit) is a new monthly which accepts contributions only from authors who hold at least one $10 share of stock in the company by which the magazine is published.

Home and Flowers (Springfield, O.) has a new editor—Louis L. Van Norman. D. J. Thomas, who started the publication under the name *How to Grow Flowers*, will hereafter give his whole attention to the business interests of the magazine. *Home and Flowers* will now broaden its scope, and every topic of home interest will be treated in its columns.

Explaining the title of his article in the December *Critic*, Andrew Lang says that "The Old Blackguard Slating" is a very severe review in very bad taste.

Of the Christmas number of the *Delineator* (New York) [illegible] copies have been printed.

Kate Greenaway died in London November 7.

Professor Richmond Mayo-Smith died in New York November 11, aged forty-seven.

A Chance for Writers

THE BLACK CAT will pay $10,285 in prizes ranging from $100 to $2,100 for short stories. No story will be considered unless submitted according to the conditions printed in The Black Cat. If your newsdealer hasn't any copies left we'll mail you one. As the contest closes in 60 days, write at once for full particulars and booklet giving names of former prize winners. Name or fame of a writer counts for nothing with The Black Cat, which pays solely according to merit—pays not according to length, but according to strength, and pays the highest price in the world. Address,

The Shortstory Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

THE WRITER'S LITERARY BUREAU PROSPECTUS.

The number of writers who know where to find the *best* market for their productions is exceedingly limited. Such a knowledge implies a long and familiar acquaintance with periodical literature.

A manuscript to be acceptable must fit the publication to which it is offered as a glove in the hand. If it does not, the editor will decline it as "unsuitable," usually adding that "this does not necessarily imply lack of merit."

It occasionally happens that an article, otherwise acceptable, is refused because at one or two points it fails to meet requirements.

The editor very seldom cares to make necessary explanations in such cases, and therefore simply "begs leave to decline with thanks."

With a view to rendering much-needed assistance to authors in marketing their manuscripts, The Writer's Literary Bureau was organized in September, 1887, under the management of a gentleman who for many years had been connected with one of our largest publishing houses. The enterprise has prospered and developed, until now the Bureau is prepared, and offers, to undertake every sort of work between author and publisher.

TO AUTHORS:—

The Bureau offers to read manuscripts and give (1) specific advice as to their disposal; (2) general advice based on the defects observed; (3) thorough grammatical and rhetorical revision; (4) one or more typewritten copies.

A charge for these services will be made as follows:—

(1.) *For reading any manuscript containing not more than 2,000 words and giving a list of the periodicals to which it is best suited, 50 cents.* If the manuscript contains more than 2,000 words, 25 cents additional for each additional thousand words or fractions thereof will be charged; each short poem is regarded as a separate manuscript.

(2.) *For a letter of general advice, 50 cents, in addition to the fee for reading.*

(3.) *For correction and revision of manuscripts, at the rate of one dollar an hour, besides reading fee.*

(4.) *For one typewritten copy of manuscript, at the rate of six cents a hundred words; for each other copy, two cents a hundred words. For dictum or poetry, or other work of unusual difficulty, 10 cents a hundred words. No manuscript copied for less than fifty cents.*

(5.) *For reading a book manuscript containing more than 50,000 words, and less than 100,000 words, and giving a list of publishers and a general letter of advice, the fee is $10, in advance.*

The payment for service (1) is essential *in the case of every manuscript sent*, but the *solicitation* of services (2), (3), and (4) is optional with the sender. *In other words, no manuscript will be sent to the Bureau for any purpose whatever will be examined unless the manuscript is accompanied by the fee for reading.* Services (2) and (4) will not be performed without the fees in hand.

In addition postage should be enclosed for return of the manuscript to the author. If the author so directs, *and encloses double postage*, the Bureau will send the manuscript to the publisher most likely to buy it, with directions if the manuscript is declined to return it to the author. In either case a list of periodicals to which it is best suited will be sent to the author direct.

TO PUBLISHERS:—

The Bureau offers a great variety of manuscripts, especially in the line of fiction. The Bureau not only has very many manuscripts constantly going through its hands, but is in connection with skilled writers in all lines, and can secure manuscripts of any sort at short notice.

MANUSCRIPTS SOLD ON COMMISSION.

In consequence of many urgent requests, the Bureau has opened a commission department and will undertake the sale of manuscripts when desired on the following terms: Every manuscript must be submitted in the regular way, and accompanied by the fees for reading. If the author wishes the Bureau to act as selling agent, and the manuscript is found to be worth work in that line, the author will be required to make a postage deposit of an amount sufficient to pay the cost of mailing the manuscript to and from six or seven publishers, with an additional charge of ten cents for each time that the manuscript is sent out, to cover expense of registration, stationery, etc. When the manuscript is sold, any unexpended balance of the postage deposit will be returned to the author, together with 75 per cent. of the amount received from the publisher, the Bureau retaining 25 per cent. as its commission. The Bureau will not assume responsibility for loss or damage during handling or transmission of manuscripts, or for the failure of publishers to make payment, but every precaution will be taken to prevent loss.

Address:—

THE WRITER'S LITERARY BUREAU